December, 1903

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to The Bookman *should be addressed to "The Editors of* The Bookman."
Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost. & &

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Author of "An Englishman in Paris."

Ten or eleven years ago a good deal of a sensation was created by the appearance of a book entitled *An Englishman in Paris* which purported to be the reminiscences of an Englishman connected with a titled family who had spent the greater part of his life in the French capital and been on terms of great intimacy with all personages who had a hand in moulding French affairs from the days of Charles X. until the downfall of the Second Empire and the Commune. According to the book, the narrator had for years rubbed elbows with everything that was worth while in French literature, art, drama, music, society, and politics. Men like Thiers, Rouher, Blanc, Balzac, the elder Dumas, Eugène Sue, Alfred de Musset, Béranger, David, Berlioz, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, and women like George Sand, and Rachel, and Madame de Girardin, he had known well, and of each he had a dozen curious anecdotes to tell. It was a brilliant book—a very brilliant book—and summing it up at first astute critics came to the conclusion that the Englishman in Paris could be no other than the famous Sir Richard Wallace, an illegitimate son of the Marquis of Hertford, that nobleman who was known all over Europe as a *grand seigneur* and an accomplished libertine, and who served as the model from which Thackeray drew the portrait of Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*.

After a time, however, it began to dawn upon the people that *An Englishman in Paris* was perhaps a little too good to be real. Sir Richard Wallace's life in Paris had been such as to have enabled him to know well almost all the great people intimately described in the work, but Chance could hardly have been generous enough to have seen that he would be always just round the corner whenever any unexpected important event took place. The Englishman in Paris was forever meeting just the right people at the right moment. If he strolled up a side street he was sure to encounter the elder Dumas, for instance, if people happened to be interested in Dumas at that particular moment, and old Alexandre always made for him some particularly appropriate bon mot or epigram. In fact, after a second reading of the book and a careful consideration of all its details, people began to grow a trifle suspicious, and this suspicion grew until at last it became known that the whole production was nothing but a gigantic "fake" and that many of the events described in the book had taken place years before the author was born. Instead of being the suspected Sir Richard Wallace, the man who wrote *An*

THE LATE ALBERT DRESDEN VANDAM

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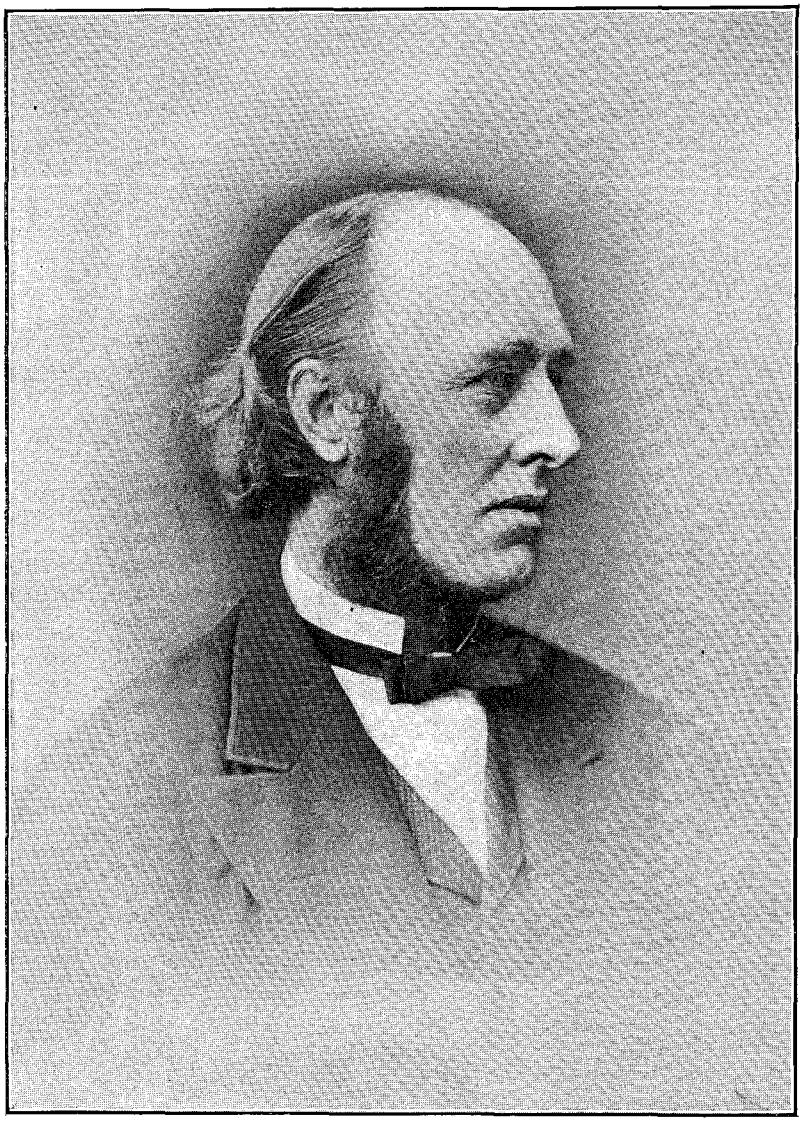
Englishman in Paris was Albert Dresden Vandam, news of whose death was cabled to this country from England two or three weeks ago.

W. E. H. Lecky.

The late William Edward Hartpole Lecky was one of the few contemporary English historians who gained any recognition outside of the English-speaking world. Lecky's *History of the Rise of Rationalism,* however, was not only translated at once into German, but exercised a profound influence upon Continental thought; while his *History of European Morals* has for years been a standard work of reference at the German universities. Lecky was one of the most patient investigators and philosophic reasoners of our time. He thought nothing of devoting ten or fifteen years to the preparation of the material for a single book; and after his material had been collected he took ample time to digest it thoroughly and to draw from it all its esoteric meaning. Unlike his learned associates, Stubbs and Freeman,



THE LATE W. E. H. LECKY.

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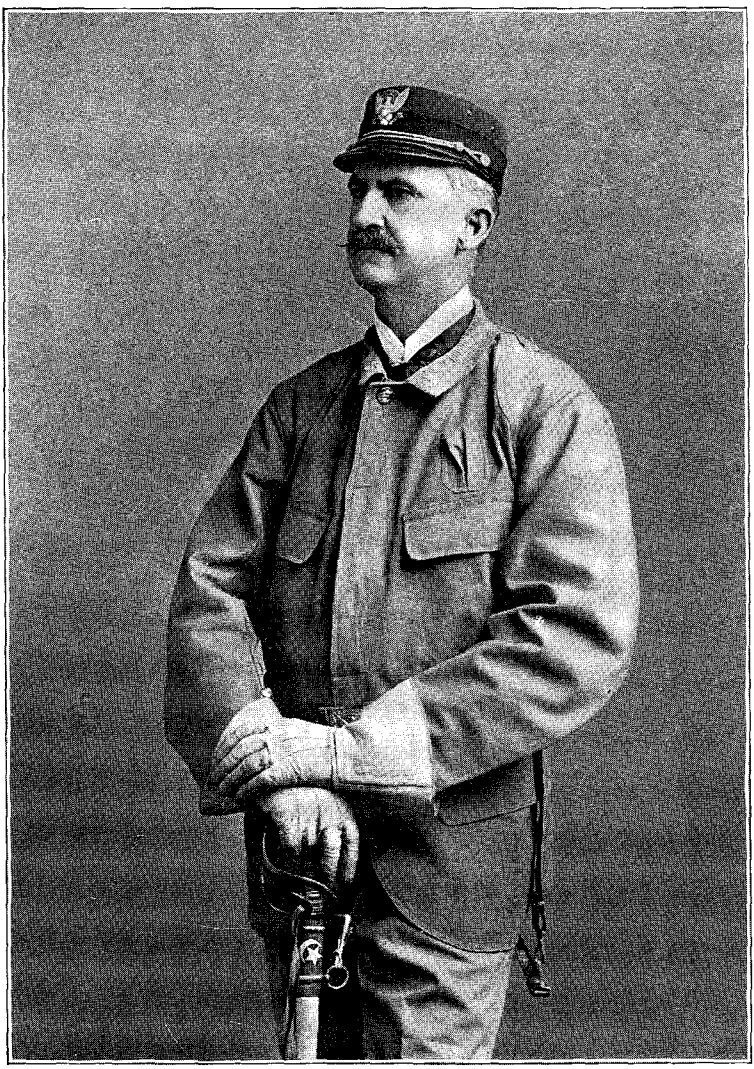
he wrote in a style that has a definite literary quality; and unlike Froude, he was severely accurate. Some passages of his *History of Morals* have become almost classic; and in one of them, where he describes the true meaning of the social evil, he rises to a height of manly and yet mournful eloquence that is singularly affecting. When Freeman died, Lecky ought to have succeeded him in the chair of history at Oxford. But he was a Dublin man and owed nothing to the English universities, and so Oxford passed him by and gave the honour to the brilliant but more superficial Froude. Like Mommsen, Lecky took some part in public life and sat in Parliament; but at the time, he was far past middle age and was besides afflicted with ill health, so that he failed to make a deep impression on the House of Commons.

The Late R. H. Savage.

The late Richard Henry Savage in a literary way may be summed as the Home Publishing Company's "second string"; the "first string" being, of course, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter. When *Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr.*



THE LATE COLONEL RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

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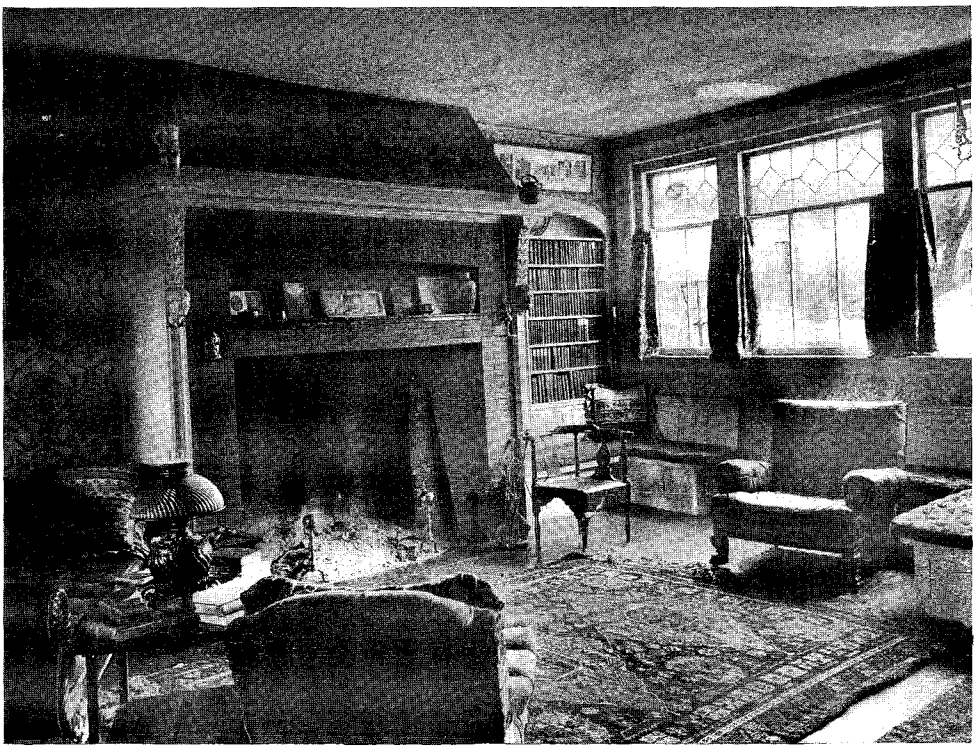
Potter of Texas, and their sequels made the yellow paper-covered novels so popular, Mr. Gunter, rapid as he was as an inventor of plots and as a writer, was not able to keep up with the demand, Colonel Savage went to his assistance. There once was prevalent the story that Colonel Savage and Mr. Gunter were one and the same person, and that the name Richard Henry Savage was simply a pseudonym used by Mr. Gunter for his poorer books. This, of course, was not so, and apart from what he wrote, Colonel Savage was a very vigorous and interesting personality. As a writer, while following closely Mr. Gunter's methods, he possessed only a little of the wit and humour of the man who wrote *Prince Karl* and *That Frenchman.* But Colonel Savage never in the least took himself seriously. In speaking of his stories he used to say "my slush." In writing them he sat at a plain deal table, using sheets of coarse yellow paper and literally spiking his copy. He worked with great rapidity and ease, and there was never any alteration or revision. Ideas for his books or memoranda for his daily life were recorded in a curious way. He never used pen or pencil, but jotted down notes by writing with soap on his mirror. This was a legacy of his days at West Point when the cadets were not allowed to have writing materials in their rooms.

Colonel Savage's life was a singularly varied and interesting one. The mere record of events reads like a story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis. He travelled extensively in Turkey, Asia Minor, Russia, Siberia, Corea, China, Japan, and Central America. Being graduated from West Point in 1868, three years later found him serving in the Egyptian Army. Then he became an engineer on a railway in the South, and after that turned to the law and to authorship. When the war with Spain broke out he was appointed senior major of the Second



THE HALL IN MRS. DELAND'S BOSTON HOUSE, 76 MT. VERNON ST., BOSTON.

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United States Volunteer Engineers and served through the conflict. His most widely read book and probably his best was *My Official Wife*. His last book, *A Monte Cristi in Khaki*, appeared a few days before his death.

MARGARET DELAND.

Beauty in the "Bookman" Office.

A year or more ago, a publishing house brought out a novel called *Sylvia*. In order to excite public interest in it and increase the number of its readers, a number of artists were employed to draw portraits of the heroine. Then the readers of the book were invited to vote upon the question as to which of these imaginary ladies was the most beautiful and therefore most worthy of becoming Sylvia. We don't remember how the thing came out; but the incident started a discussion in THE BOOKMAN office on the general subject of heroines in fiction and the manner in which different artists have chosen to represent them. Of course the Junior Editor and the Senior Editor seldom agree in any opinion, and when the question was propounded,

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"Which artist has succeeded in drawing the most beautiful face during the present year?" there was a great overturning of books and rummaging on the shelves. Both editors ruled out the beefy Gibson girls and the conventional Christy type, but they differed very widely in their final choice. As this sort of thing is not to be decided by argument, they at last concluded to leave the controversy to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. The Senior Editor selected as his choice a drawing by Mr. C. Allan Gilbert intended to illustrate a poem by Sir John Suckling in the volume entitled *In Beauty's Realm*, published by Messrs. Fox, Duffield and Company. The Junior Editor selected the frontispiece from Justin McCarthy's *Marjorie*. Both selections are here reproduced, partly for the delectation of our readers and partly because each Editor wants to be told that his taste is better than that of the other Editor.

THE SENIOR EDITOR'S SELECTION.

The Swiss Pension of "John Percyfield."

It is a common experience for novelists to receive letters from inquisitive readers enquiring the precise location of a story,—curious to know the precise street number of the house on Gramercy Park or Russell Square, from which the elopement took place, the identity of the hotel on the Rue de Rivoli that witnessed the murder or the duel. But it is so rare for the reverse to happen, for a reader to discover unaided the exact location of the story, and not only write to the author to tell him so, but actually take the trouble to send photographs, in order to prove the correctness of the surmise, that the circumstance deserves to be recorded. This was precisely what happened to Mr. Henderson, the author of *John Percyfield*, a volume which appealed to the discriminating few, on its appearance last spring by a certain unmistakable air of literary distinction, and which has since then, unobtrusively but surely, been winning its way with the general public, quite on its own merits. Just a few enthusiastic critics found a resemblance to *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, in the genial self-assumption of its principal character, the frank assertiveness of his opinions as expressed openly at the table-d'hôte of the hospitable Swiss pension, where the scene is laid,—his cheerful philosophy of life as derived over the teacup in daily communion with the English Lady, the Irish Lady and the Scotch Lady, who together made up the United Kingdom. It all forms a very agreeable, if some-

THE JUNIOR EDITOR'S CHOICE.

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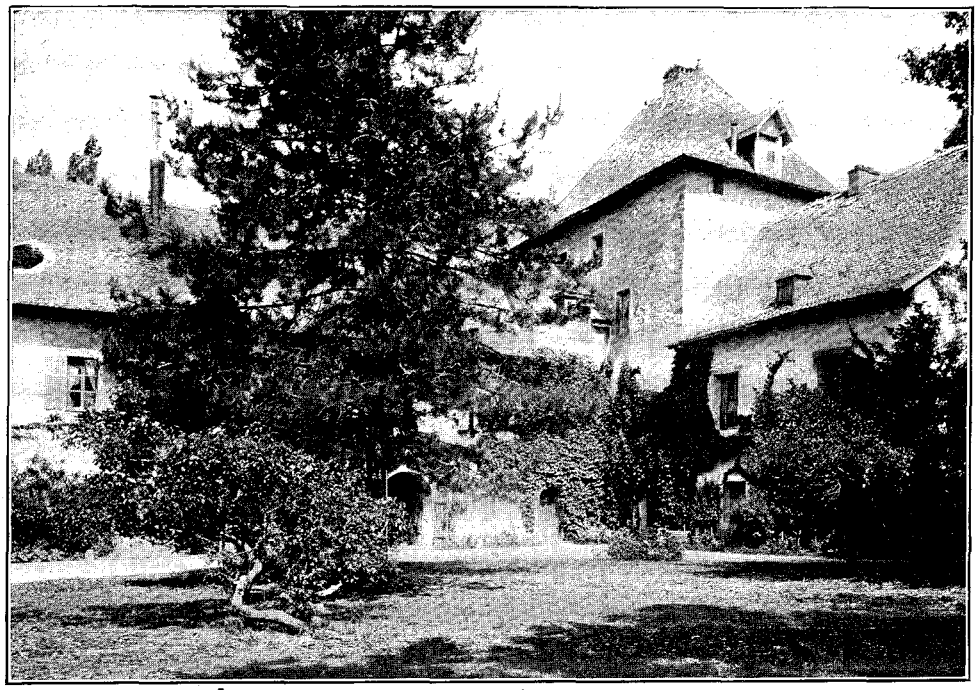

THE CHÂTEAU DE BEAU RIVAGE, SCÈNE OF "JOHN PERCYFIELD."

"The courtyard is oblong, with the wings of the Château forming its shorter ends, and the main building and the greenery its longer sides. A splendid archway under the centre of the main Château leads to the beautiful old garden beyond, and the still more beautiful Lac Leman."

"The Château is a great, bare place that might almost be considered uncomfortable by those who love upholstery. But it has a charm about it that you don't get with newer buildings—a charm that has been gathering for four hundred years."

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THE WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB OF TENNESSEE DINING IN THE SCIMETAR OFFICE.
An Event Characteristic of the Literary Activity of the South.

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what leisurely, sort of reading; and there is besides a thread of romance which adds that conventional sort of charm known popularly as the "love interest." And yet it may be frankly conceded that the book would not be what it is if it were not for the atmosphere of the charming old pension overlooking the Lake of Geneva—an old château, whose towers and grounds and various nooks and corners are described with such an air of reminiscent affection that it is obviously not a novelist's creation, but a genuine structure of real stone and mortar, and one in which the author must have spent many a congenial hour. As a matter of fact, one of his readers, a woman who had lived many seasons in this particular château, recognised it from the descriptions in the book; and the photographs herewith reproduced are some taken by her and sent to the author, to convince him that his hero's place of sojourn had been discovered.

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Continental Fiction in England.

"Quite one of the most curious literary developments of the past few years," according to the London *Academy*, "is that exhibited by the increased popularity of Russian literature in England. Messrs. Mudie, for instance, estimate that the English demand for the loan and purchase of Russian fiction has more than doubled itself within the last five years. This is partly accounted for by the fact that of recent years an educated Russian community—as distinct altogether from the East End immigrant—has come into existence in London. On the other hand, a large and increasing number of purely English readers exhibit a warm interest in Russian literature. One need hardly state that ladies constitute the majority of such readers, although a large number are drawn from the commissioned ranks of the army. The annual circulation of Russian books in England already reaches a total of several thousands. The great cost of printing and paper in Russia, together with heavy postal charges, combine to render the purchase of Russian books a luxury which can be enjoyed only by the comparatively few. The question of cost is certainly one which ultimately will have to be taken in hand by the libraries, who, I believe, have already begun to feel the pinch. For some years past the most popular Russian novelist in England has undoubtedly been Count Tolstoi. But great favour has of late been shown for books by Maxim Gorki. The demand for this writer's works must now be quite equal to that exhibited for the novels of Tolstoi. Other leading favourites are Dostoevski, Andreyev, Turgéniev, and Tchechoff.

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"The demand for Spanish fiction in England is just about equal to that experienced in the case of Russian works. The Spanish authors, curiously enough, are most sought after by business men. This circumstance probably arises from the fact that so many commercial houses possess employés who have travelled or lived in South America. At the present moment, Spain is remarkably deficient in good novelists, so that most of the works circulated in England are by standard authors. Writers frequently enquired for are El Padre Coloma, Alfonso Danvila, Bazan, B. Perez Galdos, Juan Valera, and Valdes. Italian literature has always been popular here, and at the present moment Italian authors are in much greater request than those of either Russia or Spain. So far, indeed, as poetry and drama are concerned, the Italian writers enjoy more favour here than those of any other foreign country. The readers and purchasers of these works are almost exclusively English. Books in any way connected with Dante create especial interest and are sure to be much sought after. At present, the poems, novels, and dramas of D'Annunzio are first favourites among English readers. Matilde Serao is also widely read. Verga, upon one of whose novels was based the libretto of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, has also a large following. Other favourites are V. Mantegazza, J. Rovetta and Antonio Fogazzono. In point of actual sale and circulation, French literature, of course, still tops the list. But it is interesting to note that the general demand for French authors shows a steady decline, whereas the popularity of German writers shows a corresponding increase. This fact is accounted for, I think, purely

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by considerations of merit. French writers—especially the novelists—show a steady falling off in the quality of their productions. Modern French fiction seems to run entirely in one groove, and in England, at any rate, the reader's appetite has been dulled by the eternal sameness of the feast. German fiction, on the other hand, is progressive and stimulating."

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Theodor Mommsen.

Several years ago we received a personal letter from a professor in a Western college asking our opinion as to whether it was undesirable or improper, from an academic point of view, for him to read any literature apart from the literature of his own specialty. He said that he had been in the habit of taking some of the magazines and that he also found pleasure in the modern essayists and occasionally in a good novel. But his colleagues all frowned upon him for such frivolity. They held that a scholar must know and do one thing alone or else his scholarship would be suspected. They had, indeed, said so much to him on this head and had begun to treat him with such slight esteem, as to make him wonder whether they might not possibly be right and he discreditably wrong. We wish that we were at liberty to give the name of this particular college, because the public really ought to be warned against it. Its faculty must contain some of the most uninspired and uninspiring pedants that ever tried to suffocate the enthusiasm of youth and to substitute sawdust for wholesome food.

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But we know just how these dreary men came to impose their dreariness upon themselves and upon their unfortunate colleague who wrote to us. They were suffering from the German measles which afflicted American scholarship between 1870 and 1890. Those twenty years were twenty years of intellectual reconstruction in this country,—on the whole, a fine and fruitful period, yet one that set some of our fellow citizens, who were not over wise, to woolgathering with their wambling wits. The methods of the German investigators were copied carefully and, also to some extent, their manners. Now there are two types of German scholars. One is represented by the ludicrous Herr Professor whom we find appearing and reappearing in the genial pages of *Fliegende Blätter*—a blear-eyed, absent-minded, one idea'd, absorbed and isolated creature who does not know that outside of his study the sun is shining upon men and women and the great world of joy and sorrow and passion and life. The other type is that of the splendid, creative seeker after knowledge, who is both a scholar and a man, and whose work as a scholar is ten times more fruitful just because he is a man. But many an American, feeling instinctively that he could never rise to the heights of the latter type, settled himself down to reproduce the former, because the *exemplar vitiis imitabile* is always the easier model for narrow minds to copy. And as narrow minds are in the great majority a general impression got about that unless you were arid and uninteresting and shut yourself out from every interest in life except that of your own particular specialty, you were not really "German," you did not grasp the "university idea," you were not capable of original investigation. "A man can do only one thing well," was the shibboleth of a whole troop of terribly serious persons who failed to grasp the vital truth that it depends entirely upon the man, and the still more vital truth that no man can do one thing really well unless he can do other things well also. For to develop any subject to the full, you must understand it not as an isolated thing, but in its relation to many other things and in its true proportion; and you cannot do this unless you know these other things.

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But if to Germany we owe the mistaken theory which afflicted the professor in that Western college, to Germany we also owe its utter refutation. And the career of Theodor Mommsen who died last month is surely such a refutation. It is the more striking because Mommsen at the time of his death was the foremost scholar in the world, as eminent in our generation as was Erasmus in the sixteenth century and as Joseph Scaliger was in

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the seventeenth. Many know of Helmholz, and many know of Ranke, and many know of Virchow; but every educated man within the bounds of occidental civilisation knew of Mommsen, the man who has left a lasting mark upon the history of modern learning. How shall one give a just idea of his vast and

THE LATE THEODOR MOMMSEN.

almost cyclopean labours? Shall we recapitulate his thirty-five published works, comprising more than one hundred volumes? Shall we speak of the colossal *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions, thousands of which he deciphered, transcribed, elucidated and edited? Shall we tell of his profound researches in the Roman law, his studies in the Italic dialects, his numismatical treatises, his investigations in Germanic archæology? Surely, here is enough to fill full the lives of several men; yet Mommsen found time for many other things. He was for the greater part of his life an earnest politician in the better sense of that much belittled word. He opposed the tyranny of Von Beust in Saxony, he faced even the mighty Bismarck and beat him in the courts of law. He plead in cause of German nationality before all Europe. He travelled and wrote and spoke incessantly. He sat for ten years in the Prussian Diet, and for four years in the German Reichstag. He supported the cause of the Boers against England; and in the

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last years of his life he tried to reunite the interests of his own country with the interests of Great Britain. He was a man of letters also, a journalist, and though the fact is not generally known, he was a poet.

It is by his *History of Rome* that he has always been most widely known by cultivated men who are not specialists. This brilliant, suggestive, provocative book shows the union of vast learning with the graces of the popular writer. It is a supreme demonstration of the fact that the most profound erudition is wholly compatible with clearness, lucidity and charm of presentation. No one but a specialist can realise what a mass of minute knowledge has gone to the making of this book which was written with the fluency and ease of a mere essayist. And Mommsen writes as a partisan. It is that human touch which made his glorification of Cæsar and his condemnation of Cicero seem so modern and so living an issue as to lead scores of men to rush into a controversy that has not even yet been ended. Mommsen felt that under the change of name and nation and time and place, all history is but the story of a conflict that is ever going on; and it was this feeling which gives its immense vitality to his work. A very great man, and greatest of all because he lived up to his own conception of the scholarly ideal: "Each scholar must choose his special field of labour; but he must not imprison himself within its confines." These words should be blazoned in letters of gold upon the portals of every university throughout the world, and we especially commend them to the consideration of that Western college whose name we may not give.

More Light on the Author's Side of the Case.

Very few features of magazine work in recent months have been so widely quoted and discussed as the letters which we printed in our November number showing the attitude of the American author towards his professional critic. As we announced then, it was our intention not to confine these letters to one issue of THE BOOKMAN, but to publish them from month to month through two or three numbers. Accordingly, we are now printing letters from the author of *The One Woman,* the author of *The Last of the Knickerbockers,* the author of *Vesty of the Basins,* and the author of *Golden Fleece.*

Mr. Thomas Dixon Writes:

I find that a man must write at least two books which appeal to totally different audiences to get the range of his critics and measure their calibre.

Even the date of publication is important. My first novel was issued as a regular spring book. The date of the second was a business experiment, the first day of August, the deadest day of the whole year. The result of this experiment, financially, the publishers declared to be more than they had dared to hope. The result critically was very curious.

As a rule the chiefs of the reviewing staff were away on their vacations and the book fell into the hands of the office boys for review; and in some cases the work evidently had to be done by the printer's devil.

The severity of this office boy judgment on the morals of my book was something utterly unforeseen and appalling.

One youngster who signed the name of "Dirk," writing for an alleged literary magazine, solemnly declared:

"Its subject matter is *in toto* an ignorant flout at common decency. The thread of the story is not important, but it is, in its own way, vile."

By a happy coincidence the same mail which overwhelmed me with this awful decision from the leader of the Reformed Literary Juvenile also brought me the reviews of two distinguished Doctors of Divinity, one a University President, the other a Metropolitan minister. They saved my life.

The President said:

"The whole tone and spirit is delightfully sane and wholesome."

The veteran New York minister declared:

"It is a strong, noble and beautiful book, coherent and concise. There is not a false note or foolish pronouncement from beginning to end. It is sane, wholesome, unerringly true to the best things and tremendously strong."

But what do the opinions of Presidents and Doctors of Divinity count before the fearful moral frown of a boy armed with the name of "Dirk," crowned with the diadem of the measureless critical knowledge of Youth, and seated on the throne of a three months' old magazine that was born with teeth?

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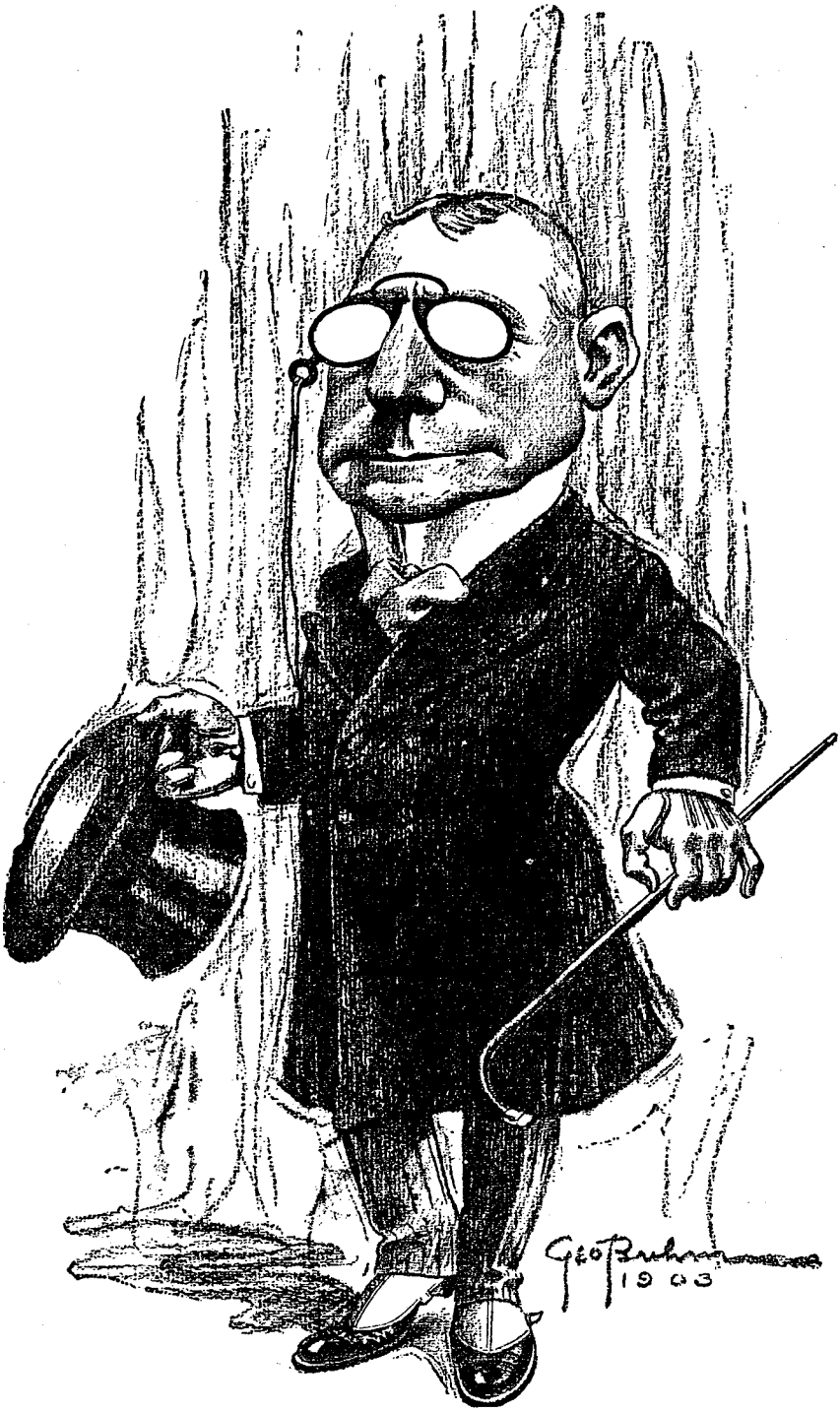

Jim's gab's what made him famous for since he began to walk
He allus wuz a feller that was gifted with slick talk.
Jim's got a nack o'saying things in sich a clever way,
Without them hifalutin words the edjicated say.

That's why his tales of children pleases everybody so—
They's nothin tetches people's hearts like children that I know.
Jist plain Jim Riley 't used to be, before he got his fame
But now they say James Whitcomb when they pronounce his name. —*Joe S. Miller.*

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Truly was I grateful that day for the witness of these Doctors of Divinity, that at least my intentions were honourable.

Some of my reviews were certainly written by people who had never read the book.

The purpose of my last novel was to strike radical Socialism as deadly a blow as I could possibly give in a story of elemental passions which would appeal directly and powerfully to the mind of the average reader. Yet a reviewer in a city which claims to be one of the literary centres of America attacked the book furiously because of its advocacy of Socialistic doctrines! When a distinguished citizen replied expressing his amazement at such an assertion, the reviewer stuck to it.

One of the most amusing criticisms I ever received appeared recently in New York in a famous demi-religious periodical with literary aspirations. It reads as follows:

"A dime novel except for price, typography, and—save the mark—religion! A triumph of crudeness and vulgarity."

I could but exclaim, "Et tu, Brute!"

I was once a subscriber for this periodical, and—shall I confess it?—wrote for it.

I could not smother the cry: "Alas, was I not thy *chela,* O, Most Holy One? (At least until I outgrew it!) Did I not faithfully pour into the soul of the Reverend Frank Gordon, the heroic villain of this book, all the sentimental, humanitarian mush you served to me, your erstwhile disciple, as the essence of true religion?"

With sorrowing wonder I sighed:

"Will the Most Holy Fakir now deny his own?"

As an example of final authoritative utterance the last sentence of this review is a gem. I mailed it to Elijah III., The Restorer, General Overseer in Zion, as a valuable addition to his vocabulary of the Infallible.

Honest criticism is simply the expression of the personality of the critic, his own definition of his tastes, capacities and powers. The personal equation of the author is the secret of all power in his book. It is nonsense for him to object to this bias in his critic.

Any criticism is well founded that is built squarely and honestly on the personal point of view of the critic. Lucky is the writer about whose work critics violently disagree.

The Philadelphia *Press* devoted six columns to my last book to prove this assertion:

"It is worth just thirty cents Mexican, the coin plugged."

His neighbor, *The Public Ledger,* declared in a third review:

"It is the work of a genius."

And many people hastened to pay each one dollar and ten cents unplugged American coin just to see for themselves.

I think the reviews in our great dailies compare favorably with those in the literary magazines, particularly in the West. The Western men seem to write their reviews with more breadth, greater vitality and better judgment as a rule than those of the East.

The trick of pouncing on an unimportant blemish and exploiting it instead of reviewing the book is practised by the small fry. It is the indelible mark of the Infant mind.

The particular review which made me maddest was published in the New York *Herald* about my first book. It was written by an unknown wretch who accused me of being "fond of the forcible feebleness of exclamation points."

I said: "The champion liar of the world wrote that."

I hastened to the book and found it true. A chisel, set to work on the plates, eased my pain, but I can't forgive that critic.

I have observed that where critics happen to know that I was once a clergyman they are almost sure to complain of my "preaching." This amuses me for two reasons. First, because I know that they invariably write that criticism before they read the book; and second, because all novelists are preachers, always have been and always will be.

A preacher is one who proclaims a creed. A novelist who has no faith to proclaim, no view of life to teach, is simply a fool who has nothing to say and spoils tons of good paper trying to say it.

I know of but one real law that should govern an author's utterance: Let him keep silent until so full of a great thought that he feels he shall die unless he express it, that others may see, feel and know as he does, the might of its truth, and the glory of its beauty. Then let him write the story simply, sincerely, directly, boldly, passionately.

As to whether the result is either Art or Literature, only a small man will concern himself, if he has done his best. I have a faint suspicion that not one line of all the "Literature" written in this century will survive the next 2000 years of our history.

When I hear the modern cackle of goslings about "Literature" and "Art," I mildly wonder who is the headmaster of the school and where the buildings are located in which they learned their cocksure dogmas? Who made the plumb line

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with which they blithely sound the last deeps of the human heart? Who drew for them the final chart of the soul of man and fixed its metes and bounds?

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

New York, Oct. 5, 1903.

I have no fault to find with American reviewers except that of over tolerance in the matter of criticism—but then my own books have been short and deal with no stupendous problems.

In my fair share of notices I can recall but one based unmistakably upon what might be gathered from the cover of my book. *The Last of the Knickerbockers* was a humble attempt to portray the remnant of a disappearing type, and yet a writer in no less a journal than the *Evening Post* declared that "The Last of the Knickerbockers himself goes about the streets in the guise of an old farmer." Possibly the book fell open at a passage where the word "farmer" occurs for the only time in a statement that an ancestor of one of my characters was in 1630 a colonial Farmer of Texas. I have always classed my critic of the *Post* with a Western writer whose sole objection to the book was that it said too much about "a town that most of us detest." The standards of a literary magazine are naturally higher than those governing the average newspaper work, often hurried, careless and ill digested. But nowhere can more brilliant reviewing be found than in the columns of some two or three of our daily papers; noticeably the New York *Sun* and *Times*. Personally, I owe my largest debt of gratitude to Mr. Julian Hawthorne of the Philadelphia *North American* for a single line of adverse comment in a most kindly notice of my first venture.

I have small patience with a writer who scorns a glance at his reviews. They may be no more mirrors than the plates of glass between the customer and the wares exposed for sale, but still they serve to show one often if one's literary hat is on straight.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

At the time I published *Vesty of the Basins*, the New York *Times* (for example) gave it a glowing notice of commendation, calling it not only a humorous book, but a work of a strong and serious nature, uplifting in its influence. Another New York daily cut it into small pieces with the sharpest of shears and belaboured the remnants. The notice of the New York *Times* should not have elated me; the notice of the other paper should not have troubled me. I had done my work faithfully and lovingly, and that was all that concerned me.

The large and ever-increasing sales of "Vesty" and "Flood-Tide" as showing that these books appeal somehow to the popular heart; especially the numerous letters received from people, otherwise quite unknown to me, telling me that they "love" these books, *these* have been an inexpressible help and comfort to me. For life, we all know, is dark and sad enough, and if the good God makes us the means of shedding a bit of joy or light on the path of any one, it is simply a thing to be grateful for, and not a matter of taking personal credit, or of self-gratulation.

I do not rely upon book reviews. The whole matter is a doubtful equation. I do not subscribe for reviews of my books,—and I see only those that come to me by chance. Doubtless some of them are written by the most discerning of minds and with a strict regard for the truth as it appears to the individual critic. Doubtless, some of them are shallow or biased by the mood of the critic. Surely it is better that an author should not pay great regard to them. His work is a work of patience, steady and persistent, however much joy he may find in it. The toil itself is all that can lead him higher, to correct his faults, as far as he may; above all to follow in his work his truest ideals without regard to praise or blame, to speak in a way ever more clear, direct from the heart.

S. P. McLean Greene.

Vienna, 7 August, 1903.

The Editor THE BOOKMAN:

Gentlemen—Your request was forwarded to me here and I shall try to comply with it. I have no reviews with me, so I cannot quote.

1. "Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning of your books?"

In the main, yes—that is, those who have done me the honour of reading what I wrote and have spared their imaginations the fatigue of constructing plots or characters or both with small assistance from me. Reviewers, I think, should be divided into two classes—writers of reviews and writers of book notices. The former usually give me at least the pleasure of feeling that I have been intelligible beyond my hopes in view of the varying force and effect of any word or combination of words upon different minds. The writers of book notices are usually unpretentious and of great kindliness of disposition; therefore, I think their slips should not be taken to heart.

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2. "Do the majority of the reviewers write as though they had read the book?"

The majority of reviewers, yes; the majority of writers of book notices, no.

3. "Are their criticisms well founded?"

Yes and no. Yes, since criticism is personal opinion, and every man has an undeniable right to personal opinion without reference to whether it is based on name or indigestion or friendship or that mighty love which shows itself in the chastening hand. No, since many reviewers give no reason for their criticisms whether admiring or adverse; and as far as I can see, criticism without explanation is valueless. The reason for the "roast" is, in my opinion, its value both to author and to reader.

Further, as no human work is perfect, a criticism of any human work may be intemperate or out of proportion or uncharitable, but is rarely wholly groundless. And as sharp criticism is indispensable to the author, and as usually he has to rely upon himself alone for criticisms of his work, it seems to me that, unless a criticism is potently a labour of envy that deals only in vain generalities, an author can find a hint of real value in it. For, even the most fantastic prejudices have some sort of solid nucleus.

4. "How do newspaper reviews compare with reviews in the literary magazines?"

Favourably, I think. The newspaper reviewers seem to me to be men often in touch with life as it is lived in the world, and not absorbed in life as it is dreamed in studies and in the neighbourhood of oracles that rouse themselves to utterances once a week or once a month. The newspaper reviewer seems less burdened, as a rule, by the thought of his duty to be profound and to express himself in professional argot. He seems to strive after alertness and directness rather than after "weight" and "authority." However, of late ponderosity and the use of the artificial flowers and fruit of so-called "style" are almost as much frowned on in the magazine as in the newspaper.

5. "Do you not often find that, in order to cover up their lack of knowledge of the story, reviewers pick out certain passages in which they have found some unimportant blemish?"

If the blemish is real, the author should be grateful whether he happens to regard it as important or the reverse. But the annoyance of supercilious or envious flaw-picking does exist. Still, it seems to me that an author should be extremely careful how he dismisses any sort of adverse criticism disdainfully. He should first search his heart carefully and give his vanity a severe cross-examination. Not lack of appreciation, but appreciation is the curse of the workman in these generous days.

Personally a more melancholy habit of reviewers is that they too often credit, or, rather, debit, the author with the opinions he has put into the mouths or minds of his characters in his effort to give the reader a notion of their mental or venal machinery.

In general, it seems to me that criticism should never be discouraged by authors. It is most difficult for a critic to produce an article that both interests the reader and helps the author. Yet, to be highly useful, criticism must fulfill the double function. The reader must, and should, be held. Also, in the interest of good literature the conscientious and promising writer should be helped, especially by bringing, sympathetically if possible, clearly in any case, to his attention the flaws, the shortcomings in his work. And if the author has been unable to compel the critics to sympathy, I cannot see how he has any right to complain that they refuse to look at his work from his point of view.

Probably no man is great enough to *like* blame, even if deserved, better than praise, even if undiscriminating. But it seems to me that any man who hopes to learn to work well must first learn to *prefer* to praise the criticism which picks him to pieces in order that he may put himself together again better.

David Graham Phillips.

Britons at School.

The so-called Mosely Commission arrived from England several weeks ago. It is composed of a goodly number of Britons, headed by Mr. Alfred Mosely and these gentlemen are now overrunning the United States. Individually they are all persons of eminence and entitled to great respect; but collectively and as a Commission they are a joke. They have come to this country in order to discover just how it is that Americans are so energetic, so efficient and so successful in everything which they undertake. The Mosely Commission expects to learn the secret of this phenomenon and to impart it to the British nation; after which a golden age for the three kingdoms will be ushered in. We say that the Commission is a joke, because it

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will certainly miss the real explanation; and so we are going to write it down here for the benefit of Mr. Mosely and his colleagues. The real reason why Americans are so successful is because they are Americans. These visiting Britons will poke around in our high-schools and universities and factories; and they will explore "the busy marts of trade," and doubtless they will here and there get some new ideas which they will later take home with them. But it isn't one thing or two things or a dozen things that make the Americans what they are. It is everything — environment, training, opportunity, temperament, institutions, climate —and all of them in a particular combination of which the formula is lost. To

HYDE SEEKING HIS DEN.

The weird picture which we present from a new edition of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, showing Hyde groping for the keyhole of the home from which he shall soon emerge as Jekyll is the work of Charles Raymond Macauley. Mr. Macauley was educated for the legal profession, but left that to enter on an artistic career. For some time he was a caricaturist on the staff of the New York *Herald*, and thence migrated to the staff of *Life*, where his caricatures on social and political matters attracted considerable attention.

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get the same results in England, you would have to make England over again and blot out the results of her long past; and this no one can do. And to transplant an isolated American idea to England and try to make it work into the British scheme of things is like taking a delicately constructed balance wheel out of a piece of machinery and attempting to fit it into a totally different machine for which it never was intended. The members of the Mosely Commission are going to write a whole sheaf of pamphlets telling what they saw while here; and we advise our readers to watch out for those pamphlets. They will form a rare collection of unconsciously comic literature. Meanwhile we shall long remember the Mosely people for the remarkable variety of checked trousers in which many of them concealed their legs.

❧

Credit for a new and interesting idea in bibliography must be given to the Messrs. Scribner for the collection of books

MRS. MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.
The Author of "Aunt Jimmy's Will."

MR. JEROME K. JEROME.
Mr. W. W. Jacob's Study in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's Garden.

owned by famous personages which they now have on exhibition. Reproductions of some of these books we present here.

❧

Colonel Carter Reappears.

Of all the stories which have been written about quaint, tucked away corners of New York City we can recall none that had a more definite background than Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*. It is doubtful if the old city which is now so swiftly passing away contained any structure richer in a certain kind of local colour than that in which the Virginia Colonel exercised his hospitality and builded before the fire his dreams of the air line which was to place at the disposal of some of the first families of the Old Dominion a direct route to the sea. Four years ago in this magazine the little house on Bedford Place was described at length. The "old-fashioned, partly furnished, two-story house, nearly a century old, which

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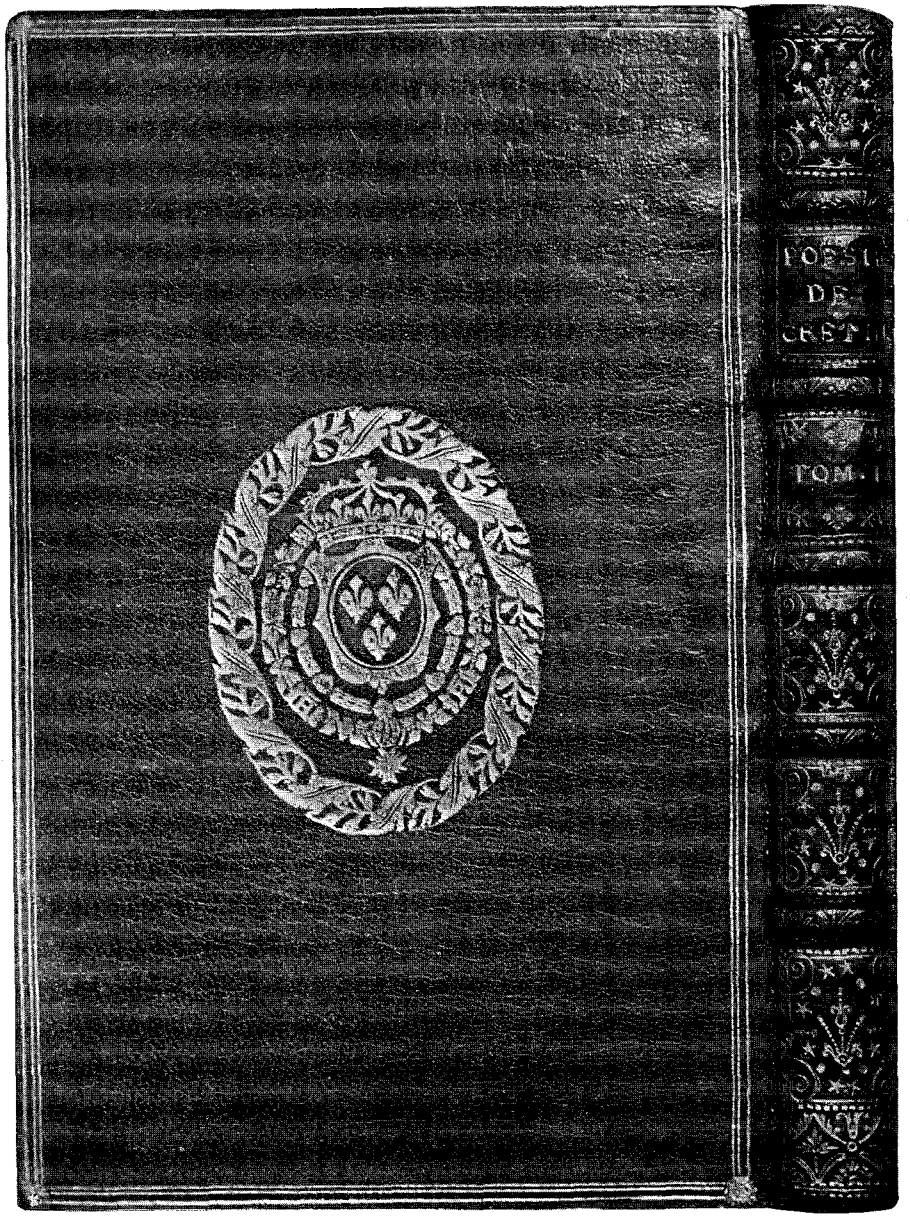
crouched down behind the larger, more modern dwelling fronting on the street," had an actual existence. The Bedford Place of the story was in reality West Tenth Street. For years the Colonel's dining room was used by the Tile Club. Until a few years ago the Colonel's home existed in its entirety. Most of it, however, was destroyed when Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the owner of the front house, No. 58 West Tenth Street, remodelled his own residence. At the present time only a small part of the white frame structure in the rear remains. In former days the swinging wooden gate whence "Chad" swooped down upon the



CRETIN. POESTES.
Owned by Louis XV. of France.

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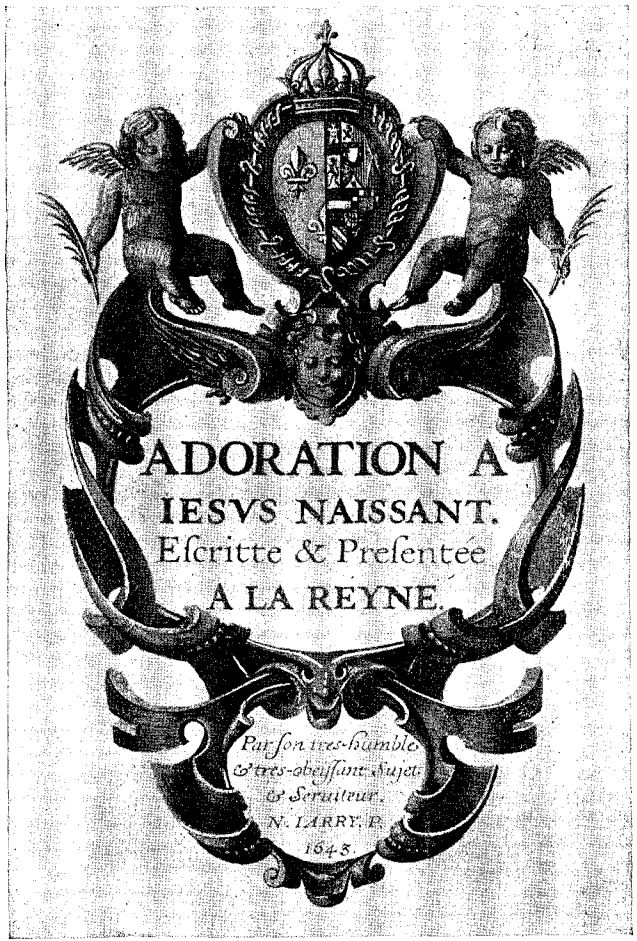
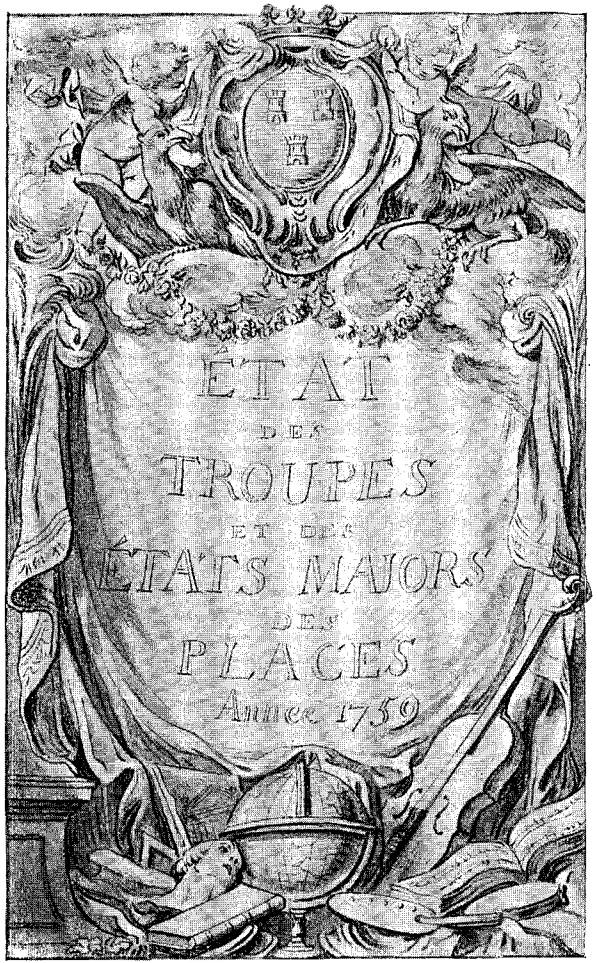
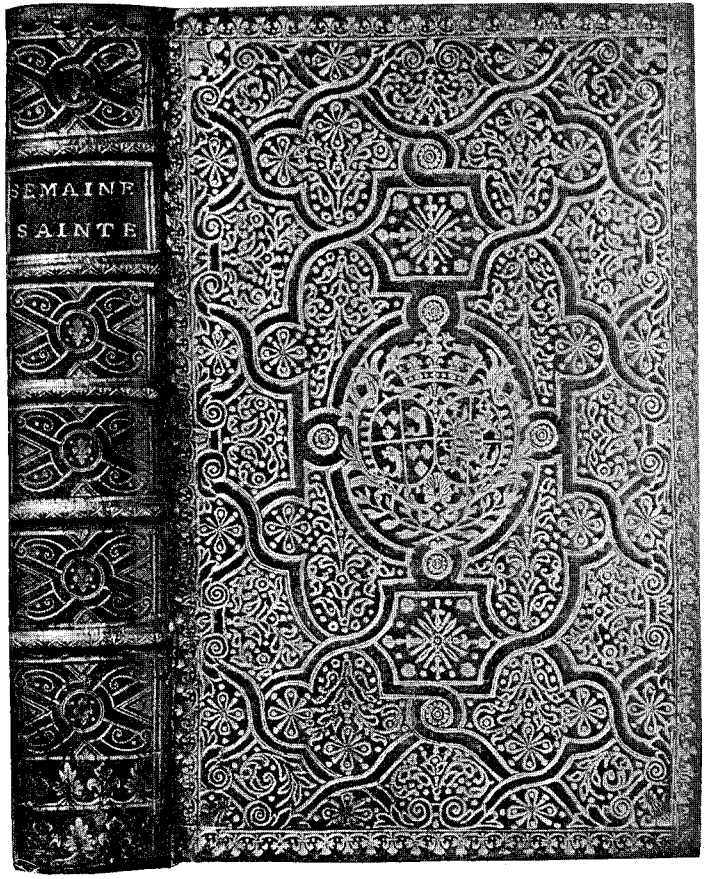


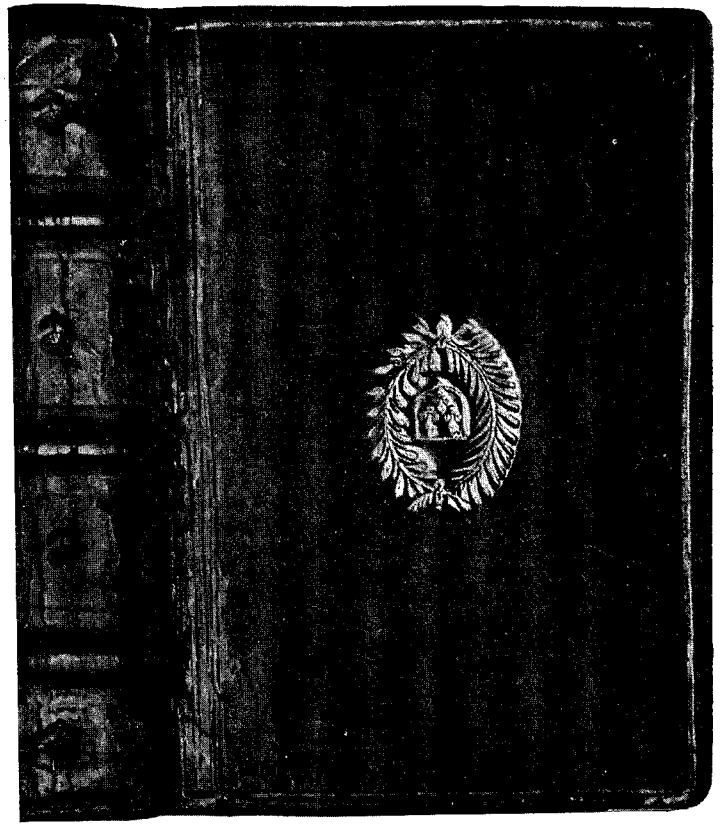
OWNED BY ANNE D' AUTRICHE.



OWNED BY MADAME DE POMPADOUR.
A Title Page Especially Designed by Charles Eisen.



OWNED BY LOUIS XV.



STATII PAPINII OPERA.
Owned by Marguerite de Valois, author of "The Heptameron."

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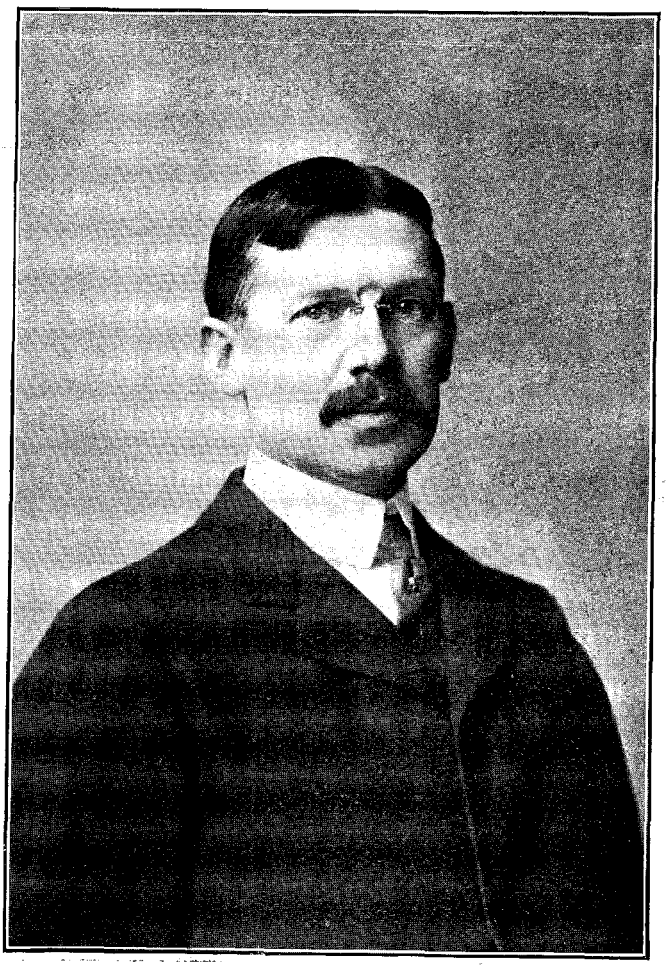
neighbouring shop keepers opened into the tunnel under the stoop of Number 58. Only a stone's throw away loomed up the tall illuminated tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court—"de jail" which filled the soul of "Chad" with so much perturbation.

In *Colonel Carter's Christmas,* the Colonel does go to jail, not to the jail which "Chad" feared, but to another one down at Old Slip. And his incarceration is not the result of any action on the part of the amiable and long suffering shop keepers; it is due to his assault on the person of the broker Klutchem, whom he had threatened to thrash in the former story. The time of the new tale is the time of the old. The Colonel is still attempting to float his "Garden Spot" bonds, and the day when he attains affluence through the purchase of his coal fields by the English Syndicate has not yet come. The December days have been dark days for the Colonel's friend Fritz. Klutchem has cornered the market and Fitz is staring ruin in the face. It is then that the Colonel, finding out how matters stand, goes valiantly to his friend's assistance. He calls upon Klutchem and as a gilt-edged security for Fitz's liabilities offers not the "Garden Spot" bonds, but the Colonel's written acceptance of a lithographer's estimate for the printing of the said bonds. Klutchem's skepticism is responsible for the caning episode and the Colonel's imprisonment at Old Slip. But the cloud has a silver lining.



M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.
Author of "Boston, the Place and the People," and an old Contributor to "The Bookman."

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The Colonel is speedily released, the market goes Fitz's way and soon Klutchem is obliged to sue for terms of peace. And finally a regenerate Klutchem, with a very lovable small daughter, sits down with Aunt Nancy and Fitz and the Major at the Colonel's Christmas board.

MISS HOBSON.
Sister of R. P. Hobson, and author of "In Old Alabama."

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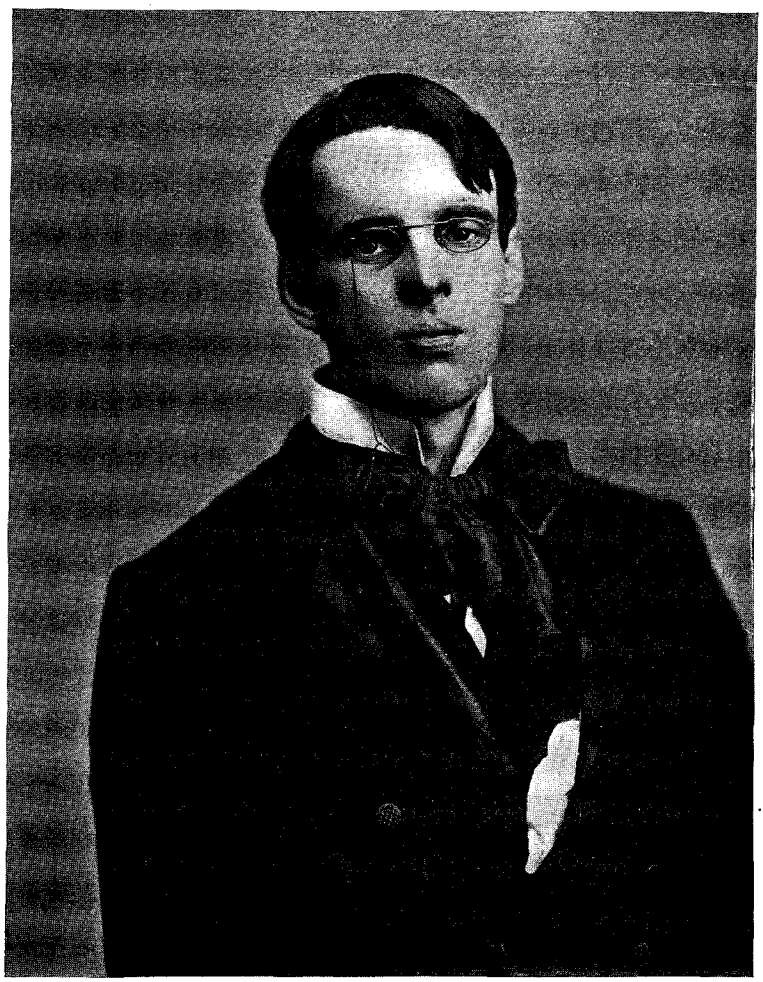
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

A PERSONAL friend has said of William Butler Yeats and his verse: "Other poets have written of Wisdom overshadowing man and speaking through his lips, or a Will working within the human will, but I think in this poetry we find for the first time the revelation of the Spirit as a weaver of beauty."

With the deep poetic insight that is his, Mr. George Russell has in this estimate perceived the vital issue; for it has indeed been left to a poet of our own day to reveal the illusive yet pervasive beauty of the spirit—the ancient inner loveliness that, unloosed from secret origins, works its way through the medium of unnoticed things out toward the eternal end. The entire verse of W. B. Yeats pulsates with a consciousness that when one looks into the darkness something is always to be found there: but beyond the darkness he beholds, like the first grey smirch of dawn borne in by hopeful and awakening birds, the contemplative vision of a breaking day. A seer of Beauty, he also excels in his interpretation of the vision, for his poetic artistry is the completion in



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.
Mr. Yeats Is Now in This Country Delivering a Series of Lectures.

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detail of that great unrest which strives for realisation: the reflection in cool and trembling depths of the clouds and sunshine of heaven and the shadowy forests of earth.

What may be called Mr. Yeats's poems of promise—"Monsada," "The Island of Statues," and "The Wanderings of Oisin"—were all published fifteen or twenty years ago and fell far short in prediction of the attainment that is now his. The height of this attainment, up to the present time, is undoubtedly his dramatic poem, "The Shadowy Waters." It is the story of one who is seeking what is beyond the joys of mortal love and ambition, when there comes to him Dectora, the personification of the best love of woman, and he is tempted by the "brief longing and deceiving hope and bodily tenderness." But:

"All that know love among the winds of the world
Have found it like the froth upon the ale;"

and he tells her:

"My beloved, farewell.
Seek Aibric on the Lochlann galley, and tell him
That Forgael has followed the grey birds alone,
And bid him to your country."

Dectora, however, will have none of the love in Aibric's eyes, saying to Forgael:

"I follow you.
Whether among the cold winds of the dead,
Or among winds that move in the meadows and woods.
I have cut the cords that held this galley to ours.
She is already fading, as though the gods
Had woven her of wind.
(She throws herself at Forgael's feet.)
Life withers out.
I hide you with my hair, that we may gaze
Upon this world no longer."

"The Shadowy Waters" is yet another rendering of the thought in "The Land of Heart's Desire": a voicing of the divine discontent in no way to be confused with the discontent that interferes with accomplishment and serene temper: a groping after the eternal verities merely because of the heart-breaking and transitory conditions of earthly life. It is cast in the mould of symbol, as are nearly all of Yeats's perceptions of truth—his belief being that myths are briefer and more beautiful than exposition, as well as deeper and more companionable.

So unaccustomed are we to the full extent of such hidden interpretation as to be sometimes reminded of the saying of an old Irish King to an old Irish Bard: "That is a good poem, but I do not understand a word of its meaning." Yet once in possession of the key to its meaning and what a wonderful vista of possibilities is opened to the imagination; that "imaginative energy," as Blake called it, which lays hold upon the application of the things below unto the things above. It is the process of utterance by suggestion, and is to be loved for the suggestion rather than for its actual expression. As Mr. Yeats has said: "Whatever the passions of man have gathered about, becomes a symbol in the great memory, and in the hands of him who hath the Secret, it is a worker of wonders, a caller-up of angels or of devils." Such symbolism is veritable word magic—for magic is but suggestion: and symbols are the magician's wand or the process used to suggest the supreme transmutation of the weary heart into a weariless spirit to the dreamers who must do what they dream. "All imaginative men," again says Yeats, "must be forever casting forth enchantments, glamours, illusions," and few are the poets who have discarded the spell of symbol. The caves and evening star of Shelley and the eagle and sun of Blake are perhaps too well known to instance; but the extreme symbolism of Blake's disciple has received but an indicative acknowledgment, for we have not yet learned his language. For example, with him, Hanrahan in *The Secret Rose* represents "the simplicity of an imagination too changeable to gather permanent possessions." Michael Robartes is "the pride of the imagination brooding upon the greatness of its possessions." Aodh (the Centic word for *fire*) symbolises the myrrh and frankincense that the imagination offers constantly to all it loves: the sea is the drifting and indefinite bitterness of life: the rose is the flower of spiritual love and beauty.

Indeed, Yeats may be regarded as the master of the particular form of spiritual beauty called "that subtle language within language." He has taken up and carried on the work of William Blake, the crusader against Philistinism of whom it could be said with far greater truth than of Count Villiers l'Isle Adam that "he

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opened the doors of the unknown with a crash, and a generation has gone through them to the infinite." Blake it was who preached the Golden Age when "all that was not inspiration should be cast off from poetry": and an interesting colloquial version of his belief is to be found in his marginal notes to one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses,* the text of which reads: "In the midst of the highest flights of the fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside." "If this be true," wrote Blake, "it is a Devilish Foolish Thing to Be an Artist."

What entitles the work of W. B. Yeats to universal recognition is the fact that over and above its spiritual beauty, the symbolism of its expression is in itself universal. Though the vehicle used is so distinctly Celtic, the result is more than individual, racial, or political. In this Yeats stands head and shoulders above his fellows of the Irish Revival. "If a writer wishes to interest a certain people among whom he has grown up," he says, "or fancies he has a duty toward them, he may choose for the symbols of his art their legends, their history, their beliefs, their opinions, because he has a right to choose among the substances of art." And as the final effort of "the vast and vague extravagance that lies at the bottom of our Celtic heart" is to find the best medium for an expression of the spiritual longing—the striving after a something never to be completely expressed in either word or deed—so it is the Celtic version of world-wide truths and beauties that best satisfy him.

During the process of this ardent quest among the substances of art Mr. Yeats has become enamoured of "the ancient simplicity and amplitude of imagination." "Simplicity and amplitude" — massed lights and shadows: breadth and directness, and the wisdom that treads in the footsteps of simplicity. Somewhere in *The Celtic Twilight* he mourns the entanglement of moods that makes us old, and says: "It is one of the great troubles of life that we cannot have any unmixed emotions. There is always something in our enemy that we like, and something in our sweetheart that we dislike." Therefore, his love for the beauty of simplicity and the simplicity of beauty has given this man of most complex and sensitive emotions, who could never have existed except as the finished product of subtleties, a great understanding of all folk-lore and traditions. He is always, though sometimes half unconsciously, following the direction of Max Müller, who applied it so differently, to "learn how things have become what they are and you will understand them." "Folk art is indeed the oldest of the aristocracies of thought," he has written, "and because it refuses what is passing and trivial, the merely clever and pretty, as certainly as the vulgar and insincere, and because it has gathered into itself the simplest and most unforgettable thoughts of the generations, it is the soil where all great art is rooted." Yet his verse is most intricately complex in emotion and most perfect in form. Even his every lyrical expression is completed and laid aside.

As a prose writer W. B. Yeats does not yet stand out clearly in the minds of men, partly because the writers of fine prose exceed in number the masters of verse and therefore his position is less distinctive: and partly because verse is his preëminent expression. His attainment in prose has also been slower of development than his attainment in verse: is more a matter of deliberate and intentional forming of words to his will and less of an inevitable output. There is in it also an element of promise not found in his verse:—for his verse is like the laying on of the hands of fulfillment. Yet his folk-lore tales are equally aflame with spiritual alchemy. *The Secret Rose* is an embodiment of the ancient rose symbolism as the impelling force of a deeply spiritual anticipation of immortality. *The Celtic Twilight* is a blessed meeting place of semi-light and semi-darkness in which the Irish peasantry wander, convinced that this world and the world we go to after death are not far apart. Throughout it there is "an understanding born from a deeper fountain than thought."

"A nation whose mission it is to revolve in its bosom spiritual truths is often weak politically," Renan said of the Jews: and the truth of this receives another verification in Ireland. When W. B. Yeats becomes a patriot he partakes of this same weakness that, while it can hardly be called political, nevertheless works from the outside inward: therefore, it is much to be deplored that his later work is almost entirely along na-

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tional lines. *Kathleen ni Hoolihan* is the personified cry of Irish patriotism. The morality play called *The Hour Glass* is a rude awakening into approximate Irish orthodoxy. *In the Seven Woods* is a harking back to Ireland's heroic age, without the mystic insight. Not that such writing is to be wholly decried:—in the words of Mr. Yeats a dog chasing rabbits in a field becomes a form of the eternal chimera—but he has so proved himself among better and more sweeping breadths that it is to be regretted his greatest possibilities should be at all overshadowed by the very national and beloved forms which are his best medium of expression. Indeed, one who loves the verse of William Butler Yeats cannot but mourn his emerging out into the light of common day; for this light only points more clearly the conviction that the idealist cannot go with the crowd. As A. E. (George Russell) has said: "The danger of art is not in its subjects, but in the attitude of the artist's mind."

Yeats is preëminently a poet: preëminently the poet to reveal "the Spirit as the weaver of beauty." That he himself at times has misgivings about whither he is tending there can be little doubt, for he has voiced this feeling in the words: "I have never been quite certain that one should become more than an artist."

Isabel Moore.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

AGES ago when we were all young and went to evening parties, there was always, it will be recalled, at least one blasé guest who entered with a look of pain and remained with conscious cynicism. So the world is still at it, he seemed to say, as if from centuries of experience (most of it dark), looking more bored than mortal man could ever feel—as bored perhaps as Satan might be at an afternoon tea with cherubs. But he went home no earlier than any one else and had you at any time felt his pulse you would have found it pumping away as cheerfully as other people's. It was only that he would not confess his indefensible emotions. It is the same way with some of us playgoers. We profess to enjoy only as we judge, but night after night we can fold up our judgment like an opera hat and contentedly sit with it under the seat, though we damn the play with it afterwards. It is just this lenient playgoing mood that makes stage criticism seem unreal. The intellect is detachable. Sometimes you are happier if you keep it on; sometimes you feel better without it; at a certain kind of conventional play it is simply poisonous.

We have been reading some inappropriately intelligent remarks on *John Ermine of Yellowstone,* a simple melodrama of Indian fights and primitive valour, wherein Mr. James Hackett impersonates a Western scout, a noble, athletic creature, a child of nature of the Leatherstocking Tales, who is full of the moon and stars and the Great Spirit, and does not know how heroic he is when he saves a regiment at the risk of his life. The critic says the character is not lifelike, as if it mattered, and adds that he is beneath the standard of Broadway, as if there were one. John Ermine belongs to the juvenilia of our stage and if you kill him you will find yourself embarked on a career of slaughter. There have been a dozen like him this year and last. There is no reason why criticism should straighten itself up with this sudden dignity and let the other eleven go through. Classify him and let him alone; enjoy the moment if you can; forget your age and education and everything else; feel on the top of your bald head for sunny curls, and try and wonder how the play will turn out. Will the Indians get him? It may be his gun will go off and shoot the orchestra. There is always something to wonder at. Where there's a will, there's a way. A play can be seen with two standards: the standard of what you have previously seen or read or studied, and the standard of what you would have been doing if you had staid at home that

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evening. *John Ermine* is an average play and competes not with Shakespeare but with the evening papers or a game of cards or the bosom of the average family.

Despise not the raw virtue, black vice and scalping knives of casual melodrama unless you are ready to despise the society hodge-podge and the merely spectacular historical play. The common defect is the unrealised men and women. We reverse the practise of the Elizabethans and label characters instead of scenery. They asked their audience to believe that this was a wall and that a gate-post. We do the wall and post to the life, but say, will you please believe that these jumping-jacks are human beings. Yet our audience is well-trained, ready to take the will for the deed, and in no hurry to argue itself out of a place to spend its evenings. If you think coolly of the playwright's work, you will turn the stage into a solitude. There was only one play last month that would meet all the tests of afterthinking, but there was not one that did not suffice for the moment.

We think of the theatre as a great, grinding machine for expressing the obvious, a show-place for large adventures of body and soul, unsuited as a bass-drum to lighter arguments. Some say the theatre can take nothing up till the other arts are through with it. Then a play like *Old Heidelberg* comes along and succeeds where many poets fail through sheer clumsiness. An unheroic young prince whom the restraints of a petty court hardly permit to draw a natural breath, suddenly finds himself free to lead his own life at the university. For the first time he meets people on a common footing and can be foolish and spontaneous and undignified and young, and make a noise and fall genuinely in love with his landlord's pretty daughter. So he comes to life and after his first bewilderment does all these things with a zest that is good to see and resolves to keep on doing them forevermore, but in the midst of it all he is summoned back to the court to assume the regency. Being as we have said an utterly unheroic person, he obeys and takes leave of his sweetheart and his friends in a way that makes you pity all commonplace human princes. Later he revisits the university thinking to find everything the same, but he has changed and so have the students. Somehow no one can unbend and the meeting is absurdly ceremonious, empty and forlorn. Then the final parting with his sweetheart, for his marriage, of course, is an affair of state, and so his holiday ends. After all there was nothing in it worth losing a kingdom for. There was no great sorrow here, nothing tempestuous to wreck a life. His royal middle age will find it a choice reasonably made. But an epicure of emotion could probably show that the best seasoning for a delightful regret is a prosaic preference for the thing you chose. The imagination has better sport with what is a little beyond the range of real desire, and we daresay Prince Heinrich's grief was the most agreeable shade of the blues imaginable.

So the same old stage that plays the passions on a steam piano can be as delicately reminiscent as a violin, and this playwright can make a light regret for outgrown things more poignant than D'Annunzio could the pain of an amputation. The play has inspired Mr. Mansfield to surpass anything he has done for years. Nothing that was in the author's mind has escaped him, and it was more than a faithful rendering, for he supplemented the part in its own spirit, as only those actors can do who have reached the point at which their art becomes creative. And because of his fine realisation of the youthful prince we can forgive him for remaining Mansfield in the persistent consciousness of chest and voice, for the over-cultivation of his syllables and the swan's songs in his words. Perhaps Kathie, the innkeeper's daughter, ought not to have been so charming as Miss Grace Elliston made her, and might reasonably be more insipid, but having once seen her in the part we find it hard to conceive it differently. Other women on the stage would have played with technical skill and you would have gone away asking yourself why in the world was the prince so taken with her. This doubt so deadly to most women players, the doubt of the indiscernible charm that apparently works such havoc, never rises when Miss Elliston is on the stage.

Neither the beautiful tableaux of the inferno nor the elaborate explanations

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offered in the "book of the play" can excuse the incoherence of MM. Sardou and Moreau's *Dante.* It is merely a series of pictures affording scope for Sir Henry Irving's talent, and the authors have taken no pains whatever with anything except some of the speeches put into his mouth. With little help from any one but the stage manager he carries it off successfully. He has the instinct of greatness and never fails in these large characters; and though the playwrights have succeeded in hiding Dante almost beyond chance of detection, he somehow fishes him out or at least some great poet —a noble and convincing presentment, the only illusion of the play, and its redemption, despite the actor's defects of speech which now at times make him almost inaudible.

Artifice is also apparent in *The Proud Prince* by Justin Huntley McCarthy, but at least it is good artifice and does no injustice to the pretty mediæval legend— the miraculous probation of Robert the Bad, changed to the court fool by the Archangel Michael, who rules in his stead till he is cured of his sins by penitence and then restores him to his throne. Mr. Sothern played the king's part with much spirit and found about all there was in it. Mr. McCarthy had not put very much there or indeed in the rest of his lines. Miss Cecilia Loftus looked the part of the rustic heroine, but that was all.

Those poetically rustic parts must make a player's heart sink, for as written by most playwrights they are poetical only in intent. These simple-hearted creatures are really the finished products of the corrupt civilisation with which they are supposed to contrast and while they pretend to tend their flocks on lonely mountains are composing verses for the magazines. The shepherd hero of the Spanish play, *Marta of the Lowlands,* may have lost some of his love of nature in translation; in the English version you can only see that he has poetical designs on you. But the play as a whole is vigorous and stirring, confined to elemental things, the love and hatred and revenge of simple people, but dealing with them effectively.

Cousin Kate is very far away from elemental passions, being in the polite comedy region where nothing greatly matters and love goes easily on and off, a familiar play, not at all original where no one is on the strain, least of all the author. It was pleasantly written, well played, and immediately forgotten, except, perhaps, for the chance it gave Miss Barrymore to show a marked improvement in her acting and for Miss Agnew's amusing study of a stiff little Sunday-school person. *F. M. Colby.*

THE RESOURCES OF MYCROFT HOLMES

I.—He Repudiates Sherlock.

RUSHEM, the editor of *The Daily Saffron,* had sent for and employed me within twenty minutes after he received the following message, wireless, from his London correspondent:

"Reason to believe interview could be had with Mycroft Holmes."

When I had been shown the Marconigram, Rushem asked, "You are still disposed to desert the chair of history in your university to become a journalist, Professor Mustie?"

I answered tersely in the affirmative.

"You know who Mycroft Holmes is?"

I replied that he was the tall, corpulent, seven-year-older, and more nicely observing brother of Sherlock Holmes, who had first attained worldwide fame through Dr. Watson's account of his (Mycroft's) connection with "The Affair of the Greek Interpreter," who was a member of the singularly unsociable Diogenes Club, London, and who applied his extraordinary faculty for figures in auditing books in certain government departments, Whitehall.

Rushem was pleased, as I had fully intended he should be, by my *multum in parvo* mode of expression. I think he

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impulsively added a ten to the salary he was about to propose: and I was employed on the spot.

Behold me, therefore, seven days later, in the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club, Pall Mall, seated opposite Mycroft Holmes, in the gentle act of interviewing him.

"Briefly, Mr. Holmes," said I, for the twentieth time mentally sizing him up to my combined satisfaction and mystification, "what my paper's readers want is to know whether there is any truth in the widespread rumours that you are setting up in competition with your brother, lately reappeared?"

Mycroft Holmes looked up sharply from his cigar-ash, in evident surprise and disappointment. "Softly, softly, my dear fellow," he expostulated at once; "this is scarcely the proper beginning if I remember—if I know myself. It is for me to speak first, I believe, and so we shall commence over." He drew his ponderous weight higher up in his arm-chair and fixed his narrow eyes on mine in a manner well calculated to be impressive. "In the first place," he continued at once, "it must be a source of some satisfaction to you, even though a citizen of a republic, to be aware that you are descended in an almost direct line from a king of France, that another of your forbears was for months the companion of a monarch of England, and that two other progenitors of yours fell at Waterloo, fighting on opposite sides."

"Indeed, it is!" I acknowledged before I thought; and then, I frankly confess, I sprang up in the most intense amazement: I had come fully prepared for the usual demonstration of keen powers of observation and deduction, but I had certainly expected them to be applied to matters of the present or, at least, recent. So I did exactly what I had previously resolved not to do: I exclaimed in accents of extreme astonishment, "Mr. Holmes, this is marvellous! How on earth do you do it?"

Mycroft Holmes smiled contentedly. "I shall tell you," he said, "presently. Now, we shall return to the interview. It is desired to know whether I shall set up in competition with my brother, Sherlock: briefly, I shall not."

He paused, evidently to gather his forces, a frown coming over his low forehead, and continued, "Sherlock Holmes is—" in such a tone that I could not repress an involuntary, "Yes?" of expectancy and suspense.

"Sherlock Holmes is a vain coxcomb and an arrant charlatan," went on Mycroft explosively. "The strain he exhibits comes into our line in the middle of the eighteenth century: there was a fellow married a Holmes, a certain would-be detective named Quiller, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of—"

"Foxy!" I cried, exultation mingling with my surprise.

"Foxy," repeated Mycroft, nodding and pausing to interject, "Very clever in you, my dear Mustie!" Then, "Look at my brother's career," he cried sharply, "full of egregious conceit and inordinate self-advertisement, as it is! Why, it has been an eyesore and a nuisance to me for years, and, now that he has accomplished this supreme spectacularity of coming back from the dead, I can no longer endure the thoughts of it! Learn, then, young man, and report my words accurately,—that I am *not* to be in competition with my brother and that, ever since that morning when I drove his absurd Boswell to Victoria Station—the morning Sherlock left for his notorious interview with Moriarty in Switzerland—in utter disgust I have completely abandoned all effort and interest in the modern business of detection. No, I am no longer auditing for the government. Yes, I am devoting myself, body and soul, to a new pursuit. (You see, I anticipate your questions.) What is my business? I am, for the remainder of my natural life, Mycroft Holmes, Esquire, Solver of Historical Mysteries."

It was very natural that I should bow profoundly here, as he slightly nodded his head. "But, if you please," I said, "condescend to solve for me the *present* mystery of the words you have just uttered."

"Readily! My income is sufficient for my needs. My sole object in life is to redeem the name—my name—my brother has succeeded in bringing so low. It is a difficult task to restore lost dignity: but I shall do it. Briefly, my business is *not* to waste my moments in the trite processes of unravelling tangles of to-day, tangles whereof the beginnings, ends, and entire lengths of every thread are capable of being rendered visible: my business

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lies with the solution of those Gordian knots of long ago, nine-tenths of whose component skeins are forever hid in the black fastnesses of the past."

I was enraptured, and I let him see it. He was by no means chagrined. After a time I exclaimed, "And so you can finally answer all those perplexing old questions, like Who wrote Shakespere? and The Letters of Junius? and Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?"

Mycroft Holmes shrugged his massive shoulders. "My dear Mustie," he said, with a smile, "you underestimate me. I assure you I have done nothing with these matters which are the common property of every amateur investigator. What I *have* done is to ascertain whose step-aunt married the seventh Earl of Willingham, how Giles Harcourt bought the broken corkscrew from the blind Crusader, how the centurion Alertius overcame the Pompeiian lictor—"

"But, my dear Mycroft," I interrupted (I might as well be familiar, too), "these are matters of the slightest interest to the public, compared with the mysteries I have mentioned. Come! get to work on something everybody knows about, and I will be your Boswell, your Watson!"

I saw that the suggestion pleased him immensely, though he tried hard not to show it. "Very well," he said after a moment; "be it as you say. Come here tomorrow at two, and I will solve any historical mystery you mention, no matter how easy."

Overjoyed with the prospect I rose to go. "And now," said I, "surely you will no longer withhold an explanation of how you ascertained my ancestry and my most cherished secret at first glance? How did you know me to be the descendant of a king and of a king's companion, as well as of the two soldiers that fell at Waterloo?"

Mycroft answered nonchalantly, "You are a student of history as a hobby, for you are wealthy; you are a descendant of Israel Mustie, since you resemble him so strikingly; I knew Israel Mustie, here in London, when I was a boy; he was my father's nearest neighbour; he had a birthmark on his forehead resembling two crossed sabres; this birthmark was the result of his mother's having learned that her father and his brother had died at Waterloo, the one under Bonaparte, the other under Wellington—"

"But," I cried excitedly, "my father, Israel Mustie, did not know the family history farther back than these unfortunate brothers!"

"Ah, yes," replied Mycroft coolly, "but *I* did. When Israel emigrated to the States I found among some papers he had thrown out, unexamined, as worthless, a complete family record extending back more than two hundred years. From this record I learned in ten minutes what has taken you a decade to ascertain from libraries and museums—not only that you are descended from one Gaston de Vrayeulx, who was a leading member of the gay little court of the exiled Charles II., of England, at Bruges, but that the said Gaston's parentage goes back to the left-handed union of Charles IX. of France with Marie Touchet. Now is the proper moment for the expression of your surprise and admiration, I believe," concluded Mycroft.

"But, my dear Holmes," I protested, "your knowing these things is sheer luck, after all!"

"So it is," said Mycroft; "but sheer luck counts."

I was at the door when he called me back to answer a conundrum, which, of course, I could not do.

"What," Mycroft asked quizzically, "what is the difference between Dr. Watson and myself?"

I gave up, and properly repeated the conundrum to him.

"Because," he replied, with a chuckle, "Watson deals with the history of mysteries, whereas I deal with the mysteries of history."

Then I left him chuckling mightily: one can imagine my elation, convinced as I was that on the morrow I should at least see solved The Mystery of the Shakesperian Authorship.

II.—He Solves the Mystery of the Shakesperian Authorship.

One of my first discoveries of the next day, when I went to fulfill my appointment with Mr. Mycroft Holmes, at the Diogenes Club, Pall Mall, was that the great historical detective, as I may safely dub him, is as wholly devoid of any decent knowledge of literature as, notori-

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ously, is his brother Sherlock. Mycroft handled the superb and priceless first folio of Shakespere, the property of the most enviable Diogenes Club, as one would handle a ten-cent paper-back by say L. J. Libbey—that is, with the slightest care—much to my own anxiety. This latter I probably failed to conceal, for, with a sympathetic glance my way, Mycroft observed naïvely, "It *is* a wretched old copy: one would think so prosperous a club might afford something a trifle more modern!" Whereat I submerged the outraged feelings of an amateur bibliophile in the highly-keyed expectations of a newspaper reporter on the scent of an amazing scoop.

However, I had myself so well in hand that when, after a long silence, Holmes remarked sharply, "You are quite right; it *is* too bad a man of my attainments is no better informed on bookish subjects." Of course he had read my thoughts to the letter, but I was resolved not to show any emotion over so old a trick. I think my manner pleased him; at all events, he continued at once, "I am ignorant of books, past and present, their authors and their critics, except insofar as I must deal with them in my historical efforts. Now, I believe we are to ascertain this morning the true authorship of *The Works of William Shakespere?*"

I also believed that, and admitted it half tremulously.

"It appears," Mycroft went on quickly, "that the existence of a cypher, meant to establish the rightful authorship, is suspected. It is dry work, dealing with cyphers, but you have chosen to-day's mystery and we must abide by its terms. If there *is* a cypher, rest assured I shall soon discover it."

All the time he was speaking he was turning over the leaves of the folio, now rapidly, now slowly, now with evident assurance, now hesitatingly, his chubby finger meanwhile tracing its way down columns, across paragraphs, over pages, sometimes at a gallop and oftener at a crawl, for all the world like a faithful hound hot on the scent of a half-found quarry. Suddenly, as I watched him in fascination, he closed the book with a bang, and, leaning back in his chair, examined his watch interestedly.

"Eight minutes and three-quarters," he said, with a smile. "Not half-bad, that, eh, Mustie? To settle in eight and three-quarters minutes what dozens of erudite writers have been squabbling over for—I suppose—a century?"

I threw up my hands in unbounded amazement. "Mycroft," I cried, "do you mean to say you have discovered the author's name?"

Holmes nodded. "Exactly," said he.

"And it is?" I demanded, leaning forward in the utmost eagerness lest my ears should miss a syllable of what he was about to say.

"The name of the author, with which I am unfamiliar," he replied, "is—but, there! I sha'nt be so unjust as to tell you immediately, before you know something of the manner in which it has been ascertained."

"Then I am all attention and suspense!" I cried quickly, exasperated with the calmness that possessed his voice and manner.

Mycroft proceeded more briskly. "How many plays did this Shakespere write?" he asked.

"Thirty-seven," I responded promptly.

"So I believe; and how old was he when he died?"

"Fifty-two." Such information is always at my tongue's end.

"Fifty-two years exactly," said Mycroft Holmes. "Fifty-two and thirty-seven, then, are our prime numbers in this investigation, our starting posts. Take the latter from the former and we have fifteen. Turn to our friend Shakespere's fifteenth play, and we find that it is *Macbeth*, in the usual order. And, now, we observe that there is a cypher, and that this cypher, far from being intricate and difficult, is of a most ordinary and uninteresting nature. Observe the first line of the play:

"'1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?'"

He turned the volume so I could look on with him, at the same time handing me a writing-tablet and a pencil.

"This," he continued pædagogically, "is the key-line of our cypher, complete in itself. What are the three objects concerning which the question is asked? Evidently they are the witches, represented by the letter W, which occurs three times in the line. Oblige me by jotting down

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the alphabet and placing below W the figure 3."

This I did in almost feverish haste.

"Now credit each other letter of the alphabet, that appears in this line, with the number of times it appears in the line."

I obeyed and set before him these rows:

```
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
3 1 6 1 4 2   2 1 2     1 1 2     3
```

"So," said Mycroft; "we have enough of our alphabet to proceed, found by the method usual in the commonest, old-fashioned cryptogram of the past. Add the numerals, and we have twenty-nine. Turn to the twenty-ninth line of the play, and we find:

"'Which smok'd with bloody execution.'

And now mark a curious feature of our cypher: how many letters are there in this line?"

I counted them, and there were twenty-nine!

"Twenty-nine, then," continued the detective, "is our third prime number, sending us, of course, without hesitation, to the twenty-ninth play, which proves to be *Julius Cæsar*. Now, permit me to refer you back to our alphabet: you observe that there are thirteen unnumbered letters of the twenty-six, another very significant feature—thirteen from twenty-six leaves thirteen. I see instantly that our attention is directed to the thirteenth scene of the play in hand, and I am made supercertain of this fact when I observe that the thirteenth scene is the famous

"'Act IV., Scene III. Within the tent of Brutus.'

Our author has set his city on a hill, has placed his cypher as prominently as possible, which is perfectly natural."

He paused, and try as I would, I could not restrain a cry of admiration. However, I was all eagerness and would not permit him to desist long, as, indeed, he seemed inclined to do. "Do you think you can get it all up as cleverly as Watson, Mustie?" he demanded.

Though a modest man by nature, I assured him I could, whereupon he exclaimed in a tone of intense satisfaction: "Ah, Sherlock, you overrated humbug! I'll have *you* down and out in no time—But, to proceed," he went on at once, referring to the folio: "We discover that the extremely important first line of this tent scene goes:

"'That you have wronged me doth appear in this.'

This is the third line we are to make use of, and its significance is immense. I wonder if it fits well into the text, sheer secret message to the cryptographer that it is? Write down this line, and turning to your alphabet, place the proper numerals under the letters in the line."

Hastily I did, and got:

```
That  you  have  wronged  me  doth
2432      43 6   31  216    16    24
appear  in  this
3       631 22  2421
```

Mycroft Holmes seized the paper and proceeded with the utmost rapidity. "In this line of numerals take the first 1 and the numeral of the letter next after it. But, you say, the following letter has no numeral. Very well. Take, instead, the numeral of the letter next before it, and what have you? 13. The rule is now established. Find the next 1. Put it down. 131. Put down the numeral of the letter next before it. 1312. Find the third 1 and so act once more. The whole result? 131216. There!" exclaimed Mycroft triumphantly. "Three ones, a three, a two, and a six; twice three is six, and thrice two is six; three into six goes twice, and two into six goes thrice. Now, referring to your alphabet and its numerals, fit a word to this 131216."

I did so, and got RAGIME!

"Heavens!" I cried, aghast. "Could it be 'ragtime?'"

"Probably not," replied Holmes; "you have found a wrong combination. But one thing is made clear: whatever the right word, it lacks one letter. Try again. Ragtime is, of course, inappropriate to the line in question."

I tried a half-dozen times, and at length produced GASTRE. Then Mycroft rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Now you have it!" he exclaimed. "Of course the missing letter is an L, to be tacked on at the last, making GASTREL. And now you see the extreme subtlety of the cypher which says to Gastrel, 'That

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you have wronged me doth appear in this!' Certainly Gastrel, the Rev. Mr. Gastrel—who pulled down Shakespere's home and pulled up Shakespere's mulberry tree, in sheer malevolence—had wronged him; and certainly—as plain as the light of the sun—GASTREL *'doth* appear in this.' "

Mycroft Holmes leaned back in his chair and surveyed me with an air of unmitigated self-satisfaction. I was speechless.

"And so," he went on presently, "an expert, like myself, carries out the cypher, step by step, until he obtains this alphabet in marks of punctuation, etc.:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
?()-.-;[*:]† !'¶%,$/"‡£π0 (sic)

He put it into my trembling hand, when he had written it out. "And then," continued he at once, "I turn to a certain indicated play, and tracing out the marks of punctuation, etc., in a certain indicated passage, I find this:

£*††*?! /[?]./%.$.

This, too, he handed me on a slip of paper.

"And it tells you that the author of Shakespere's plays is—?" I cried in the utmost eagerness.

"It tells us," replied Holmes, quite seriously, "that the author of Shakespere's plays is—. But, my dear Mustie, I will not insult your intelligence by translating for you a cypher so completely and simply self-evident!"

And so, like Mycroft Holmes, I will not insult my reader's intelligence: at this point I will leave him to work out for himself the name of the author of Shakespere's plays.

Trembling with intense emotion I left the great historical detective, resolved that, on the morrow, he should unravel for me The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask.

III.—He Solves the Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask.

The great historical detective received me for the third time on the third morning after my arrival in London, in the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club, as usual.

"And what, my dear Mustie," he asked, after the greetings, "is to be our child's-play for to-day?"

"Mycroft," said I, a little hurt by his levity, "to-day you are to solve for me, and incidentally, for the readers of *The Daily Saffron,* and, equally incidentally, for the entire civilised world, that deep and perplexing mystery of the reign of Louis the Grand, namely, the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask."

"So!" observed Holmes, quizzically. "And what, my dear fellow, is the most striking fact in connection with this matter?"

Involuntarily I struck an attitude and recited from memory this quotation: "The mystery of the identity of the Iron Mask remains unsolved; but the field of inquiry has been greatly narrowed, and further investigation will not improbably discover this strange historical secret."

"Just so!" said Mycroft, with a smile of superiority. "And there you have an evident reference to myself, my dear Mustie: in the language of one of your American poets, I believe, he who penned that sentence 'builded better than he knew.' Now, as a student of history, tell me something of this mysterious fellow."

Which I did, declaring that the Man in the Iron Mask was a French state prisoner, who died in 1703, for many years guarded by Saint-Mars in various prisons, who was variously suspected to have been one Mattioli, a diplomatic agent of the Duke of Mantua, or a son of Oliver Cromwell, or the Minister Fouquet, or Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, or the Duke of Monmouth, or the Duke of Beaufort, or the Count of Vermandois, Louis XIV.'s natural son, or a natural son of Anne of Austria, or, indeed, a twin brother of the Grand Monarch himself, efficiently suppressed by Cardinal Richelieu.

Mycroft Holmes surveyed me with a smile and said, "Pardon me for resorting once more to that old and unworthy mind-reading stunt of Sherlock's, but—you have been reading up for the occasion on the subject of the Mask."

I had to admit that it was true, though again I managed to restrain any display of unusual admiration.

"However," continued Mycroft, "that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that this Mask is suspected to be

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one of many persons and is undoubtedly none of them."

"Then you know—" I began eagerly, but he interrupted me with an uplifted hand.

"Gently, gently, my dear Mustie," he protested; "all will come out in due time, and we must not be guilty of so egregious an error as the spoiling of the artistic effect by revealing anything important in the beginning. We proceed quite orderly: The Mask was imprisoned by Louis XIV.; we will say, then, that the King had a grievance against him. Now, this grievance may have been personal or political—political, you say, because we are told the Mask was a prisoner of state. You assume that much. I, on the contrary, assume nothing. I observe; and I combine my observations with my wealth of special knowledge; and then I deduce. Yes, I admit that it's Sherlock's process over again—only quite perfected and in every way superior. To resume, then: a 'prisoner of state' is not necessarily a political prisoner—our Mask may have meant or done no harm to France. To any other country? Not likely, else the malevolent Louis would have rewarded, instead of imprisoning him. However, for the present we will let that go. Mustie, this is—as you, an American, should best know—the age of advertising. As day unto day is folded into the hazy past, the value, the necessity, the indispensability of advertising, the desire, the greed, the mania for publicity advances with gigantic strides. And, remarking this state of affairs from our respective vantage-points, you and I observe sagely: 'This is the age of advertising; a short time ago—' And so on, indefinitely. But to return to our prisoner: Louis's motive for detaining him was either personal or political. Say the latter: he had plotted, conspired against the welfare of the government, either as a foreign or an internal enemy, and the King had had him imprisoned. So far, so good; but why the mask? There were other state prisoners who wore no black velvet over their faces; and scarcely any one ever heard of them, or if he did, paid any attention to them. They were state prisoners, some of recent date, many of the dead past; and they were all neglected. Now, listen to me, Mustie!"

"I am but one great eager ear!" I assured him hastily.

"Mustie, the Iron Mask was not an offender against the state. You say, 'Then he had offended the King personally.' Let us consider that: many persons were imprisoned for such a cause. Were they better known or more thought of than the political prisoners? Not in the least. Now, observe this question, Mustie: did they wear masks?"

I must confess that a sort of diabolic glee possessed me; it was highly evident that Holmes expected and desired me to answer in the negative. I grinned in a species of minor triumph, therefore, as I replied, "There were others whose faces were concealed."

Much to my surprise, Mycroft's features, instead of expressing discontent, expanded into a smile of complete satisfaction. "Precisely!" he exclaimed. Then he arose slowly and began to walk back and forth before the window, his narrow eyes vacantly fixed on the fog and drizzle of the typical London atmosphere. This occupation he followed for full five minutes, the while I sat observing him in total mystification. Once only he paused to remark, looking at me straightly, "If only I had some particularly devilish habit, like that of consuming hasheesh by the half-pint, what a telling moment to indulge it this would make!"

Presently he paused abruptly and stood glaring down at me in a most singular fashion. Then he opened his lips and framed this enigmatical word: "Competition!" He repeated it a number of times, saying, "Competition, my boy, competition is the word, competition."

Then he sat down again and resumed, quite as though there had been no interruption. "You say, then, Mustie, that the Mask had personally offended King Louis; your reason for saying this is that Louis imprisoned the Mask; and here your undeveloped powers of deduction pause, impotent to proceed further. Sherlock Holmes could do much better; he could go on reasoning by the day, no doubt; and, probably, he would arrive at very creditable conclusions—mind, I always give the devil his due! But I can do vastly better than he—Dr. Watson himself would admit it, has admitted it practically, so mind you don't fail to follow suit. You say the King had a grudge

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against the Mask—that seems perfectly obvious to you. But *I* say—now, listen attentively, Mustie—(small need for him to warn me!) *I* say the King had *no* grudge against the Mask!"

"But—but—" I began, stammering and uncomprehending.

"But me no buts," went on Mycroft imperturbably. "Louis XIV. hadn't a closer friend or a greater favorite than this same Man in the Iron Mask."

He paused again—to drive the strange statement home and let it clinch itself in my confused mind. Then he forestalled my question. "My dear Mustie," he said, "there were other prisoners, some of whose faces were concealed: can you, a student of history, recall the names of any of them on the spur of the moment? No; certainly not: you scarcely ever hear of them, and so they were scarcely ever heard of even in their own day. But the Iron Mask—who has not heard of him! Was he an object of curious mystery even in his own lifetime?"

I could but admit he had been such.

"Surely! And now isn't it perfectly clear to you? Remember what I said a while ago about advertising? Remember Competition? Well, this is the age of advertising, but—put your finger on the *Father* of modern advertising!"

In my confusion I could not, and he put his own finger on—the Iron Mask! "There!" he continued, abruptly. "The Mask was Louis's great friend; the Mask was a man of surpassing cleverness; the Mask was *neither* a political nor a 'personal' prisoner, although he *was* a conspirator—inasmuch as he *and* the King conspired to effect one of the greatest and most lasting advertising *coups* of all time. Mustie, you understand the value of advertising: did the Mask need to employ a press agent?"

"But," I protested wildly, "the man died in his prison after he had spent his life in it! Who could ever want such advertising as cost him his existence to procure?"

Mycroft Holmes looked me straight in the eyes and chuckled softly. "That," said he, "is precisely the point. In your blind, clumsy way, my dear Mustie, you have stumbled upon the key to the whole matter. Who, indeed, could want such advertising as cost him his life to procure but a man who had lives to waste. And what man in history is so endowed, Mustie?"

I threw up my hands in a species of horror. "The Wandering Jew!" I cried.

"Yes," said Mycroft Holmes; "no other. The Wandering Jew, at that time making great preparations to manifest himself in the guise of Joseph Balsamo, Count Cagliostro—Cagliostro, who now is—" He checked himself. "But that," he added, "is another story.—Oh, I have my fingers crossed," he explained, in answer to my unspoken remonstrance against this audacious violation of unwritten copyright; and, indeed, he had.

And so I left him again, my mind whirling in its effort to select the mystery I should ask him to unravel on the following day.

Charlton Andrews.

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AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE DRAMATICS

PHILLIPS BROOKS as a huge giantess, George F. Hoar as a fifer, and Henry Cabot Lodge as a hairdresser—the Bishop in a production of *Tom Thumb,* the senior Senator in *Bombastes Furioso* and the junior Senator in still another Hasty Pudding play at Harvard—these transformations of future great ones once occurred. And similar things have happened in many other American universities. For dramatics at the colleges are far older than most people think. As early as 1690, in fact, according to T. Allston Brown, students at Harvard performed *Gustavus Vasa,* and in 1736 the students "at the College in Williamsburgh, Va.," had a small theatre and "were probably the most talented company of amateurs in the Colonies." The giving of plays has grown apace, and today throughout the land interest among students in the drama is astonishingly keen.

Competition for dramatic honours nowhere flags. Out of town trips, taken by almost all the more important college dramatic clubs, heighten the desire to be assigned to a part, and in his own college town the college actor is by no means without honour. Customarily, though this is not true at many Western coeducational institutions, students of the same sex take all the parts.

Whence come complications. Every one knows how difficult it is to get a man to hold his skirts properly, while a woman, though she wears her brother's clothes to good advantage, has troubles far too many with her voice, her carriage, her gestures, and what not besides. A good "leading lady" is a rare acquisition in a men's dramatic society. In Catholic colleges the men are forbidden to dress as women; hence in their plays women characters must be eliminated. At the College of St. Francis Xavier, in New York City, and at St. John's College, Fordham, extremely successful productions are given despite this restriction.

Many college actors have gone on the professional stage. Hall McAllister is among them, and George Riddle, the monologist, and J. Cheever Goodwin, author of *Wang* and other operas. Mr. Goodwin in 1876, at the dedication of the new rooms of the Pi Eta Society at Harvard, of which he was a member, helped "compound," as the announcement read *Ozone, An Electric Wash, in One Act.* At the College of the City of New York, James K. Hackett, when a student, took part in plays. Stanton Elliott, Harvard 1900, is now supporting Kyrle Bellew, and Willard Howe, Yale 1901, is a professional monologist. Burr McIntosh, at Princeton, was much interested in theatricals. At Amherst, in 1884, Clyde Fitch, though a Sophomore, took part in one of the seniors' plays. Josephine Sherwood, now in repertory, wrote the words and music of the Radcliffe play three years ago and acted in it. Miss Elizabeth Valentine, Cornell 1902, who was active in dramatics at Ithaca, playing Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew,* is taking the part of Beaute in one of the *Everyman* companies.

It is at Harvard dramatics flourish and have flourished as at no other American university. Pudding and Pi Eta plays are very widely known, and one of the greatest objections your Cambridge graduate will make to the present conduct of student affairs has to do with the faculty rule that keeps those societies from giving a play outside of Cambridge, unless everybody is back by one A.M. the same night. For these plays used to be given in New York City and elsewhere pretty far from Cambridge, whereas Wellesley and Lynn are now about as far as they can be taken.

The expense of such productions is large. New scenery and costumes are bought and good orchestras engaged, the Pi Eta, for instance, hiring musicians as a rule from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Professional coaches, too, must be paid. The play, in the case of both Pi Eta and Pudding, is given first at the club theatre, and on the night set apart

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for graduate members there are famous reunions.

This characteristic of Pi Eta and Pudding plays, all of which at present are original, is noteworthy—their intrinsic excellence. Several of them have been put successfully on the professional stage. Words and music are the work of undergraduate members, though a professional musician often orchestrates the score. They are almost always nowadays burlesques or comic operas. The late Herbert Schurz, the son of Carl Schurz, and a Pudding man, several years ago wrote most of the book of a burlesque on *Secret Service,* and acted the chief part in it. Another recent Pudding burlesque was *The Second Mrs. Corsetstay.* In the spring of 1902 the Pudding curtain raiser made fun of *If I Were King.* It was called *Were I the Thing.* One of the two authors was J. A. Dix, son of the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. In another recent Pudding play, *Hi-Ka-Yá,* the scene shifted from an Arctic village to the Sheepshead Bay racetrack, Santos-Dumont and his airship, and wireless telegraphy and the automobile being used.

A feature of the Pi Eta play in April, 1902, *Queen Philippine,* was the Japanese sword dance, known only to members of noble Japanese families, which was given by Hydesaburo Ohashi, a Japanese of noble blood and a Pi Eta man. The sword Ohashi used had been for many hundred years an heirloom in his family. The 1903 Pi Eta play, *Prince Punjab,* made a particular hit. The plot hinged on the superstition of the people of India in regard to an idol's ear. The work of John C. Miller, Harvard 1901, in Pi Eta theatricals was noteworthy.

At the club theatres, of course, the chief rehearsing is done, though to be sure neither of these organisations is wholly dramatic; each has its social features and each an excellent library. The Pi Eta theatre is exceptionally large, seating about five hundred, and well equipped. The society, organised by members of the class of 1866, had a theatre, stage and green room as far back as the early '70's, and when it went into its present commodious house in Winthrop Square, to get the best facilities for plays was a chief concern. It began giving plays about twenty years ago.

The present Pudding house, in Holyoke Street, was built in 1888, but the club dates back to 1795. In 1871, $4,000 was spent to remodel the four rooms in Stoughton Hall granted for its use, and to build a stage and green room. The club came to give plays as the result of a natural development, beginning with mock trials, then costuming those who took part in the trials; and then—but a step—the drama. The first play given was *Bombastes Furioso,* in 1844, in a member's room.

In 1851 *Lend Me Five Shillings* was given by the Pudding. Joseph H. Choate appeared as Sam in one of the productions of this. All along the years until the early '60's standard comedies were played. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, took the part of Sam in *Raising the Wind,* in 1860. He and Austen G. Fox also played in *Othello* with other Pudding men. Senator Lodge was one of the two authors in the early '70's of a Pudding burlesque on *Don Giovanni,* and Barrett Wendell, in the '70's, wrote for it a little comedy called *Poison.* To mention a few Pudding men, the Oliver Wendell Holmeses were, each in his time, secretary and poet, as was Joseph H. Choate; Wendell Phillips and James Coolidge Carter were among its presidents; James Russell Lowell and Theodore Roosevelt among its secretaries, Mr. Lowell having been its poet also; and Charles Sumner, George Bancroft and the Rev. Dr. W. E. Channing among its members, in addition to Bishop Brooks and Senators Hoar and Lodge.

Owen Wister, another well-known Pudding man, wrote both the libretto and the music for a burlesque on the story of Dido and Æneas, Mr. Wister himself taking the part of Pius Æneas, and being dressed as a Greek below the waist and above the waist as Professor Charles Eliot Norton, whom Harvard men, then as at present, liked gently to satirise. The Venus in this burlesque was Henry U. Hardon, now a well-known New York lawyer, and he made his first appearance in tights on a trapeze. One of the properties was a bucket for Æneas to weep into. Mr. Wister's class was '82, and every class in Pudding since then has produced at least one original play. Ever

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Jansen Wendell, another '82 man, was also actively identified with Pudding theatricals.

Other organizations at Harvard that are active in dramatics are the Delta Upsilon, the Cercle Français and the Deutscher Verein, but along wholly different lines from those of Pi Eta and Pudding. The Delta Upsilon presents each year one of the Elizabethan comedies other than those of Shakespeare. There is nothing original about the performance, but it is ambitious, great pains being taken to reproduce the comedy exactly, and it is given several times. The Cercle Français, in which James H. Hyde was and is much interested, gives annually a revival of some French play, often one of Molière's. The year *Cyrano de Bergerac* was first produced in America the Cercle revived a play by the Cyrano of history. The University of Pennsylvania Cercle Français also gives French plays. The Deutscher Verein at Harvard gives German plays. The Cambridge Dramatic Club, though not entirely a college organisation, has among its members many Harvard men. Harvard's Latin department has given plays in the original, and the Greek department has given Greek plays, including *Œdipus Tyrannus,* in the original, as has the Greek department of the University of Pennsylvania, all with notable success. Two years ago the Greek department at Stanford gave the *Antigone* of Sophocles, first at the university and afterwards at several places throughout the State.

It is at the University of California, however, that Greek plays should have most success. The president, Dr. Wheeler, was professor of Greek at Cornell before he went to California. The university accepted from William Randolph Hearst last September an open-air theatre, a reproduction of the classic Dionysian theatre at Epidaurus, Greece. This structure is in two parts, the stage being 122 feet long and 28 feet deep, surrounded by a wall 42 feet high. The theatron itself is semi-circular, 254 feet in diameter, and has two concentric tiers of seats. The faithfulness to the original is remarkable, and there is nothing quite like it in the world. The dedication was fittingly marked by a performance of the *Birds* of Aristophanes.

The Spanish tinge in everything Californian is seen plainly in both the big universities there, and evidence of this so far as dramatics are concerned is found in the plays given in Spanish. Last October at Stanford the Spanish Club gave in Spanish *Calderon Contra Ramsey,* written by two Stanford students. At the University of California a play in the original is presented each year by the students in Spanish. At California the Skull and Keys Society gives an annual play, the seniors on Class Day present an extravaganza, and on Charter Day, the university's birthday, an old English play is given under the auspices of the English department. At Stanford the English Club last year presented *The Knights of the Burning Pestle,* and the French Club presented a French play.

At Cornell a most interesting custom is that of the Savage Club, founded largely through the aid of Professor Morse Stephens of Cornell, an Oxford graduate and a member of the Savage Club of London, in entertaining after their performances well-known actors who come to Ithaca. The chief Cornell dramatic organisation is the Masque. This elects its members on the basis of competition, and several plays are given each year with marked success. It gave a few years ago *The Taming of the Shrew.* Its play this coming winter will be entitled *Her.* It is an adaptation of one of Sidney Grundy's farces. The Savage Club will give at Ithaca this December a burlesque entitled *Mrs. Renigs of the Cribbage Match,* a title which the compositor and the proofreader on one of the Cornell publications the other day managed to twist into *Mrs. Re's Wiggs of the Cribbage Patch.* The author of this burlesque is Louis A. Fuertes, '97, the illustrators, D. T. Wells, '04, and R. L. Dempster, '04. Mr. Dempster will have a song and dance at the performance with the euphonious title of *Boozie Suzie.* Last year, under the auspices of the French department, *L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle* and *La poudre aux yeux* were produced. Professor Olmstead especially took an active interest in them.

An open secret, in the real sense of that misused term, is that the sophomore-junior fraternities at Yale give plays at

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their initiations. These fraternities, Psi Upsilon, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Alpha Delta Phi and Zeta Psi, occupy "tombs" after the Yale fashion. A chief feature of these "tombs," the general arrangement of which the late John Addison Porter, President McKinley's secretary, a most enthusiastic Yale man, has described, are their theatres. "It was left to the mother chapter of D.K.E. at Yale," Mr. Porter wrote, "in 1861, to perfect an appropriate and feasible building for all colleges, to rear it in suitable materials and to furnish it with complete appointments: In appearance a well-proportioned Greek temple, whose interior plan provided an assembly room for grand occasions, a smaller hall for ordinary meetings, facilities for dramatic entertainments and banquet festivities, space for the preservation of archives and the storing of relics." The initiations of these four societies take place the same nights in the spring and fall of each year, and the plays then given are made occasions for great gatherings of the societies' alumni, including many who come to New Haven from afar for the purpose. Usually these productions are light in character and usually they are written by members of the society. No outside coaches are employed and no outsiders see the plays, for only fraternity members are allowed inside the "tombs." Much about the productions, however, finds its way out. The work that William, or "Doc." Clyde, a member of the well-known Philadelphian family, and a member of the Class of 1901 at Yale, did in Psi U theatricals was locally famous, particularly his presentations of the easy man of the world.

In 1900 the Yale Dramatic Association was formed. Now so strong and successful, it started under difficulties. It had no social help at all. The members of the play-giving fraternities looked without enthusiasm on it. But it had the spirit and it throve. Frank Lea Short, a professional coach, did a great deal for the Association, and Professor William Lyon Phelps, of the English Department, also took a great personal interest in it. Its productions are ambitious. Its first offerings were two old English plays, *The Pardoner's Tale* and the *Secundum Pastorum*. Since then it has given Thomas Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West,* with two hundred students taking part, many of whom comprised the temporary audience that was part of the production; Sheridan's *Critic; High Life Below Stairs;* and, last spring, Goldsmith's *The Good Natured Man*. At the Yale bicentennial two years ago the Yale Dramatic Association presented in an open air amphitheatre before 9,000 people, including 5,000 Yale graduates, more than half the living Yale men, a most successful series of historical pictures of Yale life, old and new. The first of them was *The Founding of Yale—1701,* and among the others were *Washington at Yale—1775,* and *The Execution of Nathan Hale—1776*. The Yale Dramatic Association is limited to thirty-five men, chosen by competition, and in the fall of 1902, to fill the fifteen vacancies in the club, no fewer than one hundred and six men responded.

The Psi Upsilon chapter at Wesleyan gives a play every spring. At Cornell an important feature of the elaborate Junior Week festivities every February is the play that Psi Upsilon gives at its home on the edge of Cascadilla Gorge.

Organised in 1882, Princeton's Triangle Club has had a most gratifying play-giving history, and among its members have been James Barnes, Booth Tarkington and "Bill" Morse. At first the plays it gave were by prominent authors, but about 1890 a musical comedy written by undergraduates was produced and that has been the policy ever since. The play in 1900, *The King of Pomeru,* was so well received that it was played throughout the next year, and last year's one, *The Mullah of Miasma,* was shown in Chicago, Cleveland, Newark, New York, and Philadelphia in addition to the two Princeton performances.

Interest in dramatics at Columbia centres in the annual "'Varsity Show." *The Mischief Maker,* produced last year, was under the auspices of Kings Crown, a literary and social organisation, and it was seen at Carnegie Lyceum, New York, during the entire week of March 23, with performances every evening and with a Saturday matinee. It was an original comic opera in two acts, the scene being laid on the planet Venus, with thirteen Columbia men in the cast, thirty in the chorus and thirty-five in

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"THE PRINCE OF PUNJAB," GIVEN LAST YEAR BY THE PI ETA SOCIETY OF HARVARD.
The play was original, and members of the society took all the parts. The Pi Eta has a theatre in its house that seats five hundred.

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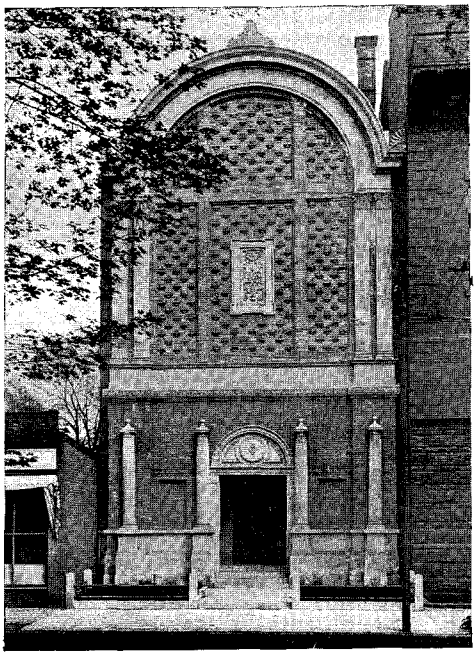
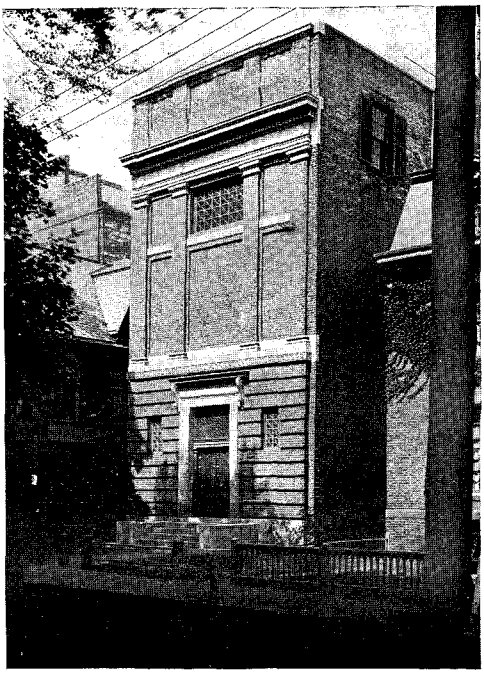


DELTA KAPPA EPSILON "TOMB" AT YALE.



PSI UPSILON "TOMB" AT YALE.

The societies give plays in their "tombs," at initiations, and many old members return to New Haven to see them.

MR. MINOR, AS FLANIGAN, THE BAILIFF'S FOLLOWER, IN "THE GOOD NATURED MAN."

MR. FOX, AS OLIVIA, IN "THE GOOD NATURED MAN."

YALE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

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THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB HOUSE AT HARVARD.

B. HOLLISTER, "Miss Richland." H. R. STERN, "Honeywood." E. CORNING, "Croaker." R. C. DOBSON, "Mrs. Croaker."

In "The Good Natured Man" at Yale.

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the orchestra. For the previous five years the show had lost money and had accumulated debts amounting to $1,100. The 1903 show was profitable enough to pay off this debt and establish a guarantee fund for future shows. Its cost was about $2,500. Roi Cooper Megrue was the show manager. Professor Harry Thurston Peck, faculty vice-president of Kings Crown, interested himself to make it a success. The Columbia "'Varsity Show" for this year will be produced the week of March 14. The comic opera is being written by R. C. Megrue and R. C. Gaige, with music by C. J. Penney. The title probably will be *The Island of Not*. Here is a stanza from one of its lyrics:

G. T. BISPHAM, PRINCETON, 1904.
Leading Lady," of the Princeton Triangle Club for the last three years.

A tutor mild went on a toot,
And guzzled whiskey strong and beer,
But it took champagne his taste to suit,
And he drank his Werner half-pint clear.
Now he was a devil all because
That's the kind of a toot he was.
Now what do you think of that?
The tutor mild got drunk and sinned
And the devil within him gently grinned
Ha hee, ha ha!
Now what do you think of that?

The Mask and Wig at the University of Pennsylvania has had a remarkably successful existence of fifteen years, and much of its success it attributes to its graduate element, though undergraduates do the acting in public. It has a club house, and its annual burlesque costs something like $5,000, over half of this often going for costumes. Most college dramatic clubs that go out of town "try it on the dog" first, and Mask and Wig goes to Atlantic City to do this, taking four special cars, two of them for scenery. At Cornell the Masque does this frequently at the insane asylum at Willard, N. Y., and not few are the resultant jests.

Other college dramatic organisations are the Sock and Buskin at Brown; a club at Lafayette which has the same name; the Dramatic Club, of the University of Virginia; the University Dramatic Club of the University of Minnesota; the Dartmouth Dramatic Club; the Circle Comique, at Union; the Jesters of Trinity; and the Cap and Bells at Williams. For the last three years the Cap and Bells has appeared at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York. At Rutgers the seniors customarily give a play in June, and at New York University they give a play each year. The University of Rochester Dramatic Club has existed almost since the founding of the institution. A number of Amherst fraternities give plays, and there is much interest each year in the "Senior Dramatics." The Seniors take a long trip each Easter vacation with their play, usually giving at least a dozen out-of-town performances.

Perhaps the most novel attempt in dramatics made by undergraduates anywhere will be the performance of

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SCENE FROM "THE MULLAH OF MIASMA."

Musical Comedy produced last year by Princeton students. The book was by M. S. Burt, '04, and the music by R. B. Mixsell, '03, and K. S. Clark, '05. The comedy was given in Chicago, Cleveland, Newark, New York, and Philadelphia.

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an English adaptation of the ancient Hindu masterpiece *Sakuntála*. This the senior class at Smith College has chosen for the 1904 Commencement Week. Students at the women's colleges generally steer toward the serious in choosing their plays. At Wellesley there is a Shakespeare Society, which gives a Shakespeare play each year. At Bryn Mawr the juniors at the end of each year give something for the seniors, the performance last spring being a dramatisation of Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*. Even Greek has no terrors for them. At Vassar in May of 1902 Aristophanes's *Birds* was presented in the original by the Philalethean Society.

EMILY VAN DUZER FORD, VASSAR, 1906.
Played, this Autumn, Rose in "Trelawny of the Wells."

To this organisation at Vassar, known as "Phil," the entire student body belongs. It gives four plays a year. Besides the *Birds, As You Like It* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have been given in recent years, all as out of door performances. The names of most of the "Phil" plays are not known except to the actors until the day before the performance, the object being to deepen interest, and possibly also to train the feminine mind in the gentle art of keeping a secret. At Smith, besides the senior play, a joint production is made yearly by the two literary societies, and the clubs of the French Department and the German Department present a play each a year in those languages. In addition, each of the campus dormitories gives one once every three years. At Wellesley, as at Vassar, there is a large dramatic organisation to which all members of the college may belong, in this case called "The Barnswallows." The society gives five or six plays a year, the first and last rather elaborate, the others short. Those that were presented last June and last October were written by Wellesley girls. In addition the juniors give a play about December in each year, and the seniors give one each June. At Bryn Mawr an annual affair is the play given in November for the freshmen by the sophomores. At the women's colleges such plays as *Trelawny of the Wells* and *She Stoops to Conquer* are special favourites.

At Mount Holyoke, plays are given yearly by the three upper classes, and operas under the superintendence of the choral club. Last year *The Mikado* was presented.

At the coeducational institutions, too, dramatics flourish among the women. At the University of Wisconsin a society among the men called the Haresfoot Club gives a play each winter. A recent play it gave was *The Private Secretary*—a piece, by the way, that men's dramatic clubs seem particularly fond of. A similar organisation among the "co-eds" at Wisconsin is the Red Domino, and these two organisations often exchange courtesies in filling up the casts. The Edwin Booth Society, also at Wisconsin, gave last spring an elaborate production of

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THE MASK AND WIG CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Othello. At the University of California the women present a play every year on Washington's Birthday, which has come to be known as "Co-ed Day."

At Sage College, Cornell University, the women are active in dramatics, there being a dramatic club, and in addition plays given by the classes. The women for several years, on invitation of the men's dramatic organisation, the Masque, took the parts of women in the plays. There was dissatisfaction at this, however, on the part of the men of the university, and beginning with senior week, last June, a change was effected, and men again took the women's parts.

CAST OF "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AS GIVEN BY STUDENTS AT TYLER HOUSE, ONE OF THE SMITH COLLEGE DORMITORIES, LAST MAY.

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COLUMBIA COLLEGE 'VARSITY SHOW, 1903, "THE MISCHIEF MAKER.

The book was by E. A. Woolf, the music by C. J. Penney, and the lyrics by Arthur G. Hays, all recent graduates of the college. The cast, chorus, and orchestra were composed of Columbia Students. It was the fourteenth annual presentation at Columbia of a musical play.

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GREEK OPEN AIR THEATRE, PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BY WILLIAM R. HEARST.

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Echoes, if nothing more, of the opinion of the college man with regard to the woman student at his institution are frequent in the burlesques. In a topical duet between Hamlet and the Ghost, in the '93 Pudding play at Harvard, entitled *Hamlet, or the Sport, the Spook and the Spinster,* in this stanza:

Hamlet: They say that Harvard College
is a-going to the dogs.
Yes, I've heard so. *Ghost:* So they say.

MISS ELIZABETH VALENTINE, CORNELL, 1902.
As Grand-daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Storrs, who played in Cornell theatricals and who is now playing Beaute in "Everyman."

Hamlet: That we spend our time in finery
and fancy catalogues.
Yes, I've heard so. *Ghost:* So they say.
Hamlet: That luxury and riches, and dissipation's whirl
Have made the Harvard man as rare as baronet or earl,
And our only real success is now the Harvard Annex girl,
I have heard so. *Both:* I don't think!

Compliments to New Haven are paid in this stanza:

Ghost: They say that things are very diff'rent down at dear old Yale,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: That you'll find her as the song remarks so hearty and so hale,
Yes, I've heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: They all go to chapel and learn to be good,
And their purely pious motives are so fully understood,
That they say they wouldn't cut it, no! not even if they could,
I have heard so. *Both:* I don't think!

This was the fourth stanza:

Ghost: I hear that we are threatened with a terrible machine,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: And I hardly need to tell you I refer to crinoline,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: If all the girls should wear them, I wonder what we'd do.
If we got into a horse-car with even a few,
Would it hold a half a dozen where it once held sixty-two?
I have heard so. *Both:* I don't think!

Harvard men don't spare the Boston folk, as this shows:

Ghost: A stately Boston matron to her charming daughter said,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: "Look for intellect and culture, Arabella, when you wed."
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: "But tell me, mamma, truly," the daughter made reply,
"Would you let a cool two millions go perambulating by?"
And the stately matron answered, as she winked the other eye,
Both: "I have heard so, I don't think!"

Among the characters in *Hamlet* were "Bolognius, the Queen's Chamberlain, Decidedly Dutch, Desperately in Debt, with a Dowerless Daughter." The libretto was by G. B. Blake, J. A. Wilder,

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EDGAR MUNSON, YALE, 1904.
President of the Yale Dramatic Association.

ROBETER LEDGER DEMPSTER, CORNELL, 1904.
President of the Cornell Masque.

CORNELL STUDENTS IN "L'ANGLAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE."
Given in the original under the auspices of the French Department.

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and S. F. Batchelder, and the music by P. L. Atherton and E. H. Abbott, all '93 men.

The "Apprentice's Song," in *The Sphinx,* another Pudding opera, is also an excellent example of the lyrics of a college play. It begins:

I was born in the suburbs of Harlem,
At the bottom of Billy Goat Dell,
And my friends all live in the Bowery,
And my girl is a Bowery belle.
Poor, hard-working, were my parents,
And I work for my living as well.
My name you can't find in the blue-book,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.

Chorus:

Only a fifth-rate swell,
Only a fifth-rate swell,
Don't say I am handsome,
Don't call me a dear,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.

The clever college hits in this stanza are obvious:

Out at Cambridge every one cuts me,
Instructors all my swipes repel,
I don't belong to the Co-operative Society,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.
The H. A. A. I couldn't get into,
The Faculty know I raise—Well!
I'm not in it with the regent,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.

Here again are compliments to New Haven:

In New London where the Pequots
Used to shriek their war-like yell,
Came de Yales to meet the Hayvards,
De Hayvards won, so I've heard tell.
The Elis claimed the tugboat's washing
Stopped the motion of their shell.
But I call it mighty poor rowing
If it's stopped by a fifth-rate swell.

The Vincent Club, a fashionable organisation of young Boston women, which a short time before had presented a play, received this kind mention in a Pudding production:

"Society uncovers a number of shins."

L. Guernsey Price.

CORNELL STUDENTS IN "LA POUDRE AUX YEUX."
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A BALLADE OF STORY-BOOK LAND.

From sermon and sonnet and screed,
From ponderous tones all a-row,
From theses of dogma and creed,
From broadside and skit and *bon-mot*
Turn back to the long, long ago.
Dull embers by memory fanned
Break forth in a radiant glow,
The glory of Story-book Land!

Wild warriors with raging stampede
Charge down on a furious foe:
While brave, gallant knights intercede
For maidens all trembling with woe,
The fairies their favors bestow,
The Prince wins the Princess's hand;
'Tis a dazzling, a magical show,
The glory of Story-Book Land!

Give Robinson Crusoe the lead,
Then Rollo and Alice and Jo;
Munchausen, with marvellous deed;
Br'er Rabbit, Bagheera, Lobo,
Captain Nemo, Sinbad, Ivanhoe,
Tom Brown, Robin Hood and his band,
Don Quixote, the Deerslayer,—oh,
The glory of Story-book Land!

L'Envoi:

Ah, Grown-ups, a few of us know,
A few of us still understand;
And are glad we can never outgrow
The glory of Story-book Land!

Carolyn Wells.

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A Story for Young Children.

By Harry Thurston Peck.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

HILDA was sitting on the grass under a big tree. It was a favourite nook of hers, down at the end of the long meadow where the clover-blossoms swayed in the wind. She often went there all by herself in the afternoon, with her doll for company. Hilda liked to be alone sometimes, because she had thoughts and fancies that no one else ever quite seemed to understand, and so she kept them to herself and dreamed over them under the big tree at the end of the meadow.

It was the last week of September; and, in a day or two, Hilda was to be sent to school for the first time in her life. She didn't exactly know what school was like or whether she was going to be pleased with it or not. She was six years old, and she thought that she knew enough already without going to any school. She could read through *Mother Goose* without making a single mistake, for she knew it all by heart, and if you just showed her one of the pictures she could say the rhymes off fast. And she could tell you the stories out of a good many other books such as *The White Cat* and *Puss in Boots* and *Aladdin;* and she could count as far as thirty, and give you the names of the numbers up to ten when she saw them, except that she sometimes got 6 mixed up with 9, because they looked so much alike, only the curly parts were in different places. She could even tell time by the big clock at the foot of the staircase—that is, she knew the hours. So, as she thought it all over by herself under the big tree, it did seem rather silly to send her to school. She had already learned as much as she needed to know or wanted to know, and so—

What was that noise?

Hilda stopped thinking of school and began to look about her. She had certainly heard something moving quite near by. As she listened, there came to her ears a sound like a long hiss, and

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also a curious little gasping and puffing as though some one was very much out of breath. It was all very faint and she would probably not have heard it if her ear had not been near the ground. Yet she could see nothing. The grass between her and the stone wall was quite long; and even when she sat up, it was as high as her head. So she scrambled to her feet and looked in the direction of the sounds. Then she saw a strange sight.

Down at one corner of the wall was a big black spider. Hilda did not like spiders, and she used to dream awful dreams about them. She did not often dream at all; but somehow or other she always dreamed at Thanksgiving night and on the night after Christmas, and it was generally about spiders. But she had never dreamed of a spider so big and black and fat and horrid as this spider which she now saw near the wall. And he was not spinning webs or doing any useful things. He was standing up high on his hind claws and striking out with his front claws, while he made a hissing noise that sounded like a snake's. The next moment, Hilda saw what it all meant. Close to the wall and with his back against it, was a tiny little creature only a few inches high. He was dressed in some kind of silken material that gleamed and glittered like spun gold, and in his hand he held what seemed to be a small sharp needle, but which Hilda saw was a sword. With this he was slashing and lunging at the great spider with all his might. The spider was afraid to come too near, lest his claws should be pierced by the sharp sword; but he kept the long, hairy nippers moving and he hissed and hissed and hissed. The little creature who was defending himself was very pale, and every time the spider hissed, his face grew paler still, and he gasped and swayed as though he was going to fall. Hilda saw that he could not hold out much longer.

"Well!" said she, "I'll just make that spider stop."

She looked about and saw a large stone. It was all she could do to lift it, but she hoisted it up in her two little hands. Then she took a step or two, and, standing just behind the spider, she held the stone directly over him. The spider did not notice her. He was puffing himself up for a final hiss. Slowly and savagely he reared up on his powerful hind claws; his fore-claws, big and black, were raised in the air; in two seconds he would

THE DOCTOR IS ANGRY

have hissed and sprung, when— Crash! Smash! Down came the great big stone, and the spider was all in pieces.

"There!" said Hilda. "Take that!"

She looked at the little creature who had been fighting the spider. He was

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Hilda and the Elf.

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leaning against the wall, and his face was still as white as paper. When he saw that the spider was smashed, he let his sword fall with a tinkle among the stones. In a minute or two, however, his colour came back to him, his eyes grew bright, and he stood up straight and looked into Hilda's face.

"You have saved my life," said he.

His voice was such a little bit of a voice that Hilda had to lean down to hear it; but it sounded sweet and clear as a silver harp. Hilda didn't know what to say.

"Yes," he continued; "you have saved my life. Who are you, little girl?"

"Oh!" she said, "I'm Hilda."

"Hilda? That's a very pretty name. I owe you a great deal, Hilda."

"Oh, no," said Hilda, simply. "I don't like spiders."

"Neither do I," remarked he, picking up his sword and wiping it on a blade of grass. "Don't you want to know who I am?"

"Yes," said Hilda, "only I thought it wouldn't be polite to ask."

"Well, I'll tell you," returned he, smiling. "I'm an elf, and I have the power of all the elves. You know elves are almost the same as fairies."

"Are they?" said Hilda. "But my mamma says that there aren't any fairies now outside of story-books."

"I know," replied the elf; "and if you ask your mamma she will say that there aren't any elves either, outside of story-books. But you see me, and I am an elf."

"You do look just like one," admitted Hilda, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said he, "and I have magic power. I am going to give you some of it because you killed the spider. How would you like to be able to wish for anything you want and have it come true?"

"Of course, I should like it," said Hilda. "But if you have magic power why didn't you just wish for the spider to be dead? He would have killed you in another minute."

"Ah," replied the elf, shaking his head ruefully. "Spiders are the natural enemies of elves, and they are the one thing over which we have no power. If we meet them, we have to fight with them, and their breath is poisonous to us. That is why we are not so powerful as the fairies. But I can make you a gift of five magic wishes, and I'm going to do so. Listen. After you wake up to-morrow morning you will be able to wish five times,—each time for anything you want, and your wish will be answered as soon as you make it. But I advise you not to use up your wishes on foolish little things such as children want, but to keep them all till you are a great deal older or until you really and truly need them."

"But how am I going to make the wishes, so that they will be answered?" asked Hilda, who was beginning to be a good deal impressed.

"I will tell you," said the elf. "When you have decided that you really do need anything, go off somewhere all by yourself, and say aloud just what it is you wish for. Then repeat these lines:

> 'Little elf, little elf,
> Come to me your ownty self.
> Make my spoken wish come true
> As you said that you would do.'

"Then you will have a sign that your wish is heard and answered. But be a wise little girl and don't waste your wishes on trifles."

"I won't," said Hilda. "But I wish you could make me quite sure that it is all so."

"Well, ask me to do something to make you sure. Try and see whether I am really an elf and have magic power. Think of some proof."

"Oh," said Hilda, looking around and feeling rather at a loss, "well—er—well, suppose you turn all the green grass in this meadow bright blue."

"I will," replied the elf; "and then will you believe?"

"Yes; but do it now."

"Presently," said the elf.

Hilda had been looking at the meadow to see whether it was turning bright blue. It remained as green as ever.

"Why don't you do it?" asked Hilda, facing about.

But the elf had disappeared.

"Pooh!" thought Hilda as she walked slowly back to the house for dinner. "I don't believe it, after all. Maybe I dreamed the whole thing."

The next morning when she woke, she was quite sure that it was all a dream.

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After she had been dressed, she went down to breakfast. Her mother was there, but her father had gone out for an early walk and had not yet returned. Breakfast was nearly over when all of a sudden he came rushing in with his hat on his head and his stick in his hand.

"Here is a most astonishing thing!" cried he. "Extraordinary! Inexplicable! Every blade of grass in the Long Meadow has turned a bright sky-blue! Briggs saw it first and ran out to tell me; and there are hundreds of people down there looking at it. I never heard of such a thing before! Professor Hoot who is visiting at the Rectory says that it is due to the peculiar chemical composition of the soil. He is going to analyse some of the earth and write a paper about it. But the most curious fact is this: every blade of grass in that one particular meadow is bright blue, but not one single blade of grass in the adjoining meadows has been changed at all. It is marvellous!"

He went on talking excitedly and walking up and down the room. It was a long while before he could be got to sit down and eat his breakfast, and soon after, he went off to talk with Professor Hoot. But Hilda said nothing. She only smiled to herself and knew in her heart that she had not been dreaming the day before, but that the five magic wishes were really hers.

On the following Monday, Hilda was sent to school. She was small for her age; and so Miss Morris, the principal, put her in the kindergarten. There she found a number of girls whom she already knew; and she began to think that she would like it. Everything was different from what she had supposed a school would be. No one had to study any books; but some of the girls were building block houses, and others were stringing beads, and others were putting little coloured pegs in holes. Some very small children were standing in a circle and singing a song like this:

'The rat takes the cheese,
The rat takes the cheese,
Heigh-O, the Jerry-O,
The rat takes the cheese!'

Then they would all go down on their hands and knees and squeak and pretend to nibble something. This was to teach them what rats are, and that cheese can be eaten. They would never have learned those things at home, and so their mothers had sent them to the kindergarten to be educated thoroughly.

Hilda was not set to stringing beads or playing rat; but the kindergarten teacher, Miss McFadd, took her over to a corner where five or six girls were sitting.

"Here, Hilda," said Miss McFadd, "are all kinds of splints and strips of different colours which can be woven into pretty little baskets. Just watch how the others do them and try to make a very simple one yourself. I will look at what you have done about noon-time."

So she went away and left Hilda with the other girls. Now Hilda did not know any of them to speak to; but one of them she had heard about and was sorry to see her there. This was a tall, lank, unpleasant looking girl named Frieda. She was nearly two years older than Hilda, but because she was lazy and dull she was still in the kindergarten. She could not learn things quickly herself; but she was as malicious and full of tricks as a monkey; and she always tried to annoy the new children who had just come to the school. Being older than the rest of them, she was a sort of leader among them; and though they did not like her very well, they were afraid of her sharp tongue and of the tricks she might play on them if they did not do what she wanted.

No sooner had Hilda sat down than Frieda began to mock her. If Hilda picked up a piece of coloured plaiting, Frieda picked up one just like it. If Hilda put one down, Frieda did the same. If Hilda moved her chair, Frieda moved hers. If Hilda stopped and did nothing, Frieda stopped too. If Hilda coughed, Frieda coughed. In fact, she kept mimicking Hilda until the poor child didn't know what to do. The worst of it was that the other children, instead of going on with their work, all ceased doing anything, and watched Frieda. When at last she had made Hilda very unhappy they giggled and whispered to one another, until Hilda was ready to cry with mortification.

"Huh!" said Frieda to the girl who sat beside her. "We don't want any cry-

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babies here, do we? They ought to be in their little cribs at home in the nursery."

"I'm *not* a cry-baby!" said Hilda, trying to keep the tears back.

"Cry-baby! Cry-baby!" called Frieda, and then she pretended to cry herself and wipe her eyes with her handkerchief; after which she thrust her face forward and stuck out her tongue. She looked exactly like an ape.

Just at this moment Miss McFadd came up. All the children became very quiet and began to work busily on their baskets. Only Hilda sat idle. She was trying not to cry.

"Children, it is noon," said Miss McFadd. "You may go down stairs for your luncheon. How have you got on with your basket, Hilda?"

Hilda did not know what to say.

"Oh, Miss McFadd!" said Frieda. "She hasn't done anything at all."

"How is this?" asked Miss McFadd sharply. "Haven't you even tried to do your basket? The other girls were to show you how."

"Oh, Miss McFadd!" broke in Frieda. "We did show her how, but she wouldn't try at all."

Miss McFadd looked at Hilda very severely. She ought to have shown Hilda herself; but she had forgotten all about it. She knew this, but it only made her more cross with Hilda.

"I am sorry," she said, "that you are so obstinate as not to try. I shall have to punish you by leaving you here alone while the other children have their luncheon. You can have something to eat, but you must remain here until you have at least begun your basket. I am afraid that you are a very sulky little girl."

Hilda wanted to tell Miss McFadd all about everything and how Frieda had treated her, and how the others had not once offered to show her about the basket. But she hated to tell tales because she had been taught that it was mean. So she said not a word, but just sat still. Miss McFadd looked at her a moment and then went away.

"There, cry-baby!" said Frieda, as she got up to go with the rest. "Now you'll have a nice time all by yourself! You're too stupid to make a basket! Stupid! Stupid!"

And she stuck out her tongue again and went away.

Hilda was in despair. She felt that she had been disgraced before all the children on the very first day of her school. She hadn't supposed that any one could be so hateful as Frieda was; and Miss McFadd seemed to be against her, too. School had seemed so pleasant to her, and now it was all spoiled at the very beginning. And she knew that she couldn't even begin to make a basket. As soon as the maid had brought her a plate with her luncheon on it and left her quite alone, Hilda broke down and begun to sob. She had never felt so unhappy in her life.

She sobbed and sobbed, and her tears fell down upon the plaits that were in her lap. If she could only weave them into a fine basket and make Frieda stop tormenting her! Suddenly she remembered the elf and the wishes that he had given her. But was it really true that she could wish things? Anyhow she could try. She had almost forgotten the rhyme which the elf had taught her, but she slowly recalled the words. Then she said aloud:

"I wish for a most beautiful basket."

And then she added:

'Little elf, little elf,
Come to me your ownty self.
Make my spoken wish come true
As you said that you would do.'

Ting! A sound like a little silver bell was heard in the room behind her, and then of a sudden all the coloured strips in her lap and on the floor at her feet seemed to slide together; and before Hilda knew what was happening, a lovely basket stood beside her. It was cunningly woven in the shape of a Grecian vase, and the colours were blended so beautifully that the whole looked like a great flower. Hilda clapped her hands with joy and her eyes sparkled.

"Wonderful!" cried she.

Then, after looking at the basket for a while, she ate her luncheon most contentedly.

At the end of the hour, the children all came trooping upstairs again. Frieda rushed over to where Hilda sat. She wanted to begin tormenting her again.

"Well, cry-baby," she said. "How did

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you like being punished? I suppose you've been making a fine basket."

"Yes, I have," said Hilda.

"Ho, ho!" jeered Frieda. "Yes, a lot you have! Let's see it."

"Here it is," said Hilda.

Freida looked and her eyes got as big as saucers and her mouth opened with astonishment. She fairly gasped and hadn't a word to say. Just then Miss McFadd came up.

"Well, Hilda," said she, very severely, "have you begun your— Oh!" And she, too, gasped.

"Why," she cried, "that's the most beautiful basket that was ever made in this school. I didn't know that you had learned how to make baskets. Well, then, I'll put you at something else in another part of the room."

So Hilda was taken away from Frieda and set to counting blue buttons. The children whom she was now put with were nice children, so that when Hilda went home she was as gay as a lark.

But that night she was troubled because she remembered how the elf had told her not to use up her wishes on little things. She was afraid she had been foolish to waste the first wish on a basket; yet she had at any rate put an end to her unhappiness. And the following days at school were so pleasant and she had such fun and so many things to think about that she nearly forgot the wishes altogether.

The months went by, and winter came. It was almost Christmas time. Hilda's father had gone away upon business, but he was to return on Christmas Eve so as to be home for the Christmas tree and to see Hilda hang up her stockings, one on each side of the fireplace in her room. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and every one began to feel like Christmas. Hilda helped dress the house with sprays of pine and hemlock and to put sprigs of mistletoe among the evergreen which almost covered the cluster of electric globes that hung overhead.

It was only three days before Christmas Day, when Hilda's mother suddenly fell ill. At first she thought it was nothing more than a cold; but before evening she was so much worse that she had to send for the doctor. The regular doctor was away, so a different doctor came in his place. He was a very young doctor and so he knew a great deal; for it is a curious thing that the younger a doctor is, the more he knows. Indeed, there is no one who knows more than a young doctor, except a medical student, and this, I suppose, is because a medical student is younger still.

Now this doctor did not like Hilda. He did not know what to say to children, and so he always puffed himself up and used long words. He had an idea that Hilda was laughing at him when he did this. It wasn't so, for Hilda was only puzzled by him; yet he thought it was so, and therefore when he came into the house and saw her in the hall, he looked fidgety.

"Well, little girl," said he, "I am informed that your mother is suffering from indisposition. From such intelligence as I was able to gather from the conversation of the domestic who was dispatched to summon me, I am inclined to diagnose the complaint as pulmonary in its nature."

Hilda didn't like to have the doctor call her "little girl" when he knew her name perfectly well. She didn't know why she didn't like it, but she just didn't. She had scarcely understood a word of what he had said, and so she did not answer but tried to smile out of politeness.

The doctor thought she was smiling at him. So he scowled at her and glared and went upstairs. Hilda wondered why he was so cross.

When he came down, she looked at him timidly and asked:

"Will you please tell me how mamma is?"

The doctor wagged his head at her pompously.

"Your intelligence is still too immature to allow you to comprehend my diagnosis. The case, however, is one of idiopathic pneumonia, and has already reached the stage of hepatisation."

Poor Hilda did not understand a word of this, but she felt that it meant something very bad.

"Is she very sick?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

The doctor snarled.

"Indubitably," said he. "Have you no intelligence whatever? Or are you an instance of arrested development? Only

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an idiot child could fail to understand plain English."

Hilda knew what this meant and she was vexed.

"It isn't plain English!" said she, getting red in the face; for she didn't like to be called an idiot child. "I never heard anybody talk the way you talk."

The doctor was furious. For once he forgot to use long words.

"How dare you be so saucy!" cried he. "You are a bundle of impudence! Get out of my way and let me pass!"

And he went out, banging the door as he shut it. Hilda was so frightened by his anger that she sat on the stairs a long time and then went straight up to her mother's room. She forgot all about Christmas and felt only a sinking at her heart because her mother was so ill.

(*To be Concluded.*)

THE MAN.

How wonderful thy being is to me,
O my beloved one! The beauty line
Of the world's orbital eclipse is mine
In one encompassing eye-sweep of thee!
Thy substance holds that secret alchemy
By which the dust is fused in the divine;
And woven with thy being is the sign
Of primal demiurgic mystery.

And what am I—a woman!—by thy side,
Though I stand symbol of the spacial sea,
The boundless gestatorium and bride
Of the Creator? For it is to thee,
O mighty one, the ages bend aside,
As I do now, in fond humility!

Elsa Barker.

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A CHRISTMAS COMEDY

IT was such a commonplace story. Simply that at twenty-six a man has not won his way unaided to editing a great daily without paying the price. Luke's price was a right lung. Then came exile, ironically masquerading as good luck—the fruit company offered him steady employment, a petty clerkship in Spanish Town, Jamaica.

Gertrude had laid by a little store of money, enough to tide over the journey and install them in a tumble-down house too large for thrice their family: but rent was a mere pittance and a gallery, closely jalousied to the street, gave on a riotous, enchanting garden whose overgrown paths all converged at a crumbling, pathetic fountain.

The installation had not been without excitement. There was even a sober pleasure in disposing their few possessions in the bare, silent rooms. They had been too busy to miss outside companionship. Indeed, with broken health, and ambition collapsed like a pricked bladder at his feet, Luke felt morbidly anxious to hide from human eyes. Here they were lost, submerged. In this he found relief.

At last all household work was done. The company gave him a month longer to recuperate before reporting at the office. He and Gertrude had often planned a holiday, but now they seemed to feel no spirit to enjoy it. For weeks each had been brave and gay, each for the other. Gertrude had made merry over the unshod negro maid whose one idea of service proved to be slowly anointing their polished black floors with the juice of a green orange. She rejoiced in the great, bare drawing room, innocent of chimneys or window glass. She exulted in the prospect of life-long freedom from woollen-chests or furnace fires. Then suddenly to-day, the heat, the senseless, endless heat, the deserted streets of a moribund village rasped upon their strained nerves, and all at once they scanned each other doubtingly, reading each other's minds too well.

"And conquering fate to give me home and shelter has stranded him," rang in her head, accusingly.

"And I've kept her waiting since she wore long plaits, to marry and bring her here." With bitter disfavour he looked out on the dusty lane, walled-in and empty, which led past their desolate house to the winding Rio Cobre.

From some unseen cabin came the sound of a child crying, and the bleat of many kids floated on the still air. One old negro slouched along close in the shadow of a wall. A golden-haired girl passed, with a tennis racquet, then a young man in white flannels.

"People do live here." Gertrude could not suppress the note of wistfulness.

"If you call it living!" Nostalgia tormented Luke like glancing pains. Oh, for the hurrying men at home, the rush, the maddening pressure of telephone calls, of people. His nostrils distended for the breath of the world only to sicken at a faint odour of oranges—and dust. Why not stay at the desk and die in his boots like a man? Then his eye rested on Gertrude, but she avoided meeting it, looking quickly out at the creak of wheels in the lane. Only a deplorable buggy drawn by a ewe-necked pony, lean and pot-bellied from a diet of cocoanut and banana waste. A half clad negro boy dozed on the seat; his relaxed fingers hardly held reins mended with many knots of twine. The pony's gait insensibly diminished till reaching the dense shade of a mango tree, he came gently to a standstill. Driver and beast were sound asleep. In another mood, Luke would have seen humour, local colour, "copy" even, in this sloth made visible. To-day he felt only terrified disgust as at the sight of inertia mounting in waves to engulf his youth and manhood. Silently, Gertrude had slipped from the room. Then he saw her in the street below. With difficulty she roused the boy. There was murmured talk, discussion, remonstrance. Presently she smiled up at her husband. "I've hired a carriage for the afternoon. We need change and walking is too hot. Come down and drive me."

Leaving the boy asleep on their doorstep they drove out a straight, white road, worn in ruts like a staff of music. Soon

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the dying town lay silent behind them. With half closed eyes they blinked out through the glare, dryly commenting to each other.

"What lots of Spanish dagger!"

"I'm glad your work will be bananas, they say logwood stains the hands. Here is some growing, now. These leaves like accacia." Dreading memory-laden silence, Gertrude desperately made conversation. "These cactus hedges beat any Massachusetts stone fence for keeping people out."

"But where are the people?" Luke was not helpful.

"How hot it is." She mopped her face, pale with heat and worry. "And this is December!"

"What on earth?" He roused himself languidly to inspect six hooded figures stretched out ahead. Little moving cones brown against the white highroad. "Sisters of Charity!" Overtaking them, Luke lost interest. The six women were stopping at a gateway in a high prison-like wall surrounding a vast enclosure.

"On time, as usual, Sister Anthony!" a man's voice called from a buggy which had also drawn up at the gate.

In watching this unaccustomed concourse, Luke's hand had grown loose upon the rein. The drowsy pony lapsed into immobility.

"Are you coming in, too, Mrs. Townsend?" From the buggy a strange gentleman showed a welcoming face to the loiterers.

"Are we invited?" Gertrude caught his tone of easy friendliness.

"Surely. The advice of a lady from New York is just what we need. Our fashions here aren't always quite the thing—"

"You knew we were from New York? You knew our name?" Gertrude sustained the weight of conversation.

He laughed frankly. "Well! Do you think new comers are so frequent here that we natives don't notice when some one actually rents a house. My wife hasn't called, because, well really, because we heard that you didn't care for visitors; but everybody in town, from the Bank President to the postman, is all agog to meet you."

"Now that we are settled, it will be a great pleasure if Mrs.—"

"Robinson, I'm Dr. Robinson," he volunteered.

"— if she will come to see me." Gertrude's New England stoicism forbade her owning to loneliness.

"Then the Judge's wife, and the Vicar's, and all the rest will hunt you up too," he went on. "You mustn't judge of our tropical towns by their looks, Mrs. Townsend. There is still some life behind our shuttered windows." He glanced at his watch. "Ring again, won't you, Sister Anthony?"

When the wide gates swung open, Luke and his wife unquestioningly followed into a large enclosure, turf-clad and shaded by tall, unfamiliar trees.

Gertrude laid a trembling hand on her husband's arm.

The man who let them in lacked—a face!

Leaving the pony, they went on, speechless, through an inner gate, to another enclosure. Here, long one-storied pavilions half open to the air, showed rows of neat white cots, mostly unoccupied. Crouching about, on floors, on stools, hobbling, limping, a world of women met their eyes. Blighted, defaced, unspeakable! Like cheerful, happy ghosts these greeted the doctor, hovering around him, laughing at his jokes. Luke had forgotten "copy." This was something beyond journalism.

As they passed along, the visiting procession grew in number. A tall girl, erect and little blemished walked close behind the doctor bearing on her head a basin of disinfectants. Then came the strangers, Gertrude's arm linked in Luke's. Behind, the Sisters jested with a contented rabble who plied them with lively questions in a bewildering dialect.

The doctor had touched a woman. Instinctively, automatically, he plunged his hands into the disinfectants. Patients clustered about him, leonine faces—no faces! Husky voices, boneless bodies! Gertrude clung to Luke.

The doctor paused before yet another gate. "Can't stop now, due next door with the dramatic company, but your tree is all right for to-morrow—a beauty!" A gratified murmur arose from the ghosts. "Do you know your carols?"

"Yes, Massa, yes!"

"Good Lord!" whispered Luke, "it's Christmas!"

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"*We* had forgotten; *they* remember!" Gertrude caught back a sob.

"Next door," dwelt the men, and there they stood waiting, a hundred or more grotesque, inhuman lepers!

"Massa, see me!" With handless stumps the speaker set upon his woolly head—a gilded paste-board crown.

"De Queen's robe, Massa! Me made it!" An ageless, sexless creature draped itself about in a cloak of gay cotton cloth.

"You must excuse my neglecting you, Mrs. Townsend," the doctor spoke with a twinkle, "but this is our first venture in legitimate drama. *Richard the Third* is a handful, but we mean to pull it off in style. The lines may have been cut here and there, but we've rather spread ourselves on costume." Turning from her he went on, "How are you, Peter? No pains, up to your part?"

"Yes, Massa. Feeling not too bad, tank Gawd."

"Peter's a high class Duke of Clarence," affirmed the Doctor.

Peter gurgled with bashful delight.

"And *we* were complaining"—Gertrude had given one glance at Peter.

"The messenger, where's my messenger?" the doctor asked of a thing gnarled like the sting on an oak tree. "I have only time now to see that you're all ready for to-morrow's performance."

"Quassie! Quassie!" called a dozen raucous voices.

Racing across the grass came a boy, blooming as a rosy, yellow peach, clear-eyed and graceful. Instinctively Gertrude made a motion to screen the child from a sight of this chattering, hobgoblin crew.

The doctor understood. "He lives here, Mrs. Townsend."

"Oh!" she gasped, "but how intolerable! Will no one keep him from it? I'll take him. He might catch it."

For once the doctor's mask of courage showed the solemn face beneath. "No use, dear lady. Quassie was born with it."

Luke deeply studied the beautiful vigorous child. "What on earth was *I* kicking about?" he whispered in Gertrude's ear. But she—she had forgotten that life could ever hold a personal sorrow.

"Now, property man, keep a sharp eye on these things till to-morrow. Remember, Queen Margaret, your white wig came all the way from Kingston. Cost two and six, Mrs. Townsend. We're giving no cheap show. I believe in keeping December 25th with spirit. What have you two on hand for to-morrow?" he asked as they strolled towards the gate.

"Why," Gertrude stammered, "the fact is, we'd been so busy—we'd rather—we'd made no special plans for a holiday."

Doctor Robinson shook his head, smiling reproof at them. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, two active young people."

Gertrude and Luke interchanged one long look. Their moment of revolt, of rebellion against life was over. Again they had found each other, and could rejoice together in the freedom of the outer world, with youth and hope to aid, and only a trifle of one damaged lung to hamper them.

"I expect," said Luke, in his natural voice of humourous, speculative American, "that our ideas had been rather dislocated by ninety in the shade. The way chickens go to roost in an eclipse—"

"Only this isn't dark." Gertrude was still tremulous. "It's brighter every minute. In all my life I've never seen such good sunlight at Christmas!"

Mary Moss.

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READING HIS PART.

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AUDIENCE SO LIGHT THAT THERE IS BUT LITTLE NEED OF TURNING ON THE GAS.

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TO THE DISTRESS OF THE COMPANY, THE "GHOST" FOR MANY DAYS REFUSES TO WALK.

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A SMALL ASPIRANT FOR THEATRICAL HONOURS GETS HIS FIRST LESSON IN STAGE LIFE.
Various members of the company direct him to find the "key of the curtain" and a "box of wrinkles" for the leading lady.

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THE VANISHED "ANGEL" AND THE UNPAID BONIFACE OF SQUEEDUNK.

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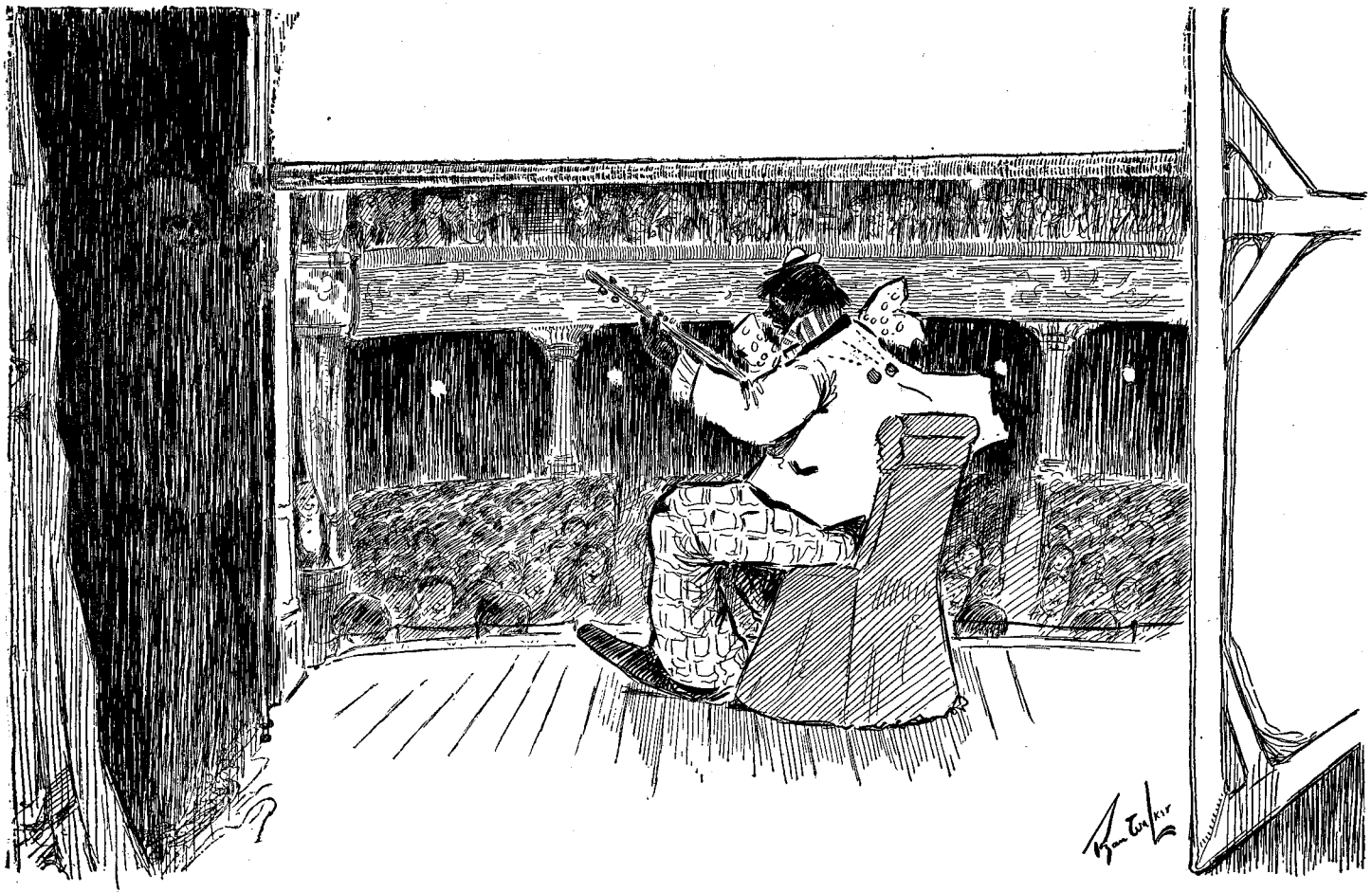

THE OLD MINSTREL'S LAST CURTAIN.

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THE QUEST OF THE LOCAL COLOUR.

O bear me away on the wings of the night
And put me in touch with the stars;
For it's new local colour of which I would write
And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.

I've scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne
For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen
Not used long ago in a plot.

Did I try South America? Davis has that.
The Isthmus? O. Henry's been there.
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,
Has gobbled the North as his share.

Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer, Fox,
Wyoming was Wister's on sight,
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks
Fenced in by his own copyright.

I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain
In search of some spot in the West
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's" train—
"Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.

Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write
On the sad little Newfoundland isle,
And how can I dream of New England in sight
Of Mary E. Wilkins's style?

I fly to the East, and 'midst races of men,
With names unpronounceable, probe
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;
For he claims the rest of the globe.

Then bear me away on ethereal swells
And put me in touch with the stars—
But hold up a minute! There's Herbert G. Wells
Already located in Mars.

Wallace Irwin.

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LOCAL COLOUR AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

LIKE other over-worked phrases, the term Local Colour has fallen somewhat into disrepute. There is a growing tendency to use it apologetically, to stigmatise it with quotation marks as though to waive any personal responsibility for its inadequacy. And yet until some one invents a new phrase it is the best name we have for that atmosphere of reality which no painter can give to his picture unless he paints it upon the spot,—and that, too, whether he takes his colours from little leaden tubes or between the covers of a dictionary. The fault is not so much with the phrase as with the people who use it. Local Colour is not a matter of historic monuments or the nomenclature of streets. Take a man who has been born and bred in Paris or Vienna or London or New York, set him down in some out of the way corner remote from the boulevards or the Ring or Piccadilly or Broadway, some by-street that he has never seen before; and he has only to take a deep breath and give one comprehensive glance and he knows where he is; and it is not a matter of brick and masonry or of the sky line or the smell of the asphalt or all the blending noises of the metropolis, but it is something of all these and a hundred other things besides that differentiate this spot from every other spot on earth. In the same way a novelist need not introduce a single proper name that you can recognise either of street or building or historic legend, and yet before you have finished the opening chapter you know intuitively where the scene is laid. And another book may fairly bristle with local allusion. It may be so full of historic facts and architectural detail and the names of streets that it reads like a traveller's hand-book or a city directory, and yet so far as giving you a real sense of local colour is concerned it remains a dull and spiritless monochrome.

The truth is that, while there may be a great deal of magic in a name, the vital thing is the way in which it is used. People do not live habitually under the shadow of their historic buildings. Men do not commonly propose to the women they love in Central Park or Washington Square or the foyer of the Opera House. They pass the crucial moments of their lives indoors, and the majority of them die quietly and decently in their own beds. The veteran New Yorker in his daily journey from house to office passes the various city landmarks unconscious of their existence, and leaves his car instinctively, almost mechanically, when the proper station is reached. The author who leaves his hero standing uncomfortably on Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, while he digresses to give you a picture of St. Patrick's or Trinity Church simply for the sake of reminding you that they exist, is adding not local colour but tediousness to his book. A golden rule for novelists to follow would be to put in no local descriptions unless they bore some direct relation to the plot or the temperament of the characters. For instance, a catalogue of the Elevated stations from Park Place to Forty-second Street would usually be intolerable; but imagine a man, bent on an errand of life and death, counting every minute of the journey, mentally measuring the distance to each successive station, breathing a sigh of relief that no one gets on or off at Eighth Street, dreading the usual shopping crowd at Twenty-third,—and the more the novelist lingers over the details, the longer drawn out he makes his picture, just so much more does he intensify our sense of the man's anxiety. An excellent illustration of this principle may be found by comparing the opening chapters of two books, Zola's *L'Assommoir* and Frank Norris's *McTeague*. They serve as splendid illustrations of how Local Colour should be used and how it should not be. In each of them the author has used that favourite device of portraying city life,—a description of the changing panorama in a city street.

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In *L'Assommoir,* it will be remembered, the scene is in the neighbourhood of the abattoirs, and Gervaise crouching in the window watches the early morning throng of workmen with feverish anxiety, for Lantier has been out all night. Across the street is the drinking shop which gives its name to the volume, and if ever there were a case where a novelist might forget his characters and indulge in pure description it might be here in describing this drinking shop and the crowds that pass its doors or find their way through them. Yet Zola keeps the interest focused on Gervaise, and his lengthening description of that street panorama serves primarily to measure the interminable minutes of her suspense. That is Local Colour used in the best possible way. Frank Norris, frankly imitating Zola, gave a wonderful description of the successive changes that take place throughout twenty-four hours in a street in San Francisco. As a piece of pure description it was quite remarkable, a sort of *tour de force,* but it had no bearing on the story. His hero, McTeague, comfortably asleep in his dental chair, breathing off the fumes of his Sunday beer, has no concern with the passing show, and for the time being the reader forgets his existence, just as later upon returning to McTeague he forgets the existence of the street outside. And that is an example of how Local Colour should not be used.

This whole question of Local Colour has been suggested by the character of a large proportion of recent stories in which the local atmosphere has formed a leading feature. Two examples, notable as being particularly good and particularly bad of their kind, come from English authors. The first of these is *Borlase & Co.* by T. Baron Russell, who will be remembered as author of *A Guardian of the Poor,* to which his new volume in a measure forms a sequel. It is a quiet, conscientious piece of work; some readers have described it as rather dull. It is simply an inside view of a big dry goods emporium in an out of the way part of London,—a sordid picture of the petty trials and miseries and privations of the London shop girl on a starvation salary, the grinding parsimony of the employer, old Borlase, a man with only one redeeming feature, his unacknowledged fondness for his adopted son. Young Borlase was taken from an orphan asylum in tardy reparation of an early wrong done to his mother, but that is one of the well-kept secrets of the story. He is set to work in the bookkeeper's room, and then after a time when he shows that he is too polite and thoughtful and tenderhearted to make a success in the hard, unselfish way that old Borlase made his, the latter turns him adrift in London, just to teach him a practical lesson in the art of getting on in the world. How young Borlase did finally get on after a good many bitter experiences is the theme of a large part of the book. It closes with a dramatic chapter in which the young man returns to the emporium of Borlase & Co. just in time to see its destruction by fire, and to rescue at the risk of his life the firm books which old Borlase had purposely left outside the safe when he set fire to the building. But it is not the quality of the plot that entitles the book to a prominent place in the month's fiction; it is the remarkable quality of the atmosphere, the subtle, and yet perfectly natural way in which the author, without the mention of any tangible landmarks, makes you feel within the first ten pages that you are breathing the air of a London business house, a very stuffy, musty air at that, full of the smell and the dust of old ledgers that set the reader instinctively coughing in sympathy. The only false note in the book, and it comes somewhat as a shock, is where young Borlase, who with all his troubles has found time to fall in love, does part of his wooing in the halls of the British Museum under shadow of the Elgin marbles.

The other book already referred to is *The Relentless City* by E. F. Benson, remembered chiefly as the author of *Dodo.* Mr. Benson's qualification for writing a story of New York consists of a few weeks' visit to this city, the precise date of which can be easily calculated because it coincided with the early days of the coal strike, at the time when the Elevated roads were using soft coal; and the smoke from that soft coal seems to have left a murky trail of discontent across all his pages. Mr. Benson was quite at liberty to dislike New

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York and New Yorkers, and equally at liberty to say so in print; and his opinions, expressed with a characteristic freedom amounting at times to flippant intolerance, would have been rather edifying as a volume of personal impressions. But they are sadly out of place as a background for a novel. It is obvious that Mr. Benson suffered real discomfort from the heat and the dust, the crowded cars, the activity, the endless din of New York in mid-summer; and somehow, as you read his book you get an impression that all his characters are similarly uncomfortable,—instead of being, as New Yorkers really are, if not actually oblivious of these discomforts, at least hardened to them. Considered as a story, the book is not without interest. It belongs to a type that has increased rapidly since the appearance two years ago of Miss Manning's *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt,* —the type of the fortune-hunting Englishman, seeking to barter a depreciated coronet for an American heiress. In *The Relentless City,* the American characters are all frankly caricatured,—and here, too, Mr. Benson is quite within his rights. But he has drawn his English men and women with unwonted care, and this combination of gross caricature and careful portraits, in the same cartoon, so to speak, gives an effect of atrociously bad art. The only American whom he draws with the least attempt at kindliness is the heiress,—and she is little more than a lay figure. The one genuine woman in the book is a little English actress with a past that makes even soft-coal smoke look luminous by contrast. This actress has in her possession some rather ardent letters from the English fortune-hunter, but being a kind-souled little lady she has no intention of using them. Her American manager, however,—who has a way of dropping into her bedroom quite casually even when she is visiting one of New York's Four Hundred, down on Long Island,—is not troubled with scruples,—and uses the letters quite effectively to blackmail the Englishman both before and after the wedding. Mr. Benson obviously did not like that American manager,—he took a ghoulish satisfaction in making a British railway train run over him, and in describing the various scraps and fragments of his anatomy that remained clinging to the wheels of the engine.

There are just a few authors who have the true cosmopolitan spirit. They will spend a few weeks in Spain or Russia, and then turn out a story full of surface impressions, vignettes of the Alhambra or the Kremlin, which the casual tourist will recognise off-hand. This is clever work of its kind, but it is essentially the work of the special correspondent, the trained journalist. A far higher type of art is that which goes beneath the surface, and paints a city's deeper moods with such discriminating knowledge that only the native born is in a position to know how profoundly true the picture is. It is one of the axioms of criticism that a novelist can always paint best the country in which he was born and bred. And from this point of view a writer like Mr. Cable is the veriest foreigner when he attempts to write a New England story like *Bylow Hill,*—a foreigner who hardly speaks the language; and even Mr. Howells, after many years of residence is still something of an alien, still writes with an accent, so to speak, when he lays his scenes in New York. And that is probably why his latest book, *Letters Home,* is the best picture of New York that he has ever drawn, because from first to last it is a picture of the city as seen through the eyes of strangers.

There is no apparent straining after Local Colour in Mrs. Wharton's latest story, *Sanctuary.* Her stage setting is so quiet and unobtrusive that you do not stop to think about it, any more than she herself seems to have done. And yet, all the while you unconsciously take the locality for granted, because there is just one city in which her characters, and the things they say, and the things they do, all harmonise. It is usually safer not to try to interpret the symbolic meaning of Mrs. Wharton's stories or their titles, because there are so many different things that she may have meant, and at the same time there is the possibility that she may not have meant any one of those you have thought of. The facts of the plot, however, are unmistakable, and may be allowed to speak for themselves. In *Sanctuary,* she has added one more to the list of stories in which a young girl on the eve of marriage comes under the

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shadow of a man's past folly. In this case the man is not her betrothed husband, but his deceased brother. He has died in a Western mining town, and shortly afterwards the woman who took care of him during his last illness appeared in New York, claiming to be his wife. But the family denied her claim, and the courts decided against her, chiefly on the testimony of the dead man's brother. And this would have been the end of the matter, if the woman had not seen fit to commit suicide, almost at the dead man's door. As a matter of fact, there had been a marriage, and the brother knew it, and deliberately bore false witness, in order to protect the family name and estate. Now, in real life if a young woman learned that the man she loved had been guilty of such a deed, and indirectly driven another woman to death, she would do one of two things. She would either put the man out of her life altogether, or she would discover that she loved him too well to do that, and instead would forgive him and weep over him and do her best to shield him. But Mrs. Wharton's heroine is not so much a flesh-and-blood young woman as she is a highly sensitised conscience. Her one thought is atonement and self-immolation. She wants her lover to suffer and she wants to suffer with him. He must confess and be punished, go to prison if necessary for a few years, and she will wait patiently outside while his foul crimes are burned and purged away. But the man explains to her, with the care and succinctness that one uses towards a very small child, that such a course would be impracticable, and would bring sorrow upon many innocent persons, among them his mother and hers. And finally she is convinced, and while admitting to herself that she does not really love him, finds it consistent with her sense of duty to marry him. Here the story leaps a gulf of twenty-five years. The man has long been dead, but he has left a son, and that son and mother are inseparable. The young man is undergoing a crucial test. On the one hand are professional success, assured fame, the hand of the girl he loves, all at the cost of a dishonourable act,—one in which there is no danger of detection. On the other are poverty, sorrow, and his mother's respect. She watches him day by day, in silence, wondering whether the old family taint is again going to crop out in the new generation; and day by day he fights against that silent influence. Had she spoken, implored, argued with him, he might have withstood her and added one more page of shame to the family record. But the brave, steadfast smile on the mother's face that he knows hides a breaking heart saves him in spite of himself. The connection between the earlier and the later portions of the story is slight, but some of the lessons that Mrs. Wharton meant to convey are obvious.

A book which can scarcely be classed as a New York story, although a part of the action takes place in that city, is *The Forerunner,* which taken altogether is one of the most careful, and comprehensive pictures of contemporary American life that have appeared in several months. The author is Mrs. Hutchins Hapgood, who has chosen to appear on the title-page under her maiden name of Neith Boyce; and the book, written with a strong and assured touch, is doubly surprising as being a first novel. Stated in the briefest possible form, the plot is a study in marital incompatibility. Dan Devin, of Los Angeles, is a good specimen of sturdy old New England stock veneered over with Western energy; and he has besides a sanguine temperament and a strain of old-world sentiment, inherited from his remote Irish ancestry. An unexpected boom in real estate suddenly nets him a neat little fortune, and on the strength of this he marries. But it is characteristic of Dan's sanguine nature to regard his profits from the land boom not as capital but simply as the year's earnings, to be spent freely for the greater joy of living. Women novelists, as a rule, are apt to be weak in the portrayal of men; but Dan is strongly drawn throughout, a piece of really good creative work. Anna, his wife, belongs to the class of Selma Whites, only less clever, less pushing, less certain of herself. She is the type of woman who is capable of giving her husband a certain degree of loyalty and affection so long as he can give her wealth and position and the small luxuries of life, and does not demand too ardent a return. For a year, Dan is very happy, unconscious that his

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demonstrative affection is often irksome, and sometimes repellant to Anna. He is one of those men who are hopelessly blind to women's ways and moods,—one of those who make it a matter of conscience never to let a wife interfere with a business engagement. And when Dan comes home five hours late for dinner, and finds Anna in tears, he cannot understand why the magic word "business" is not in itself ample excuse. Then at the end of the year comes the catastrophe. The land boom dies out. Dan has to seek his fortune further east, and meanwhile Anna remains behind, and forms indiscrete friendships, and grows weary of waiting for some one of his speculative ventures to turn out a success. Finally when he seems on the verge of restoring his fortunes, she joins him in New York; and here the couple have their first serious quarrel, because Dan tells her that it was improper for her to have dined at a restaurant with another man. The manner in which this quarrel is described, the way in which all the woman's accumulated wrath and bitterness is poured forth, makes one of the strongest pictures in the book. Another one, equally strong, is where Dan, having decided that they must separate, takes a farewell dinner with her at a little French restaurant, a sort of Bohemian place,—and all the time he is so wrapped up in his own trouble that he cares nothing for the men and women around him, nor for Anna's mortification at the attention attracted by his loud voice, his complaints of the food and the service. He is thinking all the while that this is their last dinner together; and she is thinking that she understands now better than ever before how temperamentally different they are. The ending of the book is thoroughly artistic. It would have been a grave mistake to attempt to patch up a reconciliation. And when the news comes that Dan is dying in the far West, and Anna undergoes a sudden revulsion of feeling and starts to join him, the reader knows without being told that when she arrives, to find him already dead, her first impulse will be a sigh of relief that she has been spared the necessity of a last farewell.

Mr. Crawford is a writer who has to an unusual degree the cosmopolitan spirit. And yet those who have a most sincere liking for his writings always feel a sense of relief when they learn that his latest work is another story of Rome. His New York novels all have a flavour of Baedeker's hand-book, he is careful to explain the exact location of Thompkins Square, the particular corner on which the Gilsey House stands. But in Rome you may follow his characters back and forth for days, and they go about their business, oblivious of the fact that they are passing the Pantheon or the Coliseum or the Baths of Caracalla. Mr. Crawford's most recent addition to his long series of Roman stories is *The Heart of Rome.* Yet any one who infers from the title that the story goes down deeply into the social, or political or religious conditions of the Eternal City, will be doomed to disappointment. In so far as he has occasion to introduce pictures of Roman life, his characters are drawn with that assured touch that comes from intimate knowledge of existing conditions. But as a matter of fact the greater part of the narrative takes place not in Roman palaces, but under ground. It concerns certain subterranean streams, known as the "lost waters,"—forgotten aqueducts, dating back to the early days of Republican Rome. And these waters, from time to time, reappear and bubble up unexpectedly in the cellars of old palaces, to the consternation of their owners and the bafflement of engineers. It is such a stream as this that Mr. Crawford has utilized to imprison a young architect and the girl he loves, in the cold and slimy vaults underneath a palace whose foundations stretch back to classic days. Their adventures in their watery prison, and the manner in which they finally break their way out might have afforded a chance for a neat little comparison with George Sand's *Consuelo,* if Mr. Crawford had not cleverly forestalled his critics by referring to it himself, and frankly conceding the resemblance. The only adverse criticism that one is tempted to make of a book that on the whole is well-sustained and entertaining, is that the peril and suspense of the imprisoned pair is rather overdrawn. The girl's suffering from cold and fright and hunger are pictured quite poignantly; and yet as a matter of fact, their imprisonment lasts only about six hours. And while

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their keenest anxiety is lest her reputation may suffer from being shut up alone with a young man all these hours, yet when they break their way out, somewhere about midnight, they can think of no better way of guarding that reputation than by installing her until morning in the young man's own apartments. And here they are discovered together, and cause a scandal that is silenced only by the speedy ringing of wedding bells.

While speaking of Italy in fiction, at least a brief mention should be made of Margaret Sherwood's *Daphne*. It is one of those dainty little idyls, that may be so easily spoiled by a clumsy touch, and which when well done bear the same relation to fiction that the pastel does to art. The setting is in the midst of those beautiful vine-clad hills that command a distant view of Rome. The heroine is an American girl, whose sister is the wife of an Italian count. She has gone to spend the autumn and winter with that sister, but the latter and her husband have been suddenly called away, by the illness of the count's father; and Daphne is left to amuse herself as best she may, with the old peasants of the estate for her sole companions. One day Daphne is wandering alone on the hillside when she suddenly encounters a stranger, tall and fair and statuesque. And when she tells him that her name is Daphne he gravely responds that he is Apollo. Daphne is content to let it rest at that, for with the gods it is not necessary to be so conventional as with plain everyday mortals; and besides in that beautiful dreamy land, the real, practical things of life seem very far away,—even the ascetic young New York rector, whom she has half promised to marry some day. And the present takes on such an air of unreality that as the days go by she is half tempted to believe that the tall fair stranger really is Apollo. But there is a simpler and more prosaic explanation than this, although just what it is the reader of *Daphne* is left to conjecture in part for himself.

For the novelist who lays his scene somewhere east of Suez, the whole question of Local Colour is seriously complicated. A story of Turkish, or Japanese or Hindu life, written frankly from the native point of view would be too hopelessly out of touch with western habits of thought to be even intelligible. For a writer like Pierre Loti there is no such difficulty; Basque and Japanese and South Sea Islander, passing through the lens of his mental vision are refracted at precisely the same peculiar angle; they all take on the same grey hue of his sad and picturesque pessimism. But for writers who really know the Oriental life and temperament, as Kipling knows his India, and Dawson knows Morocco, the problem is not so much how to paint a faithful picture as how to make it intelligible and sympathetic to the occidental reader. The gulf between the two civilisations is too broad to be crossed without some connecting link, some ingenious device to serve as bridge. In *Kim*, unquestionably the most remarkable story of India ever written by a European, Mr. Kipling found such a link in Kim himself, a waif of the barracks and the bazaars, a little human mongrel, familiar with the virtues and the vices of both races. A similar device, a trifle more artificial and obvious, is used in *The Mark*, a new story of Hindu life, by an almost unknown writer, Aquila Kempster. There is no intention here of discussing the relative merits of *The Mark* and *Kim*. The two stories cannot be compared, they do not even lie in the same mental plane. But Mr. Kempster's book is unquestionably a remarkable achievement. He gives you India from the standpoint of the high-caste Brahmin, the India of mysticism, telepathy and reincarnation. He leaves the impression that he himself is a devout believer in all these esoteric mysteries,—and yet the subject is so cleverly handled that the reader is left free to find a rationalistic explanation for it all, if he so chooses. The story centres in a certain Dr. Meredith, a surgeon attached to one of the Bombay hospitals,—a clear-headed man of science, specialising in a study of nerve-ganglia of the brain. For an Anglo-Saxon he has an abnormally swarthy skin, and there is besides a curious hereditary birth-mark, shaped like a young moon, upon his breast. Old Yah Mohammed thought that he knew the secret explanation of the "mark" and the dark skin. He would have told you that young Meredith, unknown to him-

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self, was a lineal descendant of a native prince, who centuries ago swayed half of India; nay, more, that Meredith himself is a reincarnation of that prince, just as he, Mohammed, is a reincarnation of that prince's rival, who fought with him for the possession of a woman, a princess. That princess, born again in the fullness of time, is now a notorious woman of the bazaars; and according to old Mohammed's forecast, the time is ripe for the principles of that bygone tragedy to come together once more, with the native clans rallying to their support, and enact over again the ancient drama of rivalry and blood-shed. What actually happened it is difficult even to hint vaguely. Meredith's colleagues in the hospital would tell you that his brain temporarily gave way, from overwork in the heated season; that during this time he got into a commonplace and vulgar entanglement with a native woman, and for a while vanished from sight down in the heart of the native town. Meredith himself remembered nothing beyond vague dreams in which he seemed to be quoting with strange fluency endless passages from the Vedic ritual, in unknown Hindu dialects. But behind these fragmentary facts we seem to see as through a veil, a strange and fantastic drama. We see a man awakened by a woman's touch, a cold, materialistic Englishman, transformed in an hour into a dreamy impassioned Oriental, living over again the ardours and hopes and fears of a vanished century, rehearsing once more in a single night, the old-time passionate wooing, the joys of love's conquest, the perils of a tottering throne. There is the dim suggestion of a watchword passed from lip to lip through widening circles, of the hillsmen rallying to the defense; then the din of battle, the flow of blood, and darkness closes in. And the only tangible record that it leaves is a scar on Meredith's forehead which is slow in healing, and his permanent loss of interest in the epoch-making work which was to explain all spiritual and mental phenomena as disturbances of nerve-ganglia. As a piece of fantastic writing, as well as a picture of how the native Hindu looks upon life, the book is something of a triumph. It suggests nothing so much as the changing phantasmagoria seen in an astrologer's crystal globe,—strange forms that appear and disappear dimly through shifting clouds, blazing now and then into a glory of kaleidoscopic light, and yet suggesting all the while intangible and unspeakable horrors lurking in the murky background. It is a story which is bound to attract attention.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

TRENT'S AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

In the useful Literature of The World Series, edited by Edmund Gosse, which with a high average of excellence aims to give an intelligent survey of the national literatures in compact form, the latest volume is Professor Trent's *American Literature.*

Manuals of our native literature have multiplied of late, and quite a little library of such studies now exists—most of them dictated by the practical needs of publishers, though now and then a work like Professor Wendell's takes a higher flight. In the present series, a treatment of American literature is called for by the scheme and no apology for its appearance is necessary.

The author has chosen the safely conservative plan of carrying his survey no farther than 1865,—through the Civil War. A sound idea underlies the limitation: that true criticism can only judge a literary product whose account has closed. The proper academic attitude can be displayed best in dealing with the past; impressionism creeps in with criticism of current books. Nevertheless, some readers will regret that later writers and

* *A History of American Literature.* By William P. Trent. New York: Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

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schools are shut out because of this restriction, legitimate though it be. In other books of the series the critics have included contemporaries in their survey; this is true of the Italian, Russian, and English volumes. An effect of arbitrariness is made by the inclusion of men like Curtis, and Mitchell, and the mention of Aldrich, when others like Warner and Burroughs are left out, they being practically, if not literally, contemporaneous, of the same significance as modern authors. One misses, too, the treatment of a Southern poet, such as Lanier; and in connection with the discussion of the novel, the absence of any handling of Howells and James, founders of the latter-day school. Too much has happened in American letters since 1865 not to make the story incomplete which pauses there. On the whole, it might have been better to make the survey more comprehensive. But as Professor Trent chose otherwise, the main question is with the execution of his plan.

He handles the theme in four main divisions devoted to the Colonial Revolutionary, Formative (1789-1829), and Sectional periods, the last covering the years from 1830 to 1865, and embracing, of course, the most important writers, the really creative part of our literary history. There is here a commendable sense of proportion; the author gives about one-half the volume to this culminative portion, and to the formative period nearly twice the space allotted to the barren period of the revolution: a much larger space being devoted to the Colonial, in which the study is perforce rather sociological and historical than literary, yet of great consequence as a foundation for all that was to follow. The literary historian has a thankless task in this early study; he cannot make eagles or birds of plumage out of his sparrows. A host of unimportant, often dreary, particulars blur outlines and conceal the forward movement. Professor Trent attacks his task in a spirit of impartial scholarship and those who know his difficulties and dangers will be readiest to praise the accomplishment. The writer is a Southerner, but also a student of literature thoroughly modern in his training and outlook. No unfair discrimination or even unconscious bias can be found in his picture of the relative contribution of New England and Virginia to American literature; indeed, he is, if anything, too generous in much of his characterisation of the labours of the New England divines and scholars.

The interest of the book centres in the setting forth of the major writers beginning with Irving and Cooper. An earlier stalwart figure like Franklin is limned at full length and regarded as "perhaps the most complete representative of his century that any nation can point to," a judgment that stimulates if it does not convince. Little fault is to be found with the estimate of Irving, which is sympathetic without exaggeration; Cooper, too, is studied with genuine insight, and his "large, creative genius" done full justice to, while his faults are frankly dealt with. It is well to bear down, as Professor Trent does, on his greatness as man as well as author. The handling of the New England Transcendentalists is that of one with every wish to do them justice, if not in close sympathy: yet the theme, so salient in our literary development, is presented with breadth and a sure touch. The criticism of Emerson may offend some, but seems to me at once admiring yet judicial. The author recognises the claims on our regard of the great New Englanders because of their high ethical teaching, their idealism, while holding them to the æsthetic tests of literature. This latter insistence leads him to emphasize the unique contribution of Poe and his treatment of that writer is especially good, which is also true of his Whitman pages, among the best in the book: the critic's opinion here being always a test of his independence, since the battle still rages about the "good, grey poet." The Hawthorne study, too, seems catholic and perceptive, though detached sentences might be quoted easy to contest.

In dealing with such forms and kinds as the romance, poetry, history, and criticism produced from 1850 to 1865 the remarks introductory to the personal sketches often show Professor Trent at his best, a critic using a sound canon and of atmospheric quality. The discussion of American humour is suggestive and a real addition to what has been previously said on the subject: one regrets that

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Mark Twain is not taken up as its chief glory, but again the limitation of plan forbids. That the author is a well-equipped modern critic is indicated in his excellent study of Bancroft; the comparison of Parkman, Prescott, and Motley also offers a capital illustration of Professor Trent's method and manner. Here, as elsewhere, the student with the most knowledge of these sterling men of letters will get most from the penetrative analysis.

The estimates of Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier raise many points for discussion, where space lacks, but are able and impartial. Dr. Holmes's prose is quite properly set above his verse, and Whittier placed very high, as he should be; Lowell, particularly as critic and our typical man of letters in the broad sense, receives his just due. Throughout, strictures are made as frankly as praise is awarded. There is no touch of the old-fashioned fear of approaching household gods. One totally ignorant of our literature might receive a less clear impression than if a bold, positive statement were made, with no attempt at the necessary qualifications. The author has preferred to give the pros and cons, albeit the other method would be easier and more effective. The qualifier, so prevalent in the volume, does not mean uncertainty of opinion: it springs from the desire to cover the ground, to see round the subject.

No book of this sort can steadily please each reviewer. Now and again a tone that smacks of the patronising creeps into this one: it gives one pause to hear Longfellow's *Hyperion* described as "maudlin chaos" and that poet's *Hiawatha* gets but scant justice—indeed the Longfellow critique as a whole seems inadequate. Again, Curtis's *Prue and I* should not be dismissed with the adjective "mild;" nor is the phrase, "the tense melody of the terza rima" of Dante luminous, tense being the last word to apply, one would think. But these be but flies in the ointment.

The pages on Mrs. Stowe are refreshing in their avoidance of the present-day underestimate, which is a reaction from the earlier uncritical laudation. It is surely good criticism to insist on the importance of any writer whose book so widely influences the world and continues to do so long after her death. Again and again the author shows that an American writer may be of far more importance to Americans than the comparative test of his merit may seem to indicate. And this wholesomely domestic attitude draws him but seldom into an exaggerated sense of our claims. He does go too far in remarking that, since Franklin, no other American "has so affected the thought of the world" as Jonathan Edwards! This is somewhat startling, but it is by no means typical of the author's judgments in general.

There are faults of expression and mannerisms which lessen the effect of what is, in plan and execution, a sound and welcome work. In the earlier sections the author has a tendency to stock adjectives like the "worthy captain," that lend a journalistic flavour to his style. He uses the dubious locution "along these lines" altogether too freely; "needless to say" is much overworked; "stylist" is a convenient word, but should be charily indulged in. Slips like *Lidian* Jackson (Emerson's second wife), Guildford (for Guilford) Ct., Whittier's "in *My Schooldays*" suggest careless proof reading. But all restrictions made, the book is a competent piece of literary criticism, a fair-minded exploitation of our native accomplishment in letters. It will worthily represent America in the series for which it was prepared.

Richard Burton.

II.

VOLTAIRE.*

THE life of a king can never be properly considered apart from the condition of his realm and his influence on his age. Voltaire was a king. "I have no sceptre," he said, "but I have a pen." With Montesquieu and J. J. Rousseau he wrested the domain of the intellect in France from the blighting influence of the Bourbons, and then, that being no age for a republic of letters, seized the rule. In the end, this kingdom of thought overthrew the monarchy in France and revo-

**The Life of Voltaire.* By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes.

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lutionised the whole of the civilised world. Voltairism is but another name for the eighteenth century renaissance. Louis XIV. ruled the minds as well as the persons of his subjects; his successor not only lost control of the men of letters, but had a wholesome fear of them; their influence brought the sixteenth Louis to the scaffold.

As Professor Flint has put it: "With as much truth as Louis XIV. had said 'L'Etat, c'est moi' might Voltaire have said 'Le Siècle, c'est moi.' His influence during the fifty years of his literary activity was as great in France and throughout Europe as that of the monarch, during his lengthened personal reign. He was as much the central and ruling personage in the movement destructive of absolutism as the king had been in its development."

In his *Life of Voltaire* Mr. Tallentyre has given us a very entertaining but at the same time a very personal biography, although it must be evident that any work of lasting value of this subject cannot possess too exclusively the latter qualification. M. Desnoiresterres, the best of Voltaire's biographers, calls his work *Voltaire and French Society in the Eighteenth Century*. It is a happy title. The man and the age stand, in great part, for the same thing.

It is to be regretted therefore that Mr. Tallentyre should have chosen as a model a "life" such as that of Parton rather than of M. Desnoiresterres. The paucity of critical matter and the failure to give an adequate account of Voltaire's tremendous influence on eighteenth and nineteenth century thought are the chief shortcomings of his work.

But perhaps we are asking too much. He who undertakes to write the life of a man who was "poet, playwright, novelist, letter writer, historian, critic, philosopher, theologian, socialist, philanthropist, agriculturist, humourist, reformer, wit, and man of the world," must necessarily have a pressing consciousness of space limitation. Desnoiresterres devotes seven large volumes to his biography, and this is not too much. Our author confines himself to two of modest dimensions, and in considerably less than half the space employed by Parton gives quite as complete and well rounded a portrait of the "most energetic spirit in all history."

And energetic under what conditions!

"No one can gain an adequate idea of his character without realising in what 'a thin and wretched case' Nature had enveloped 'what is called my soul.' No other great man, perhaps, ever fought such a plucky fight against weakness, weariness, and infirmities. Voltaire was not always ill, but he was never well. . . . He himself said that he had never passed a single day without suffering, and could not even imagine what it must be like to be in robust health. But he had what he called his 'infallible secret'— work. Others have used physical weakness as an excuse for mental idleness, and indisposition as a natural holiday from labour. But not Voltaire. He dictated when he was too ill to write; and when he was too ill to think, he read dull books for information which he might find useful and make amusing; and when he was yet worse, and could do nothing else, he read and wrote that gay mockery of his leisure, his *Pucelle*. The body was but the ragged covering of the soul at its best; at its worst, it was a subtle and seducing enemy, and one must ever be up and at it, with a thrust here and a lunge there, lest by any means it get the mastery. Voltaire fought it his whole life long—and always won. 'Toujours allant et souffrant' was his definition of himself. He hardly ever made a happier."

He was probably the most perfect specimen of the *cérébral* that ever lived. He was all brain. His marvellous mental activity pulled a sickly physical frame through four score and four years, and one is quite willing to believe that the actual record of those wonderful years could not better be given within this space than Mr. Tallentyre has given it.

The biographer of Voltaire must be a good editor as well, and in this respect our author shows himself to be most competent. Around few names has more unauthenticated anecdote gathered than that of Voltaire, and if the reader misses many time-honoured stories it is because in all probability they should not be fastened upon the sage of Ferney. But there are enough of them as it is.

George H. Casamajor.

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III.

STANLEY WEYMAN'S "THE LONG NIGHT."*

THE publication of a new novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman is, in these days, something of an event, for while there are many writers of romance who satisfy the critics but not the public, and many more who satisfy the public but not the critics, Mr. Weyman is one of the happier few who can do both. He has inherited much of the greater secret that was Scott's and Dumas'; he knows that all reality is only the stuff of dreams, and he has mastered the magic of dissolving it into dreams again. Fact in his hands remains fact, but his touch transfigures it and clothes it in such a glamour as perhaps nothing wears in reality, though all things wear it in remembrance. You step into his stories as into some wonderful cavern of the Arabian Nights, you turn the first page and have left the commonplace, every-day world behind you, and are at once in a far-off kingdom of romance, "where nothing is but all things seem," where everything has a warmth of colour and light that is neither of heaven nor of earth, where the men and women walk in human guise, yet are either of finer or baser clay than ourselves—heroes and heroines, such as in exalted moments we can imagine we ourselves might have been; scoundrels such as we can conceive it possible some of our acquaintance might have been, but are not. They are, in a word, the right dream-people of romance; we wrong them in attempting to judge of their actions and motives and natures by our conventional human standards; they could not breathe our atmosphere, they would look monstrous and ghost-like among our cold realities, being creatures of a nobler star, but in their own world, among their own conventions, where normal humanity would look grotesquely out of place, they appear merely natural and at home. It is because so few authors have power to create this other world and the non-human but human-seeming race that is native to it, so that the whole illusion convinces by its perfect harmony, that so few among the countless romances that are written fulfil simultaneously the literary and the popular ideal.

Where among common clay women are you going to find, for example, such a heroine as Anne Royaume is in *The Long Night?* When Claude Mercier, a young student newly arrived in Geneva, applies for a lodging in her mother's house, she mysteriously refuses him, and on his insisting, only accepts him after she has made a most amazing trial of his self-restraint. "Stand where you are," she said, "and I will try you whether you are fit to come to us or no." He promised to obey, and dipping an iron spoon into a pot of boiling broth, she deliberately allowed some drops of the scalding liquor to fall on her bare arm. Thrice she repeats this experiment, and he, seeing the "red blisters spring out on the white skin," is on the verge of interfering, when she tells him she has done. "If you come here," she warns him then, "you will see me suffer worse things, things a hundred times, a thousand times worse than that. You will see me suffer, and you will have to stand and see it." He takes his lodging on this condition, and finds himself in a strange household. There are three other lodgers: the swaggering, cunning Basterga, the swashbuckler Grio, and the sneaking, cowardly student Louis Gentilis, with Anne to wait upon them all, as well as upon her bedridden mother, who is subject to occasional fits of madness.

The scene is laid in Geneva at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Duke of Savoy has lately failed in an attempt to make the city his own, and while the terms of peace are being settled, he is plotting to take by strategy what he could not by force. Basterga, who is in his pay, is in Geneva secretly seeking for means of betraying it. He is a man of some learning, and dabbles sceptically in the black arts for his own purposes. Having bribed a physician to assure the Syndic Blondel, who has charge of the city's defenses, that he is suffering from the scholar's disease which is incurable, he discovers, almost by accident, a marvellous elixir that will cure this fatal complaint, but has only been able to retain one dose, and this he has promised

**The Long Night.* By Stanley Weyman. New York.

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to the Duke of Savoy. He plays cunningly on the Syndic's fears of death, and finally announces that the Duke is willing to give him the elixir as the price of his betrayal of Geneva. The old man's attempts, through Claude, through Gentilis, and at length through Anne, to steal the elixir from the casket in Basterga's room, lead to some startling and dramatic scenes; among other things, they lead to Claude's discovering what it is that gives Basterga his abhorrent power over Anne, and so increases his love of her a hundredfold, that even while he pities he could worship her. The Syndic succumbs to his tempter's diabolical machinations at last and the city is betrayed; but when all seems lost, Claude, at Anne's instigation, is the means of saving it. The gallant headlong fighting that snatches a victory when the enemy is already within the gates, on the longest night of the year, is brilliantly and thrillingly described. There is no falling off anywhere. *The Long Night* is an excellent romance, contrived with a plenty and ingenuity of detail, and a skillful use of unexpected and exciting situations that will give it place with the very best of modern romances.

A. St. John Adcock.

IV.

MR. LESSING'S "CHILDREN OF MEN."*

THIS is a very remarkable collection of stories. Most of all, it is remarkable for its simplicity and self-restraint. A more frugal writer would have made a whole volume out of some of these short, graphic impressions of life. A less conscientious writer would have marred them by floridity of style. But Mr. Lessing is content to set the thing before you *au naturel* and to let it make its own appeal. There is no grotesque dialect, no broad, coarse strokes, no meretricious forcing of the facts. And this is art and it has its own rewards.

The stories all have to do with the Jews of the East Side, and the knowledge which is shown of their strangely isolated life is the knowledge which is not consciously acquired, but which is absorbed by intimate contact and experience. The scenes are scenes that few of us have ever looked upon, but you feel their truth. And the people—they, too, are true, because they are so convincingly alive and human. In the reek of the sweat-shop, and amid the tawdriness of the Essex Street ball-room, or in the silence of the synagogue, and behind the noise and fume of the squalid café, the same drama of life is going on forever, precisely as we see it played before us everywhere. The Jewish girl with red-gold hair, loving a Christian to her death, the pushing, gaudy, vulgar, half-Americanised young men who are ashamed of their own people, the learned rabbi, the drunken miser, the thief redeemed by a woman's deep devotion—here are all the elements of tragedy and comedy and farce. Love, hate, avarice, self-sacrifice, ambition—it is the whole gamut of the passions and the virtues, making these children of the Ghetto close akin to all of us who read.

Many have written of this life before, but no one with so sure a touch and with so genuine a sympathy. Mr. Lessing's book is full of that unmistakable vitality which compels attention. When you lay the book aside you have yourself seen all that he has seen.

Harry Thurston Peck.

**Children of Men.* By Bruno Lessing. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

V.

MR. MAJOR'S "A FOREST HEARTH."*

IT was about five years ago that Mr. Charles Major, an Indiana lawyer with little previous literary experience, but a very good background in the way of careful historical study and conscientious research, published *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* under the name of Edwin Caskoden, and straightway became one of the most talked about novelists of the country. That was the beginning of the era of great sales, and *Knighthood* speedily took its place with *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel.* In the list of Six Best Selling Books which is printed in the back of this magazine it appeared for fourteen consecutive months, establishing a new record. Some persons

**A Forest Hearth.* By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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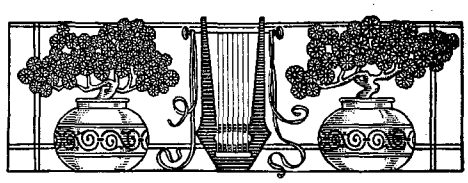
could not see anything in the book, and the very critical ones found much with which to find fault, but the general reading public frankly liked it. *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* succeeded *Knighthood* and fell short of the popularity which attended that book. The second venture seemed theatrical and one could see the hand of the man whose mind was on stage mechanics. And yet Dorothy Vernon has an attractive personality and the story of her adventures has entertained many readers who do not ask too much of that type of novel.

Now, in *A Forest Hearth* Mr. Major has left behind kings and queens, and lords and ladies, and English castles. He has put aside, for the time being at least, the Julia Marlowe or Bertha Galland type of star-heroine, and he has come back to matter of fact Indiana—the Indiana of the thirties. Stripped of the trappings and theatrical properties of the historical romance, Mr. Major has written a book which might be classed as a juvenile. The sentimental young woman of sixteen or thereabouts may find enjoyment in it. It is all so simple, this love of Rita Bays for Dic Bright. It began when they were mere children, and the engagement was secretly entered into one day as they sat swinging themselves on a log and talking over a kissing-game party of the night before. Mrs. Bays, an unlovable figure of hard and selfish motherhood, is the cause of their love not running smoothly. She has other aspirations for her beautiful daughter in the person of a rich man from Boston who is determined to win Rita for his wife. One awful day, after a violent proposal of marriage, he kisses Rita, whereupon she angrily dismisses him with the threat that Dic will surely kill him. But Dic doesn't. Rita, being a very good, conscientious little girl, and considering that she has done a great wrong, sends for Dic, confessing her weakness, and offering to release him. He forgives her, and shortly after finds himself in a somewhat unpleasant entanglement with another girl—the foil to Rita. This portion of the story, by the way, is a little out of place for the sixteen-year-old reader. It is then Dic's turn to confess. Upon receipt of his contrite letter, Rita returns the ring and decides that she has ceased to love him. In the meantime the Bays family get into money difficulties. Their son proves to be an embezzler, their father a weakling, and the man from Boston is the only one who can give them material aid. This he is anxious to do, provided Rita will consent to be his wife. After an attack of typhoid fever and sundry threats from her mother, Rita consents. The hour of the wedding ceremony arrives, but Rita has fled from her persecutors. Mr. Major, however, can tell you where she may be found.

The warm-blooded love story of the youthful hero and heroine is rather prettily told. It is full of the foolishness and the sweetness of youth. But the very best character is one Billy Little, an old bachelor, with a romance of his own in the background, who lived in England in the days of Beau Brummel. His originality, his philosophy, and his humour dominate the story. If it hadn't been for Billy Little, Dic and Rita would probably have wrecked their young lives, and if it were not for Billy Little the story would lose its savour.

F. M. Mandeville.



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THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

PART II.

Sunday, July 4th.

Oh, the unbroken calm of these Pullen Sundays! Myles took me to drive, my grandmother being no worse. It was well meant, but the drive was far duller than sitting on a bench under the trees. It was a cloudy day, and for that reason he thought it not prudent to drive in the open carriage, which would have allowed of Maidie's going with us. I was vexed, and probably betrayed the fact. He has plenty of occasion to remember that I detest driving in a Goddard buggy, all shut in with smelly leather, but he never chooses to take my aversions into account —thinks I ought not to have any, probably. I wonder if that sounds to you ill-humoured. Can it be that I am getting soured, in a week's time? He asked politely in which direction I preferred to go, and I answered that I could not see that it made any difference, as nothing but the horse's back and ears would be visible. So he took his own way as he probably intended to do in any case, and headed at once for South Pullen—of all places! We passed the rock where I have sat to read your letters, and through the little strip of woods where I usually smell of the envelope to see if I can get the odor of your blessed pipe, then we drove briskly past the little post office—oooh! I was glad when we got by. Myles —why is that name perpetually dropping off my pen—well, some people have the faculty of stirring up the worst that is in one. It is not his fault, but a law of nature. He began to talk about my grandmother's condition, and her wishes and plans in regard to her affairs, that is, the affairs she will leave behind her. Of course he was very dismal, saying that we could not wish to have her life prolonged, in the way people take to excuse themselves for making funeral arrangements while the person concerned is still alive. I couldn't discuss it. I said, "Myles, please do not ask me to consider these matters to-day. It really seems to me ghastly, and I shall surely be unreasonable. I always am on Sunday, and this particular Sunday has been much the dreariest one I ever knew." Dignified silence for half an hour, while the horse splashed through puddles, and my companion cleared his throat consciously at intervals.

Well, it is evening now and I am in my room alone. Tony, it cannot be many more Sundays that I shall have to spend away from you. The rain is falling with a soft sound on the maples outside my window. My heart, my whole being, is with you—and I sit here alone. I love to think of you, but can it be you are true—real, I mean—alive and warm, breathing, speaking, moving, away from me? I have no fears, but I love the near and the human, and I long to see you. What a strange, incomprehensible thing it is to be parted from the one you love! Incredible, almost. I am you and you are me, and yet fate suffers it that you should be there and I here. But in a larger sense there is no here nor there, no time, no space, and we *are* together. I am climbing, Tony, since I knew you, and every day I see a wider horison, peaks beyond peaks coming into view in the blue distances. It is the realities one sees in that higher atmosphere, but of course I am not yet quite at home in it. Down below in the valleys one wanted to touch and see in order to believe, and the human habit clings. Oh, I fear that I am very, very human!

I sat a long time by my window looking out into the sweet, moist night. A cloud of memories was all about me. I wonder if you remember *everything*.

We were destined to meet, or you would never have come to Aunt Letitia's reception, of all places. You may have thought it was because you happened to meet my cousin Edgar that afternoon, and he said, "Come on up, old fellow; we'll slip away from the crowd and have a quiet smoke in my den," but in reality it was fate that beckoned you, and you took the trouble of getting into your

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evening clothes and braving the struggle with one of Aunt Letitia's mobs simply because you couldn't have helped it.

First, I noticed that you were tall. Edgar whispered in my ear, "That is Seymour, of the *Gazer*," and I saw your head above the rest. You were smiling as you talked, then you lifted your head and your eyes swept the room. Our looks met, and I had a queer feeling of embarrassment. A test seemed to have been applied to me, and I was conscious of having failed to meet it. The young man with me was saying things that sounded perfectly foolish.

By and by Edgar brought you to me and we were introduced. Afterward when he had got you away into the den, I ran up there—"floated into the room on a wave of blue muslin," as you said. What a symposium we had looking at each other through the cigarette smoke!

Under every word that was said, behind every glance, back and forth between us like an electric current, throbbed the consciousness of each other. But the talk was concerned with matters of the day, you remember, not significant in itself. We touched on the labour question, and Edgar was as patronisingly tolerant of the demands of the workingman as only a rich man's son can be—poor devils, he called them, as if they were a distinct suborder of being.

Then I asked you if you could tell me who it was that wrote the editorials on social conditions which I had read in the *Gazer*, and you answered that you supposed you were responsible for most of them, that you were the socialistic crank of the staff. You would not allow me to call the articles original, or even clever.

I did say that I couldn't see how anyone ever got to have clear ideas about such complicated questions; that my father and I had read Spencer and Fiske and Mallock and Kidd, and at the end had found ourselves less able to formulate an opinion than when we began. So was everbody, you declared, only an editor was obliged to stand for views of some sort. You said, "About all we can do is to read the books and study life a little, and then hash up the result for the public." I have often wondered since whether you took me for just a society goose that you should have talked like that, when in reality you take the whole subject with such profound seriousness, and sense of personal responsibility, caring nothing for what others think if it does not appeal to you as truth.

Well, it doesn't matter what you thought then. When you went away you promised to mail me some pamphlets that you thought I would be interested to read. And oh! what humiliation! you went back to your desk and forgot the pamphlets, and, I suspect, myself as well. But we had met, in a very proper way, at Aunt Letitia's, and that made it correct enough for me to call at your office for the purpose of reminding you of your promise—though Aunt Letitia would probably not have seen it in that light, if I had thought it necessary to ask her advice. And you have told me many times since, Tony, that when you looked up and saw me in the doorway your heart gave a big jump, and preposterous as it seemed, you knew all at once that I was the woman you were to love.

So I am glad that I went. All has been confessed. I did not read the pamphlets, but after a day or two I returned them by a messenger with a note of thanks. You sent me a marked copy of the *Gazer* containing something of yours that you thought I would like. Then I suggested to Edgar that he ask you to dinner, and after that we made no pretence at not being interested in each other. Dearest, that was two whole months ago, two happy months. Do you remember when you *told* me? It was a warm May night, and we had been walking in the Park. No one was at home when we came in. We sat down in the reception room. The windows were open, and a hurdy-gurdy just around the corner was playing "Love's Dream After the Ball." By and by it went away and the street seemed very quiet. Then my heart began to beat strangely. I couldn't think of anything to say and after a while you began to talk. Your voice was low and steady. I don't know all you said; I seemed to realise that one of the great moments of life was at hand, and I was filled with an awful joy.

You went on to tell me what your life had been, a steady grind you said, not without definite purpose nor lacking in effort, but how far a success you could not say; no man in public life could judge impartially of the fruits of his own labour

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—it "went to swell the whole amount." The effort was what counted in so far as the man's character was concerned; as for the world it would take what he gave it, and whatever seed fell on good ground would spring up. I sat there, my heart beating hard. I knew you were laying your life before me because you meant to give me what was left of it.

Tony, dear, the rest is in our hearts. A man, you said, could give his best work to the world, and whether it were recognised or not, he was the better for the effort. And there were those who had been great enough to love in the same way. You were not great, you told me.

I didn't look up. My hands lay in my lap. I knew you were standing by me. I lifted one hand, and you took it in both your own. Such a silence! I felt my life going out to you—my Tony, mine. And when you spoke, it was like a great big boy. "You *don't* care, Madge, do you?" I made a little sound—you knew what it meant—and after one minute more of the throbbing silence, you stooped and kissed my hand. Then you were gone, dear. It was not what most men would have done, but you are not like most men. We couldn't have spoken after that; there was nothing to say. The door shut behind you and I stood up. I remember throwing back my head and drawing a deep breath. I felt like a queen on coronation day. I listened till your footsteps had died away, then I caught my hand and kissed it on the very spot your lips had touched. I ran up to my room, locked myself in and fell on my knees by the bed; I thought I would stay there all night. When I have been in trouble I have never wanted to pray, but that night I felt as if I must thank God for the wonderful joy.

Next morning in the first mail your letter came. You said you had done wrong to be so precipitate; you had given me no chance to stop you. The words had been said, but would I try to forget them? If you had taken an unfair advantage, etc. Shrewd Tony! It seems to me you must have known that in a strong, masterful man who could dominate by sheer moral force any imaginable situation, humility is the most fascinating of qualities. If you had said, "You *do* care, don't you?" instead of putting it the other way, the chances are I should have resisted a little, just enough to hold myself at a high value. But what nonsense to suppose anything! I was yours from the beginning; no use for me to coquet or assume. And you could not have spoken any differently; you are you. Well, I answered that letter in two words—"Come to-night."

The rain is still falling. Across the hall, in the sickroom the night nurse is reading by the shaded lamp. My grandmother must be asleep, I think; I can hear her heavy breathing. It is not a pleasant sound, and Bonnie has moved to the back of the house in order to get away from it, leaving her beautiful big room with all its pretty draperies and adornments for the nurses to sleep in. Poor Bonnie is a bundle of fears and horrors. She loves life, and the thought of sickness and death is as terrible to her as if she were only twenty. How sad to be so near the end of life, and yet fear to go! I have never been afraid of dying—that is odd, is it not? I think I have a certain curiosity to see what will come after, to have the experience of taking a new shape and getting new impressions. But for all that, Tony, I am very much alive, and I want to live a long time, grow old with you, and only stay a little bit of a while after you are gone.

These, I guess, are Sunday night thoughts in a silent house, with the grim messenger of death standing guard outside the door. I hope I shall find the sun shining when I wake to-morrow. Good night, my own Tony; God keep you till I come.

Thursday, July 8th.

Tony, Tony dear, don't, please don't get absurd about Myles. It isn't like you, and I can't have you developing unexpected traits of character now that I am so far from you. I will admit, since you seem to insist upon it, that there might have been an "arrangement" of a sort—never anything like *love*—if I had not seen You. It would have been what is called in the world's phraseology a "desirable connection" (for me, hardly for him). But I do not need to say that would be impossible now, even if you and I were never to meet again. If Myles does not understand it so, he will as soon as there is any change in my grandmother's condition. Meanwhile he is such an unfruitful topic don't you think it

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a waste of time to write about him? You want "facts" you say, but don't I know you will draw foolish masculine inferences? Nothing is more misleading than facts, different people see the same thing so differently. That is why a lie is often truer than the truth. Not that I am telling you lies. You have no cause for uneasiness so far as Myles is concerned. If you like to play at being jealous take Lawrence for your object. He amuses me, and the other person does not. Mr. Norrice is the only one of the three worth talking to.

No, there is not any change in my grandmother's condition either for better or worse. The doctors say she can never speak or walk again, but may remain for weeks as she is now. It is frightful to think of, a life so horribly like death; the mere consciousness of life with the grip of death on it. The nurses all but breathe for her, sometimes it seems as if it would be a greater kindness to let her die. As far as my own usefulness is concerned, I might as well be in New York. Sickness appalls me, this sickness in particular. Myles is here two or three times a day, and everything is referred to him; I really am not needed. I might come back for a little while with the understanding that I was to be sent for immediately if there was any change. What do you think of that plan, dear?

If she cared for me, I should never think of such a thing, but she does not. As a child, I was always under the shadow of her disapproval. I was not "ladylike" (her highest term of commendation). I romped and tore my clothes, and never could be made to sit in the house and sew. Of course I was a madcap, and a methodical person like her could not understand or condone such lawlessness. Still, if we love only those whom we altogether approve, we shall be apt to find ourselves in our old age with very few objects of affection. If Grandmother Pullen were as well-off in love as she is in material things I should not be so restless at being obliged to stay here. I should be willing to wait for her sake, happy in thinking and dreaming of you, as I could always do, no matter where I might be.

* * * * *

Maidie is such a dear; she comes to see me every day. The poor child's name is Hannah—that is Myles's literalness. If his mother's name had been Hepsibah, or Huldah, the first girl must have been christened after her just the same. The substitution of Maidie is my idea, and the little girl is sweetly grateful. I am teaching her a French word or two every day, and we introduce them into our conversation as fast as she learns them. We have a great many interesting conversations. Maidie is very advanced, being already an advocate of woman suffrage and phonetic spelling. Some time we will make a socialist of her. She has original ideas. She objects to the superfluous b in such words as dumb and comb, and declares she will attempt to institute a reform by example—she doesn't know how difficult it is to move people's minds by pure reason. When I explained to her that the letter was retained in its place for the same reason that a tailor puts buttons on the back of a man's frock coat, because they had once served a purpose, she sniffed contemptuously and declared that neither the letter nor the buttons had any right to exist in a place where they were of no present use. Which was certainly unanswerable from a purely logical point of view.

All these trifles go to make up my life as I am living here, and are all I have to write of just now. They only float over the surface of my consciousness; my thoughts are always of you. When shall I see you again? It is twelve days. When I came, no one thought it could by any possibility be so long. Your letters are the one thing that seem genuinely to belong to me. Maidie is lively and amusing, and her simple, unquestioning devotion makes me love her exceedingly, but I could leave her in cold blood, sorry, perhaps, that I couldn't be more sorry, and yet overflowing with joy, if I were only coming to you. Tony, do you think you bargained for such a quantity of love? I *think* you want it all, but I may be mistaken. Men, I believe, do often find a superabundance of affection somewhat irksome. The strange thing is that here in Pullen, and by many persons elsewhere whose impressions of me I casually discover, I am thought, well, amusing, but not "deep," the sort of girl who would dismiss suffering by a wave of the hand, as one would an importunate peddler; and who, deprived of one object deemed

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desirable, would speedily console herself with another. But that judgment may have been true of me once—three months ago.

What do you think of my running over to New York, just for a little visit—say for a week? That is, I would call it a week, and no one need know here that I meant to stay any longer. I could write from there and extend my leave, and in the meantime I could get here in four hours' time if there were any change. My father used to say that people had no right to demand or expect the whole truth from others, and that most of the current talk about strict honesty was perfect humbug, since no one could even be sure that he was absolutely honest even with himself. If you could have seen how beautifully he managed everybody, including his mother, you would understand what he meant. I am afraid I am not much credit to his theories, and yet even in my comparatively short life, Tony, I have learned that "the whole truth," or, in other words, hard, bare, undraped fact, is oftentimes an utter falsehood in the impression it makes upon the hearer. Certainly you must agree with me that facts are often too brutal to be uttered by a humane person. I could give imaginary cases in point if I did not feel sure that you understand me. Oh, deary me! life is so puzzling! though I never realised it until lately. At any-rate, you know I would do anything for you, good or bad, don't you, Tony?

Thursday, July 14th.

It is certainly annoying that Lawrence should have discovered my practice of walking to South Pullen every other morning. He begins work exactly when he pleases, so there is nothing that has power to hinder him from waiting for me at a bend in the road a little way beyond his own house. On Monday he actually walked all the way over with me, and followed me about in the little, ridiculous shops, because I had not the backbone to send him about his legitimate business. The result was that I had to came home without your letter and walk over again later in the day. But this morning I said to him, quite decidedly, "Lawrence, this will not do. You are neglecting your work and your mother will blame me. Go home to Mr. Norrice and your Cicero, like a good child, and come and see me this afternoon if you wish."

He went, rather stiffly, but he is sure to turn up somewhere in my path at some time during the day, and I might as well give him permission at an hour which is convenient for me. I wish with you that your letters could be sent to this house, but that cannot be, quite yet. I know you dislike what you call indirect dealing, and so do I, only don't talk of mysteries, Tony dear. My reasons are perfectly simple, and when I have an opportunity of explaining them, you will praise me for having been right. Meanwhile, trust me.

Oh, I suppose you do know best about my coming to New York, and I admire you for the high moral ground you take in thinking it is not quite fair to the people here to deceive them, and all the rest that you say so delicately and considerately. I understand how you feel when you say that you would rather I did not come until it is possible to be absolutely above board in the matter. I hope you don't think I meant to tell them *lies*, or that I am not in all essential respects a strictly honest person. I could never "trim facts," as my father used to say, with *your* eyes searching my soul. They would bring the truth up in spite of me, however I tried to hide it. But you have a right to the truth from me; these people have not—there lies the difference. What have they to do with my life? Oh, I see you shaking your head, and I feel that I am not making myself clear to you. If I were sitting beside you, now, on a bench in the Park, I could tell you, dearest, so you would understand just what I mean. If you had known my father, it would be better still, he had such a charming way of explaining what he thought. He could convince anyone, or if they were not convinced, they could find nothing further to say—not even his mother. I cannot help thinking that the tact he used in dealing with others was kinder and more to be commended than the crude frankness that is so often justified by the name of truth. And, Tony, he was so *good*. For ten years faithful to the memory of his dead wife—few men could match that record, I believe. There was never a night that we did not kiss her picture before we went to bed, and always we kept flowers above it, except just before

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our allowance came, when we were apt to be short of money. Father used to tell me it was no credit to him that he was faithful to the one love of his life. After the supreme experience, he said, nothing else had power to move a man. Women liked him too, perhaps partly because he was so indifferent to them, and it was when we had shut ourselves into our rooms in order to escape some very obvious attentions (usually bestowed upon *me* as being in the most direct road to his favour) that he would talk to me about love, and what it ought to mean and could mean but once to one who was capable of love in its highest sense. I listened with interest, but I did not understand as I do now. Since I have begun to live my own life, I realise how much I am like him. Fickle as we seemed, careless in our ways of living, content with two or three trunks in a small suite of rooms, recklessly extravagant when our quarterly allowance came, happy in comparative poverty when it was spent, we had in us the same elements of constancy to the *true* things of life, and if you wish to have it so, my own Tony, the same disregard for the literal presentation of unessential details.

Father was right in his way, you are right in yours. For myself, I cannot feel that I am under obligation to disclose my motives of conduct to persons who are incapable of interpreting them rightly.

But here is another side to the matter—I love you, and for that all-sufficient, beautiful reason I wish to live by your standards, see with your eyes, walk in the prints your feet have made, and be in all things great and small, the living realisation of your noble ideal. That is enough. So, tell me, show me the way,

"Teach me, only teach, love,
As I ought,
I will speak thy speech, love,
Think thy thought."

You read me that poem, and I have learned it by heart since I came here.

Later.

Lawrence came this afternoon. I was in a serious mood, and I think I disappointed him. He likes well enough to be serious himself, but my seriousness is too much for him. Usually he is eloquent with tales of action; to-day he was as flat as ditchwater. I had found a very much soiled piece of embroidery which I made an effort to ruin altogether as we sat under the trees in our basket chairs. At last Larry had my silks in such a tangle that I could not manage to get out the shade I wanted, so we stuffed them all in a drawer of the garden table and went for a walk. Enough to set Pullen gossiping, but who cares. I shall soon be away from it all. We met Mr. Norrice, who looked as if he had something on his mind, then Maidie dashed past on her wheel, scorching shamelessly, and throwing back a defiant look over her shoulder, as if to say I had no business to be walking out with anybody but herself. We had a stupid walk and I told Larry so, though he made so much of the speech that I had to take it all back, and change the subject. When I came in Bonnie said:

"That is the most unbecoming shirt waist you have got. I don't see why you wear it so much," and went on to talk about her heart.

So you see there are days and days, and this has been a dull one in my calendar. To-morrow may be brighter. I like all you tell me of your work and the little incidents connected with it. How far away it seems! I am afraid I am becoming morbid, I suppose that is what it is—morbid. It has not a nice sound, has it? It makes one think of olive-green wall paper, and musty smells, and stairs that creak when you don't step on them, and a pain over one eye. It is all because I am so shut up in this house with the oppressive presence of death lurking in every one of its rooms. For though I do spend most of the daylight hours out of doors, it is understood that I am never to be out of call for long at a time. And oh, Tony, the nights are awful. If I go to bed early, as has always been the custom here, I wake in the night and think of all evil that might possibly befall, fancy you taken suddenly ill, and no one to send for me (you must write my address and leave it where some one would see it) and imagine all sorts of horrors. On the other hand, if I sit up until eleven or twelve o'clock, the silence of the house gets to weigh upon me till I start at the slightest sound, and almost jump out of my chair when the clock strikes.

I have followed Bonnie's example, and

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moved my belongings to the rear of the building. Our rooms are opposite each other, both are large and airy, overlooking the orchard, and mine gets, through the trees, a distant glimpse of the river.

This is a very spacious house, with eight rooms on the second floor, and a long hall running straight through from one end to the other. The back hall is slightly narrower than the front, and also a step lower—how many times when I was a child have I walked off that step in the dark—I didn't fear the dark in those days. I can stand outside my door and look up the whole distance, fifty (50) feet or more, to the tall arched window at the extreme front. My grandmother's chamber is over the drawing-room, so we are as far apart as would be possible under this roof. Yet there is no getting away from that awful picture of her, staring up with her one eye at the high ceiling; and one of the absurd fears that haunt me in the middle of the night is that she will come silently down the long hall, and knock suddenly on my door. The thing is, of course, a physical impossibility, but it is not the possible that terrifies one at 12 p. m.

Soon, soon, it must be over, and this big house will be mine, besides an income sufficient to provide for all our wants, and for your precious ambition, my Antony. We shall not live here—heaven forbid!—and I don't know whether I should have the heart to sell the place. Father used to talk about that—poor father, he never had it to decide—and he always said, "After all, it's the old place, Madge; one doesn't like to think of strangers walking through the rooms and running up these fine old stairs with an air of proprietorship." And still, he used to say that with the movement of time even those things which had seemed the most permanent were forced to change. Land became too valuable to hold, and must be cut up into smaller lots and put on the market. The great house would begin to give out in places, until a moderate income would not suffice to keep it in repair. Well, you know everything, and you will decide what to do when the time comes.

So good night, one and only Tony. May your dreams be sweet, and may they be of Madge.

Friday, July 23d.

The plot—to speak as if this were a sensational story, and I am not sure that it is not—grows interesting. I wrote you yesterday how uneasy my grandmother seemed, if one can apply the term to a human mechanism that has almost lost the power to move. The nurses, however, are alive to the slightest indication of any desire that she is able to give. When they read a wish in her face, they run through the list of subjects she is supposed to be interested in, watching closely for a sign of intelligence on her part. Like this: Blanket, blind (open or shut), beef-tea, and so on down the list—milk, Myles, Madge, etc.

Yesterday, one of them came and told me that she wished to see me. I said "Impossible! She cannot speak to me if I go to her. It is absurd to think of our having an interview and I have already paid her my call for the day."

The little nurse smiled in her demure way. "I have tried to put her off, Miss Pullen. She is very much in earnest. This is one of her unusually bright days. It almost seems as if she were going to speak."

I promised to come, but I delayed for a few minutes, hoping she would have forgotten about me, in the meantime. Her eye was on the door; it was the only thing I was aware of as I entered the room, which is kept in semi-darkness.

I advanced to the bed with an assumed cheerfulness, and wished her good afternoon. I told her how the lettuce and cucumbers were growing, that Lawrence Carlew had sent her a beautiful bunch of sweet peas, that Maidie was out in the orchard in the hammock, it was a beautiful day, Myles had driven to Bergenville on business. The last subject was unfortunate. At the mention of Myles's name she began to twist her left hand in the uncanny way she has. The nurse, who was standing by to act as interpreter, said:

"I think, Miss Pullen, she has a wish to see you and Mr. Havenden together. Miss Mackillay" (the other nurse) "and I have both arrived at the same conclusion. We have noticed that when Mr. Havenden is here she watches the door as if she was hoping some one else would come, and if he happens to mention your name she moves her wrist as she did just

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now. That, you know, is the only way she can speak to us." This in a sick-room whisper at my ear.

I said in the same tone, "You will excuse me, Miss Burden, if I say that this seems to me like an extreme stretch of the imagination. Everything is done for her that could be done. She is too ill to be aware of any wants but physical ones."

All the time my grandmother was regarding me. I felt her eye holding my face, though I tried not to return her look. The nurse withdrew a little, with her quiet, inscrutable smile, which is so like the Mona Lisa's. But my grandmother was not so plastic. She transferred her attention to Miss Burden, who understood as if by divination that she was expected to leave the room, and the next moment I was alone with that awful Eye. Grandmother Pullen seemed to gather herself together. She almost raised herself on her elbow. She managed, in a silence that got fearfully on my nerves, and by what seemed to be a superhuman exertion, to work her living hand up under her pillow, at the same time straining her gaze toward a small iron safe that stands where it has always stood just opposite her bed, against the wall. It was inevitable that I should take the key from her fingers and unlock the safe, an old-fashioned one with a padlock, and fumble experimentally in the different compartments until a rattling sound in her throat told me I had my hand on the right paper. I drew it from its place and went back to the bed, feeling all the time as if I were hypnotised. I looked at her—I *had* to—for further directions. There was only one interpretation to her eager look; she wished me to open and read the paper. Tony, it was her will.

My hands shook so I could hardly unfold it. I began to read aloud as well as I could, with my lips so stiff, and the room so dim, and the queer, legal words looking so unnatural before my eyes. I could hardly grasp the meaning of it as I read it, but there is no doubt that in it she has left everything except a few trifling legacies unreservedly to me. I suppose there was something she wished to say when I had finished the reading and folded the paper up again. Her fingers fumbled with the counterpane as if she was trying to write. But I saw that she had nearly exhausted her strength by so much unusual effort, so I put the will back in the safe, restored the key to its place under her pillow, and slipped out of the room. I didn't glance at her face again, the strain was so great I felt as if I could not bear another minute of it.

Miss Burden sat just outside the door with a book and smiled that sweet, inscrutable smile of hers when I went by. I did not stop to speak, and you may believe I *ran* when I got downstairs. I found Maidie kicking her heels in the hammock, and we romped for an hour. The will is unconditional, and was drawn up and signed last February, the 11th, not that the date has any significance; it happened to be that day. She has had no reason to change her mind since then; even if she had, the property belongs rightfully to me and to no one else. If my father had outlived her, it would all have been his except the few bequests I spoke of, and I should have been his only heir. So you see in no imaginable case has any one else a right to her possessions.

Well, dearest, this incident, though painful at the time, is nothing more than an episode in my monotonous life, as it exists at present. I do not know why I have given it so much importance in my letter, unless it is for the very reason that life is so uneventful as to make even so slight an occasion stand out strikingly from the dead level of the day.

At luncheon I gave Miss Burden a few suggestions à propos of the affair of the morning, telling her that I thought the little scene had agitated my grandmother very much, without doing anybody the least bit of good. She kept her eyes on her plate, showing her soft, brown lashes, and agreed with me. She is a politic person, well-bred and exceedingly pretty. How I wish Myles would feel attracted towards her! Miss Burden is of a good family, but she disagreed with her stepmother, and took the training for a nurse. I must mention her admirable qualities to Myles.

Oh, if I were back in New York with you, they might make whatever arrangements they choose for themselves. But for you I should not even care for my grandmother's gold dollars. As it is, I must stay until they are mine. For you they mean freedom and a happy wandering in foreign lands; for me, the joy of

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bringing you the opportunity of your life, and the other joy of sharing it with you. Great is the dollar! great shall be Tony!

Monday, July 26th.

I perceive that I must answer a few of your queer, foolish questions, for you are making such a dreadfully serious matter of the trifling things which, for want of weightier affairs must serve to fill up my letters. That is the trouble with letters, they are invariably so misleading. If I could see you, now, and talk with you for an hour, I could clear up whatever doubt of me may have crept into your mind, and we might start all over again.

I have already *confessed,* to use a word suited in importance to your dear, solemn inquiries, that I might perhaps have been unwise enough to marry Myles if you had not come into my life. I *hate* writing those words on paper, but you would have a plain, "straightforward" statement. And at this distance you—forgive me, dear—are *so* dense of understanding! I wish you to know that the idea has, once for all, been rendered as absurd as the Genesis story of the creation, or the Ptolemaic theory—or the thing itself. Now mark my words, Tony, for I'm never going to say this again—the thing itself, *impossible!* Of marriage, a woman can say no more than that. You ask, furthermore, if I know of any reason, in my grandmother's way of thinking, why I should not inherit her possessions.

I cannot, Tony dear, put myself inside my Grandmother Pullen, even for you. We are radically different, and her thoughts are as far as possible from being my thoughts, I suppose. I only know that I have three or four cousins somewhere on the Pacific Coast whom neither she nor I have ever seen. Their father displeased her by his marriage; he is dead, and his widow who was formerly his housemaid, is still living. His children are decently remembered in the will, and my grandmother could not be persuaded to do more. If she should die without a will, the property would be evenly divided amongst us all, and heaven knows who and what they are, at any-rate, they would have little respect for the traditions of the Pullen family. I am, therefore, the natural heir—oh, Tony, don't let us prolong this discussion. There will presently be plenty of time to talk of anything you may think profitable. You say, so kindly, that you don't mean to imply any distrust of me, and that you hope I do not feel your questions to be in the least censorious—well, then, dearest, I *do!* So let us leave it all.

Do you know, I am growing thin? It is one month to-day since I left you. My rings have got loose on my fingers. I tore my skirt on a nail in the fence yesterday, and sat down and cried. Maidie came up to comfort me and I pushed her away. That is not Madge. These moods do not last, but they come now and then —too often. I do not like them, neither does Maidie, though she is beautifully indulgent and forgiving.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

It is a long time since we lifted the lid of the Letter-Box to see what was there. We don't know whether our readers in general have been soothed by this fact or whether they have missed the interplay of editor and correspondent. For our part we deplore our own remissness, the more so as many of the letters now before us relate to matters and things too far in the past to be of general interest now. It is odd that each batch of letters taken by itself always represents some special mood on the part of our readers. At one time, three-quarters of these notes will be sizzling with indignation and peppered with sarcasm. At another time, they will be bristling with questions requiring an immediate answer. At still another time, they will be instinct with the spirit of fun. The last batch suggests the prevalence of a kindly, discursive spirit as of those who feel inclined to chat about themselves and us, and when they criticise us, to do so with the greatest amiability. As we have plenty of space at our disposal this month, and as the Junior Editor, who generally restrains us, is away in attendance upon sundry foot-ball games, we are going to publish a number of these letters in full. Some of them need no reply and are therefore restful to our mind. Not a few relate, as will be seen, to questions of a Sherlockian nature, including, we regret to say, some protests against our own Sherlockian tastes.

I.

The first comes from a lady who writes an intensely English hand and whose letter is sent from Nikko in Japan.

Dear LETTER-BOX:

I almost wept large tears over the thought of Conan Doyle retouching the revered Sherlock Holmes. *Don't* let him do it. You will be in a terrible hole,—you know you will. This is all devotion for you, because it has not been long since I read for the first time a few of his memoirs. I am unfortunately so made that I can't sleep at night or go through a dark hall alone after I have read a proper detective story.

I was going to say that three of you came to me the other day in a grand budget of home mail; but it was in reality only two of you and three BOOKMANS. Please tell the Junior Editor not to loiter too long in England.

I don't know what your 1905 banquet is going to be; but I fear that I shall not be published in the society columns as one of the invited guests, if only Clear White Souls are to be among the number. Alas! My high lights are only pearl grey. Can't you have that the fashionable colour combined with a few of the darker shades? I have yielded to the desire to write you, because you have come to me a welcome friend in a strange land and as one who has your interest deeply at heart.

Au revoir, PEARL GREY.

II.

The following is from an unsympathetic but earnest soul. It comes from Winchester, Mass.

To the LETTER-BOX:

For several years I have been a constant reader of THE BOOKMAN, and for the past two years a subscriber, and of course I have noticed that you are all rather daft on the subject of detective stories. In fact (no offense meant), I am rather sick of seeing so much space given to Sir Arthur Doyle; for, not being very enthusiastic about impossible deductions, I should never go wild over his works.

III.

The next is an antidote for the preceding letter, since it tries to goad us on still further into the jungle of criminological fiction.

To the LETTER-BOX:

If there be justification for the temporary disuse of the Letter-Box, surely it lies in the plea submitted by the Editors, although it is yet an open question as to the measure of guilt of Miss Carolyn Wells. It was a most delectable bait with which she beguiled you from the consideration of sometimes impossible and oft-time preposterous queries. For in all the world of fiction, surely there is nothing more engrossing than the detective tale.

From the days that I did climb into the topmost branches of my favourite cherry tree, there to peruse stealthily the pages of "Old Sleuth" and of "Old Cap Collier," and almost unconsciously and certainly unseeingly did also pluck and eat the delicious fruit, to the nights

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that I now devote to Emile Gaboriau and Fortuné Du Boisgobey my life has been one long revel in the annals of detectivism.

I almost blush for you that *The Black Box Murder* is only a recent plunge of yours into the mysterious of criminology, and it is with mingled feelings that I note that the name of Ottolengui does not appear in your notes. Can it be that you have overlooked his writings, the most scientific in this remarkable field of thought? And did you know that even Edith Sessions Tupper has followed in the footsteps —if a detective writer leaves tracks—of Anna Katherine Green?

When I first learned that Thomas B. Reed and George Frisbie Hoar were alike guilty with me in a fondness for this fascinating form of fiction, I felt that there was still hope; but now that you have confessed, the qualms of conscience have entirely ceased, and I now read my Gaboriau in the sight of all men.

With the proper admixture of awe, and an appreciation of the Letter-Box, I beg to subscribe myself

A READER AND ADMIRER OF THE BOOKMAN.

IV.

Here is a further discussion of our views relating to "The Reigate Puzzle." (See THE BOOKMAN of last June.)

The LETTER-BOX:

In further reference to "The Reigate Puzzle," permit me to observe that (1) being no more than amateurs in crime, if the Cunninghams had the intelligence to write the words of their letter alternately so that both authors should be implicated alike, they must have been incapable of so wretched a failure to obey nature's first law as not to have made at least the most ordinary efforts to disguise and make similar their handwritings and to render their lure a trifle plausible in appearance. For (2) I believe you have no ground whatever upon which to base the assertions that "they supposed that only the murdered man would ever see the letter," and that "Alec expected to recover it from the dead body," unless, indeed, you agree that, instead of being the ordinarily intelligent beings Doyle sought to make them, they are the impossible mental ciphers he did make them. It was not even probable that Kirwan, possessed of the doubts and suspicions usually aroused by the receipt of a mysterious anonymous communication, would have carried this one to the meeting with its sender. Would not the latter—an amateur in crime—naturally have added in the note an injunction to bring it—or at the very least, to destroy it? And here again, in the introduction to the unexplained reference to "Annie Morrison" we have on the part of Dr. Doyle another subterfuge that is tacit confession of the absurdity of this crime and its unravelling as he has developed them. (Permit me to suggest that to your list of Holmes's unnarrated adventures, as printed in the June "Chronicle and Comment," you add

"The Mystery of Annie Morrison," and

"The Elucidation of the Twenty-three Other Deductions.")

As ordinarily intelligent beings—not "experts in crime"—the Cunninghams must have foreseen the dire possibility, in any event, of an incriminating document, once let out of their hands, not being recovered. As for (3) your statement that "Holmes did not depend entirely upon the evidence of the letter" I respectfully submit that Holmes had "not the slightest doubt from the first that the key of the whole matter must be looked for in the scrap of paper in the dead man's hand." Holmes deduced from the handwriting alone that "the Cunninghams, father and son, had written this letter." He did this before he had questioned or even seen the Cunninghams. So that it would seem he *did* "depend entirely on this evidence (?) of the letter," for he detected two lies long after he had deduced the letter's authorship. And (4) that the antagonism between the Cunninghams and Acton cast suspicion for the burglary on the former, is no excuse for Holmes's not frankly stating in his explanation that this fact alone, and not possibly the handwriting, was "the key of the whole matter." Lastly, if my argument is insufficient, taking as my model this fellow you so staunchly uphold, may I not with propriety add: "I am only, of cource, giving you my leading reasons; there are twenty-three others which would be of more interest to experts than to you?" SOL STICE.

Some of these points merely reiterate points already made and answered by us. We note, however, the following: (1) Even expert criminals are often careless in covering up their tracks; otherwise it would go hard with the administration of the law. Who shall define the degree of carelessness which may be ascribed to excited and inexperienced amateurs? (2) Holmes did not depend entirely upon the evidence of the letter. This statement is not contradicted by the fact that he expected to find a key to the whole matter in the scrap of paper. That was one key. There were others. If all the twenty-three deductions had been told in the story it would probably have bored the reader. Doubtless Holmes told them to Watson and therefore Watson is the only person

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to blame for their suppression. (3) As for Annie Morrison, it was no part of Holmes's business to look her up, inasmuch as he had detected the criminals without bringing her into the affair at all. Presumably the newspaper reporters tracked her down and published her portrait in "the Pink 'Un."

V.

The tendency of writers of prose to glide unconsciously into the cadences of verse has always been a subject of comment among students of style. Instances are found among the Greek historians and Cicero did it continually, and Livy and Tacitus, though less often. So did the English translators of the Bible. Dickens tried to be on his guard against this unconscious tendency. A gentleman in Macon, Georgia, sends us an interesting letter to point out the occurrence in the prose of the late R. D. Blackmore, of a whole system of trochaic acatalectic verses which he has arranged in two groups, each ending with a catalectic line.

The Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

The proneness of the author of *Lorna Doone* to fall into metre in passages of fine poetic expression may have been noted often enough, but the following passage seems to me rather remarkable; and I venture to suggest this metrical scheme for it:

"And the changing of the sky is half the
change our nature calls for:
Earth we have and all its produce
(Moving from the first appearance
And the hope with infant's eyes,
Through the bloom of beauty's promise
To the rich and bright fulfillment
And the falling back to rest);

Sea we have, with all its wonder
Shed our eyes and ears and heart—
And the thought of something more—;
But without the sky to look at,
What would earth and sea and even
Our own selves be to us?"

This verse scheme may be rather fanciful, after the analogy of some of the efforts at metrical arrangement of poetical passages of the Hebrew literature; but the movement is undeniable, requiring the forced rendering of only one word, in the last line, and that not without authority, to make out the lines; namely, "our" as two syllables.

The passage occurs near the opening of Chapter LIX.

VI.

Here is a bit of interesting literary comment which comes to us from Pearl River, New York.

The Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

DEAR SIR.—I have noticed that no one could have received the sometimes irritating letters from your readers with more commendable good temper, and so I am emboldened to point out that you, for once, were not safe on your footing when, in the number for April, this year, you said—Chronicle, pp. 123-4, columns 1 and 2,—with reference to Sue's *The Wandering Jew*:

"The Englishman who follows the menagerie over Europe to see the animals devour their trainer is a triumph of morbid imagination."

Sue did not in the least imagine this—on the contrary, it inspired him. The original of his Morock was Martin, the first wild beast showman who faced animals that were in good condition and not maimed or dosed. His chief feat was to put his head in the lion's mouth. In the press of London and Paris at the time (1830) will be found the story that this feat led the English gentleman (on the Continent "the Milord"), eccentric as Selwyn, to follow Martin from London everywhere. It was asserted that he had laid a wager at his club that one time Martin would lose his head in the lion's jaws. He went to every performance to see his side win! It seems certain that a person like the traditional Englishman was seen in a private stage-box at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, watching Martin with opera glasses. As, at the time, the *canard* originated in the conflicts for public lead between the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel*, I believe now that such a man did sit in the box and that the management took up the tale started in London. If Martin was an American, as I, having been a theatrical agent and hearing many yarns of old-time circus men, understood, probably he had a hand in the concoction!

Sue, by the way, was *not* imaginative. He was not a writer by nature or early training; on the contrary, he had to be goaded to earn money by literature. But he had education in naval matters, in surgery and medicine, and in fashionable life, which gave him a large store of material for fiction. See his sea-stories, beating any of the time, Bouet's, and Corbière's; for his medical knowledge, the love-fury of Jacques the money-lender; and the *Mysteries* for fashionable insight like that of Bulwer's *Pelham*.

I should not have these details but that I, particularly when abroad, read up the few but valuable newspapers of Paris and London about 1830-45.

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VII.

A linguistic question is raised in a letter from Manchester, New Hampshire.

In the Letter-Box of February a letter from Butte, Montana, was interesting to me. The writer wished the literary heavyweights of THE BOOKMAN to give an authoritative exposition of the use of the verbs in a sentence THE BOOKMAN had used in the January Letter-Box. "He had better send his soul to the laundry." I think if the writer had left the adverb out, so as to let the verbs come together, the heavyweights would have seen that the tenses are irreconcilable—"He had send," etc.

I would like to ask the writer from Montana whether if "send" is in the infinitive mood, it does not make the sentence correct.

Our correspondent should remember that it is impossible to dissociate the adverb from the rest of the sentence, because this form of sentence is never used except with an adverb in the comparative degree. The grammatical construction is purely idiomatic and therefore does not lend itself to superficial analysis; but there is no doubt that the verb "send," in the sentence quoted above, is infinitival in its nature.

VIII.

A lady in Salt Lake City sends us a question:

Please tell me what authors figure in their own literature. Stevenson in *Treasure Island*, Barrie in *Sentimental Tommy*, Tolstoy in —? Here my knowledge ends.

A complete, or even partially complete list, would be too long to give; but some important instances are: Shakespeare (probably) in the *Sonnets;* Byron in *Childe Harold;* Balzac in *Zéphér in Marcas,* and also in *Louis Lambert;* George Sand in *Elle et Lui;* Dickens in *David Copperfield;* Thackeray in *Pendennis;* Trollope in *The Small House at Allington;* A. J. Dawson in *Daniel Whyte;* George Moore in *The Confessions of a Young Man;* Tolstoy in *Resurrection;* Huysmans in *Là-Bas, En Route,* and *L'Oblat;* Charles Reade in *A Terrible Temptation;* Richard Grant White in *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys;* Theodore Winthrop in *Cecil Dreeme;* Hawthorne in *The Blithedale Romance;* Bulwer-Lytton to some extent in *Pelham* and *The Caxtons;* and Disraeli in *Coningsby.* Of course, few authors draw portraits of themselves, or narrate many actual episodes of their own lives, but mingle fact and fiction artfully. Hence the works mentioned above are not autobioghraphical in the strictest sense, but rather furnish biographical material. The nearest approach to complete self-portraiture is probably found in the books by George Sand, Dickens, George Moore, Barrie, and Huysmans, mentioned above. The chief value of these revelations is psychological.

IX.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1903.

Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

What word or phrase do you think most suggestive, as revealing, on the part of the one using it, an innate vulgarity disguised under a superficial appearance of refinement?

We are inclined to think that the word "exclusive" when employed in a social sense, is the surest shibboleth. No person who is really "exclusive" will ever use the word, just as no person who speaks of "social standing" ever has any.

X.

A correspondent in Birmingham, Alabama, asks an interesting question:

I have read with much attention and profit your occasional remark on the subject of picking up pins, and I should like a little more light. When the rhyme tells you that if you see a pin and pick it up "all the day you'll have good luck," does the word "pin" include, for example, hatpins?

We hold that an oracle is always to be interpreted in the most strictly literal fashion. Otherwise, no one can ever feel safe. Therefore, we do not hesitate to assert that this particular oracle does not mean a hatpin, or a breastpin, or a hairpin, or a lynch-pin, or a clothes-pin, or a thole-pin, or a rolling-pin, or a ninepin, or a belaying-pin, but just a plain ordinary Pin which requires no special adjective or prefix for its identification.

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HERE AND THERE.

The New York Election.

THE recent municipal election in New York City was not a matter of purely local interest and importance. The result of it was awaited with feelings of profound concern not only throughout the United States, but also in Great Britain, though, of course, it was in the United States that the keenest curiosity was aroused. The peculiar municipal conditions of such American cities as Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and Minneapolis, have been described and discussed so fully during the past year or two, as to make this last election, in the greatest city of all, a subject of peculiarly intense debate.

The conditions were unusual and the result dramatic. In 1901, after a period of undeniable misgovernment, a fusion of all the elements which demanded municipal reform was effected without regard to party lines, and in November of that year, Mr. Seth Low was elected Mayor by a plurality of more than 30,000 votes. During his term of office he gave to the city of New York an honest, efficient, and thoroughly non-partisan administration. Government by favour disappeared. In every department of the public service, reforms were instituted; some of them, indeed, being remarkable for their instant improvement of existing conditions. The bitterest opponents of Mayor Low's administration could not bring a serious charge against it. Yet at the election which was held last month, in spite of the excellent record which he had made and in spite of the fact that he was supported by the same organisations as in 1901, Mr. Low and his associates were defeated and the Tammany candidate, Colonel McClellan, was elected, by a plurality of more than 60,000 votes. It is safe to say that not one human being of intelligence had even dreamed of any such result as this. On the evening of Election Day, immediately after the closing of the polls and before the ballots had been counted, the Tammany leaders had given up all hope of winning. The perfect weather and the heavy vote—proverbially unfavourable conditions for their cause—seemed to them strongly to indicate defeat. They had made confident predictions to the public; yet they well knew that their campaign speakers had never given one serious reason why Mr. Low should be defeated. Yet the thing was done. How was it done?

We have read the newspapers very carefully in search of even a reasonably intelligent explanation, but have not found one yet. Some speak of the awakening of a partisan spirit which made the issue appear to be one of Republicans against Democrats. Some say that it was the question of a "liberal enforcement" of the excise laws that did it. Some prefer to think that the reform administration enforced a mass of petty local ordinances which pleased none and irritated many. Some talk vaguely about the corrupt use of money, and the "colonisation" of illegal voters. But all such explanations do not go down to the bedrock of the whole affair. These things may have been contributary causes to the wreck of Fusion, but they fail to satisfy the mind. You cannot thus account for a majority of 60,000 votes. That is too impressive a fact for any one to dodge it or explain it by quibbling. Weakest of all is the remark which so many persons made with a forlorn and dolorous sigh: "The people of New York deliberately prefer bad government." This is the very acme of fatuity. The people of no city in the world prefer bad government; and certainly the three millions of people in the great, enlightened, prosperous metropolis of the Western World prefer good government. They may not long for the particular variety of good government which you think they ought to have, but they most assuredly do wish to be governed honestly and wisely and efficiently. If our republican theory of government

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is true at all, it is quite as true of cities as of States. You cannot modify and limit it and cast reproach upon it just because an election has gone contrary to your wishes. Therefore, let us try to discuss by the exercise of reason and of observation, the actual cause of what was in reality a very curious political phenomenon.

It may be assumed as obvious that such an election is decided neither by the votes of the highly trained and highly cultivated citizens nor by the votes of the ignorant and the criminal. Each of these two classes is small, indeed, compared with the great bulk of those who cast their ballots at the polls. Doubtless every Fusion leader would admit that the persons whom they describe as "thugs, dive-keepers and cadets" all voted against Mr. Low in 1901. Therefore it was not from their ranks that Tammany gained new strength last month. Nor could the small contingent of wealthy and refined have done the trick even had there been any reason why they should have wished to do so. No; the change of the Fusion majority of 1901 into the Tammany majority of 1903, is due to a corresponding change of sentiment in the great body of citizens who constitute the bulk of a city's population and who cast an overwhelming majority of all the votes. These men make up the army of the inconspicuous. They are not rich nor are they very poor. They do not speak from public platforms, but they talk over together the events of every day in their shops and in their homes. They read the papers but they form their own opinions. They are not political philosophers, but, on the other hand, they are very far from being fools. They have no eloquence, but they abound in good hard common sense. They are narrow. They do not know much about the greater affairs of the city—its system of taxation, the construction of its budget, and the details of its administration; but do watch very keenly the things which they can readily understand, the things that are concrete and not abstract, the things that are quite near to them and touch them and that consequently seem to be far greater and far more important than any others. It is from among this class that Colonel McClellan's great majority was found; and the psychology of the change of mind which this majority represents is worthy of a careful study, dealing not with theories but facts.

When the reform administration took office in January, 1902, it had the support of nearly every newspaper in the city. These journals for the two preceding months had filled their editorial columns with all sorts of wild assertions. The editors had won the victory, so they thought, and they let themselves go in the most irresponsible and foolish fashion. New York was gloriously redeemed. Misrule was at an end forever. Vice was nevermore to raise its hideous head. Corruption was to vanish like the frost before the sun. "Graft," gambling, prostitution, policy playing, bribery, blackmail, jobbery,—the whole catalogue of public and private sins—were to be cast out from what Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a fervid moment, foresaw and pictured as "a holy city." By the time that the first of January came around and Mr. Low went up the steps of the City Hall to take the oath of office, every one was in the state of mind of those who are watching for a miracle, and quivering with a poignant thrill of expectation.

And, of course, nothing but a miracle could have effected any sudden change. Only a miracle, indeed, could ever rid a city of three million inhabitants of those evils which are as old as sin itself and from which every city in the world will always suffer. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Low was counting on a miracle. He may have felt that after months of hard, persistent, patient work, he might make a fair beginning of his task; but he knew that no human power could in a moment unravel all the complications, search out all the rottenness, discriminate between the just and the unjust, and have ready on the instant the ideal man for every place. But the newspapers had not prepared the public mind for so reasonable a view; and when at last, after blowing hot, the editors began to see that they must now blow cold, there came a great reaction, a sort of moral slump, and many persons said, unjustly but not quite unnaturally, that "reform" meant only giving offices to the reformers. It is not

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impossible that some of the newly-elected officials, being only human, did themselves regard this as the esoteric principle, the supreme fulfillment, of reform.

Now whenever men get into office by exploiting the mistakes or the misdeeds of their opponents, it is the part of prudence to be extremely careful lest they themselves should seem to make the same mistakes or to suggest in what they do the same misdeeds. This is a principle which few reformers appear to understand. They are so conscious of their own rectitude and of the goodness of their own intentions, as to be incapable of seeing that critical or ignorant persons may not give them credit for anything of the kind. If a Tammany official commits a certain act and is scored for it by all the Fusion newspapers, why should that same act be less reprehensible when it is done by a reformer some months later? This is the hard question which the great body of citizens kept asking all through Colonel Partridge's incumbency as Commissioner of Police. Colonel Partridge was a most honest, amiable, and incapable Commissioner. He used to sit around helplessly in his office, and when citizens complained to him that vice was flourishing as of yore in certain districts of the city, that gambling houses were open, that blackmail was extorted, he would say, helplessly: "Bring me some specific evidence and I will act." But that was precisely what Mr. Devery used to say; and it implied that it is not the business of the police to ferret out crime, but that private citizens should relieve them of this responsibility. How the newspapers used to shriek at Devery, and how silent they were over the incapacity of Colonel Partridge! The editors relieved their personal feelings by talking violently about the thing in private, but never a word did they print. To do so would "hurt the cause of reform," they used to say. But it was really their imbecile silence that hurt the cause of reform; for it allowed Colonel Partridge to remain in office for a whole year, and it also led thousands of persons to regard the advocates of reform as dishonest or hypocritical. A little frank and friendly criticism at this time would have been worth far more to Mr. Low's administration than all the honeyed phrases under which the newspapers concealed the actual disapprobation of their editorial writers. But only the *Evening Post* spoke out.

Then came the appointment of General Greene in place of Colonel Partridge; and General Greene made from the very outset a brilliant record. Yet in some respects the selection was not wholly fortunate. We have no knowledge of the merits of the case, but the fact which everybody knows is that General Greene is involved in litigation relating to his connection with an Asphalt Trust, so called, and that he is being sued for a very large sum of money. The Fusion newspapers allowed nothing on this subject to appear, and many persons did not know of it until, at the very crisis of the late campaign, Colonel McClellan made a most effective use of it at a moment when his adversaries thought that they had cornered him. "If elected will you continue General Greene in office?" they demanded tauntingly. "Certainly not," replied Colonel McClellan with the suavest of smiles. "I shall appoint no one who has still to answer to such charges as are made against General Greene." Then sundry persons went to General Greene and asked him what he had to say about these charges. "Nothing at all," he answered. "They relate wholly to my private business." But this was the exact formula, the *ipsissima verba* which Mr. Richard Croker had used before the Mazet Committee when he was asked to explain the sources of his wealth. The coincidence was unfortunate to say the least. How the Fusion newspapers had rung the changes on "private business" when Mr. Croker used the words! How profoundly silent they were over the same phrase when uttered by General Greene. Mr. Croker and General Greene are two very different persons and the cases were not similar; yet, again, thousands of men—average men—took note of the coincidence.

Next there was the case of Mr. Thomas Sturgis, the new Fire Commissioner. Mr. Sturgis for reasons of his own desired to get rid of Mr. Edward Croker, who was Fire Chief. We know nothing of these reasons; but as the law ran, Mr.

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Croker could be suspended only upon charges or removed after a trial before the Commissioner. But the Commissioner had no basis for charges. He merely hoped to discover such a basis. Mr. Croker was absent on leave, and during his absence his desk was broken open and his private papers were abstracted. On his return, the Commissioner "relieved him from duty." The law makes no provision for relieving the Chief from duty, so Mr. Croker appealed to the courts, and Mr. Justice Hall of the Supreme Court ordered his reinstatement. Commissioner Sturgis defied the order of the court, was declared to be in contempt, and took the matter to another tribunal where the decision was delayed long enough for Mr. Sturgis to try Croker, acting himself as the judge of his own charges. Mr. Croker was dismissed, perhaps justly; but suppose that a Tammany Commissioner had juggled with justice in this way, refused to obey a mandamus of the Supreme Court, and then dodged a commitment for contempt. What did the Fusion newspapers say when John Y. McKane made his insolent declaration, "Injunctions don't go here!" And how many of them had the courage to censure Mr. Sturgis? The *New York Times* and the *Evening Post*. All the rest were silent or else openly supported him; and again, thousands of citizens made mental notes for future reference.

There is also the interesting case of Patrolman Edward H. O'Neill. O'Neill had been tried by Devery under that régime and Devery had abused him with foul language. O'Neill shouted back at him and after a scandalous scene, resigned from the police force. The newspapers made a hero of O'Neill. He had served in the army, and the imagination of the editorial writers represent him as a gallant hero who after years of honourable service had suffered shame because, in his own language, he would not "stand for a shake-down," or in other words, pay money for special favours. O'Neill later brought some kind of suit against Devery, but when the "hero's" record had been carefully examined, Mr. Justice Holbrook in the Court of Special Sessions threw the case out. It appeared that O'Neill had made similar charges against nearly every other Police Commissioner under whom he had served, including Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. In short, Justice Holbrook, speaking from the bench, characterised O'Neill's conduct as "depraved." The fusion newspapers had said much about the nobility and courage of O'Neill before they knew the facts. Did they afterward say anything to qualify their former praise? Not so much as a word. They printed the report of the trial briefly and kept silence editorially,—all except the *Sun*, which had the effrontery to continue its eulogy of O'Neill. More lamentable, however, is the fact that Mr. William Travers Jerome, the District Attorney, in spite of Judge Holbrook's exposure of the man, took O'Neill under his especial patronage and appointed him a county detective. Again many persons made mental notes and said to one another that while it was outrageous for Tammany to employ a man who is "depraved," the same man was apparently worthy of all honour when a reform official had given him an office.

There was another incident, extremely unimportant in itself yet one which had a curiously marked effect on many minds. All through the campaign of 1901, Devery and "Deveryism" were made the principle issues on the stump. Upon Mr. Devery was laid the responsibility for a state of things which Mr. Jerome used to horrify great multitudes by describing, but which cannot be more than indicated here. The alliance of the police with notorious vice, the infamous "cadet" system, the "brass check" system, the hideous traffic in sin—all these were ascribed to Devery and to Devery alone. Mr. Low promised that if he were elected his first official act would be to remove Devery's official head—and he kept his promise. Yet if Devery were indeed guilty of all the horrors charged against him, his was not rightly the greatest odium. Devery is an ignorant man, reared among the worst surroundings and thrown by association amid the most corrupting influences. Not to him, then, but to the man who kept him in his place would the heaviest weight of reprobation fall,—upon the Mayor who not only would not remove him, but who in public spoke of him as "the best Chief of Police that New

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York has ever had." Mr. Van Wyck was a man of good family and of education, he had held a judgeship, and he knew the city over which he ruled, as few men know it. Every word that was said of Devery and Deveryism was, if true, a blazing scar upon the reputation of Mayor Van Wyck, a terrible and dreadful condemnation. Yet when Prince Henry of Prussia visited this city and the new Mayor had the appointment of a committee of one hundred representative gentlemen to take part in his reception, among the names appeared the name of Robert A. Van Wyck. What was the plain man to think of this? Either that the charges against Devery had been false—red-lights, brass-checks, cadets and all the rest—and that Mr. Van Wyck had in this respect done rightly to stand by him; or else (a cynical conclusion) that it is only the ignorant and unpopular who are to be held responsible for wrong and sin and open shame, while men of education and position who are even more to blame may go scot-free and hold their heads up with the highest. And not a newspaper saw fit to make so much as a passing comment.

These are a few of many facts that help to make more comprehensible the result of the election. They were not, when taken by themselves, of any serious importance; yet in their effect upon the minds of thousands, they outweighed the really great achievements of the administration of Mayor Low, because they were far more generally known and spoken of. The Fusion cause was ruined and defeated by the folly and the insincerity of the Fusion press—by its ostrich-like belief that in hiding or suppressing or misrepresenting facts, it was helping Mr. Low and his associates. If a reform administration in this city is ever to succeed itself, it will do so only when its friends and allies of the press are brave enough and wise enough to criticise it,—not in a captious spirit, but freely and at the very beginning of the Mayor's term of office. If you make the people feel that you are dealing fairly with them they will forgive mistakes innumerable. If they think that you are trying by some hole-and-cover business to keep them in the dark, they will resent it and give to their resentment an expression at the polls. A non-partisan administration can afford to be absolutely open. Mr. Low himself gave a fine example of this openness when he very frankly admitted the mistake which he had made in trying to secure a "liberal" enforcement of the liquor laws. His manly utterances won him admiration everywhere. Could some of his fatuous supporters in the press have been inspired by the same generous candor before it was too late, could they have stopped vociferating "thug" and "dive-keeper" and "criminal" against every man who differed with them, and could they but have written with the purpose of giving honest utterance to helpful truths, then the people of New York would have followed where they led, instead of detecting their hypocrisy and blaming it upon the ablest and most public spirited administration that the city ever had.

H. T. P.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York:

Aldine Book Company:

The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company. By James Howard Bridge.

This book contains material which first appeared in a magazine article. Mr. Bridge at one time assisted Mr. Carnegie in literary work, but he wishes it distinctly understood that he never knew the secrets of the steel companies, and that the present volume does not contain a single fact which he learned during the time he was associated with Mr. Carnegie.

American Book Company:

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe.

A new edition, revised and reset, the revisions being mainly due to the change that has taken place in educational methods in the last thirty-five years. Dr. Rolfe was at one time Head Master of the High School at Cambridge, Mass.

The Baldwin Speller. By S. R. Shear. Assisted by Margaret T. Lynch.

A text-book prepared by the Superintendent of Public Schools at Kingston, N. Y.

The Philippines. By Samuel MacClintock.

A geographical reader giving short descriptive chapters on the islands, provinces, and towns of the Philippines.

Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry. By Alan Sanders.

This work has been prepared for the uses of classes in high schools, academies, and preparatory schools.

Latin Prose Composition. By Henry Carr Pearson.

A book which has been prepared in response to requests which the author has received from those teachers who are using his Greek Prose Composition. It is an attempt to combine a thorough study of the essentials of Latin syntax with abundant practice in translating English into Latin, and to afford constant practice in writing Latin at sight.

Physical Laboratory Manual. By S. E. Coleman, S.B., A.M.

A book for secondary schools, by the head of the Science Department and teacher of physics in the Oakland High School.

Aus Dem Deutschen Dichterwald. By J. H. Dillard.

A collection of favourite German poems, edited with notes and vocabulary, for use in schools.

German Composition. With a Review of Grammar and Syntax and with Notes and a Vocabulary. By B. Mack Dresden, A. M.

A book intended to provide well-graded selections for translating English into German. Students using it should have done one-half year's reading and translating from the German into English.

Appleton:

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale by Doctor Goldsmith.

A new library edition with twenty-four coloured illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. This issue is founded on the Ackerman edition of 1817.

The Dance of Life. A Poem by the Author of "Doctor Syntax."

A companion volume to the above with Rowlandson illustrations in colour, and also founded on the 1817 edition.

The Pool in the Desert. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. (Sara Jeannette Duncan).

A collection of short stories entitled "The Pool in the Desert," "A Mother in India," "An Impossible Ideal," and "The Hesitation of Miss Anderson." Mrs. Cotes has a personal way of telling a story which makes it especially entertaining.

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Four-in-Hand. By Geraldine Anthony.

A story of the club life of the ultra-rich set of New Yorkers, by the author of "A Victim of Circumstance." Miss Anthony was born in New York, but she boasts of New England ancestors, among them being Roger Williams.

Garden Mosaics. By Alfred Simson.

A new edition to the garden in fiction. In these reflections, Mr. Simson is philosophical, moral, and horticultural.

The Alphabet of Rhetoric. By Rossiter Johnson.

Mr. Johnson intends this book as "a familiar companion for all that care to speak and write correctly." It has an article on each of the figures of rhetoric, with essays on conversation, humour, poetry, style, and similar subjects, and a chapter on elocution.

The Story of Rapid Transit. By Beckles Willson.

A history of the beginning and the growth of rapid transit from the days of the mail coach in the early part of the seventeenth century, up to the inventions of the present day.

The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson. By Thomas E. Watson.

In the preparation of this new life of Jefferson, Mr. Watson has consulted the leading histories, biographies, memoirs, and volumes of correspondence, and he has also spent some time in the community where Jefferson lived and died. The work is dedicated to William Randolph Hearst, because he has "consecrated his wealth, talent, and energies to the improvement of the conditions under which the masses of our people live," and because of other reasons just as strong.

Doctor Xavier. By Max Pemberton.

Doctor Xavier, scientist and magician, lives in the present day, and the plot of mystery is worked out amid conventional surroundings. Mr. Pemberton has a long list of books to his credit.

Mamzelle Fifine. By Eleanor Atkinson.

A romance of the girlhood days of the Empress Josephine. Upon a background of tropical colouring, Miss Atkinson paints the celebrated Josephine as a pure little Creole girl.

Phœnixiana, or Sketches and Burlesques. By John Phœnix.

A new edition of an old book. Persons who laughed over this book more than fifty years ago may laugh again upon its reappearance. Mr. E. W. Kemble has made the illustrations for this edition, and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has written the introduction.

Lucretia Borgia. By Ferdinand Gregorovius.

This work is translated from the third German edition by John Leslie Garner, and the material has been gathered from original documents and correspondence of Lucretia Borgia's day.

The Chasm. By Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter.

Another novel in which politics play an important part. Mr. Kauffman will be remembered as the author of "The Things That Are Cæsar's."

The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle.

The Hound of Baskervilles. By. A. Conan Doyle.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope.

Quisante. By Anthony Hope.

The above books are republished in very attractive library bindings by the Messrs. Appleton in what they call "Author's Editions." Each volume is illustrated, and "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The White Company" contain an author's preface.

Wood-Carving Designs and Workmanship. By George Jack.

This is the third volume in the series of "Handbooks on the Artistic Crafts." It is illustrated by the author, and the series is edited by W. R. Lethaby.

Stately Homes in America. From Colonial Times to the Present Day. By Harry W. Desmond and Herbert Croly.

A profusely illustrated volume showing the White House, the residence of the late A. T. Stewart, the late W. H. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, William D. Sloane, Mrs. William Astor, Anson Phelps Stokes, Robert Goelet, George Gould, P. A. B. Widener, Alexander R. Peacock, Clarence Mackay, and a score of others.

Appleton's New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary. By Arturo Cuyás.

This Dictionary contains more than four thousand modern words and twenty thousand acceptations, idioms, and technical terms, with a pronouncing key and the fundamental tenses of irregular verbs.

Baker and Taylor Company:

My Mamie Rose. By Owen Kildare.

Mr. Kildare has written his own biog-

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raphy, "the story of my regeneration" he calls it, and in it he quite frankly tells of his experiences, not hesitating to mention the names of periodicals and people when he feels like it. A mention of this book appeared in the Chronicle of the November Bookman.

How to Judge Architecture. By Russell Sturgis.

A profusely illustrated volume in which Mr. Sturgis, the well-known critic of art and architecture, sketches the history of modern opinion of architecture.

The Story of the Churches. The Methodists. By John Alfred Faulkner.

A volume belonging to a series which tells briefly the story of the churches, each book being written by the leading historian of his own denomination. Dr. Faulkner is Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary.

The Strife of the Sea. By T. Jenkins Hains.

Stories of the sea by a man who has followed it as a business. These are imaginary tales of the whale, the shark, the penguin, the albatross, and others. Mr. Hains is the author of "The Windjammers."

Barnes and Company:

Recollections Personal and Literary. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock. With an Introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A very interesting volume by one whose long life among literary men was full of rich material. A supplementary chapter has been added by Mr. Hitchcock. Mr. Stoddard's son, Lorimer, it will be remembered, died in August, 1901, Mrs. Stoddard in August of the following year, and Mr. Stoddard passed away on May 12, 1903. The book contains a number of interesting illustrations and reproductions from the Stoddard collection in the Author's Club.

Within the Pale. By Michael Davitt.

Mr. Davitt has visited Russia, and in this book he gives the story of the anti-semitic persecution in Russia, and pictures the superstition and tragic occurrences which accompany the religious and race question.

The Circle in the Square. By Baldwin Sears.

Mr. Sears calls this the story of "a new battle on old fields." It deals with social and political questions of to-day.

Tennessee Todd. By G. W. Ogden.

A story of the Mississippi River and the fight between steamboat and railroad. "Tennessee Todd" is a woman, and of the book the publishers boldly assert that "not since the time when Mark Twain immortalized the Mississippi in 'Tom Sawyer' from 'Huckleberry Finn,' has any one come forward to attempt comparison with those inimitable portraits."

The Boss. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A story of political life in New York, "written from the inside." It has been running serially in the "Saturday Evening Post," where it has attracted favourable attention.

New Fortunes. By Mabel Earle.

An American story for boys and girls telling how Molly and her brothers came to Boulder Gulch.

Bell:

Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Howard Wilford Bell is bringing out this book by special arrangement with the Century Company. It belongs to the series which he calls the Unit Books. The volume is of cenvenient size, printed on thin paper.

The Marble Faun. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

This volume also belongs to the Unit Books, and is uniform with the above. Mr. Bell intends to bring out from time to time new editions of old books—the kind of books that one wishes in a library. They are to be sold at an unusually low price.

Book Publishing House:

The Judgment of God. An Historical Little Novel. By J. Russell.

A small book of eighty odd pages which purports to tell the story of the taking of Jerusalem by the Christians.

Brentano's:

Souls. By "Rita."

A novel in which the worst side of society is portrayed. In explanation of her story, "Rita" says that her characters are not portraits, but types made familiar by a perusal of the Society journals whose columns they adorn, and the "piquante" scandals that the Law Courts have evolved, and fashionable clubs betrayed.

Bilberry Wood. Pictures by Elsa Beskow. Verses by T. E. M. Dick.

A tale for the very little ones which tells all about a small boy who went to Bilberry Wood to gather berries for his mother and what he saw there.

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The Child's Arabian Nights. By W. Heath Robinson.

Another book for children, with the illustrations in colour. These stories are only for good boys and girls, warns the author, "and if you, small reader, do not happen to be good, then put the book down at once and go to bed."

Century Company:

Under the Jack-Staff. By Chester Bailey Fernald.

A book of short sea stories, which have appeared at various times, telling of the rollicking adventures of Clarence O'Shay and Sudden Lannigan. Mr. Fernald is the author of "The Cat and the Cherub."

Careers of Danger and Daring. By Cleveland Moffett.

A new edition of a book which tells the story of steeple climbers, divers, engineers, dynamite workers, acrobats, balloonists, and others whose careers are equally dangerous. Many of the sketches appeared in the "St. Nicholas," the "Herald," and "McClure's."

Sixty Jane. By John Luther Long.

In this volume there may be found nine short stories written with the tenderness and the delicacy which are always a part of Mr. Long's work. Any one who has ever read "Madame Buterfly" will very likely want to read any short story that Mr. Long may feel inclined to write.

Present-Day Egypt. By Frederic Courtland Penfield.

A revised and enlarged edition of a book of travel by the former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt.

The Book of Children's Parties. By Mary and Sara White.

A book for persons who wish to know how to entertain children successfully. It describes a number of games, tells how to make suitable favours, and offers menus for all parties suggested.

The Yellow Van. By Richard Whiteing.

A new novel by the author of No. 5 John Street. It does for the rural districts of England what the earlier book did for the city. Mr. Whiteing is an earnest and sincere writer.

My Old Maid's Corner. By Lillie Hamilton French.

Most of the sketches in this little volume have appeared in the "Century," but "Mrs. Buchanan's Son" and "My Neighbours of the Doorways" are here published for the first time. "We cannot do much for the world, we old maids," says the author, "but we can do this: we can keep an atmosphere about us in which the best of young hearts can grow."

Little Stories. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

These are very little stories, some of which have appeared in "Lippincott's" and the "Century."

Theodore Leschetizky. By Comtesse Angèle Potocka. Translated by Miss Genevieve Seymour Lincoln.

An intimate study of probably the greatest of living piano teachers, who for over half a century has been a prominent figure in the social and musical life of Russia, Hungary, and Poland. Among his pupils are: Paderewski, Essipoff, Stepanoff, Schutt, Slivinski, Hambourg, and Schnabel. The illustrations show the musician as child, youth, and old man, and give interesting scenes connected with his life.

Baby Days for Very Little Folks. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge.

A new selection of pictures and jingles, stories and verse for the little tots. The first "Baby Days" has been out of print for some years, but the present edition includes about forty pages of the earlier edition, and it has retained the original cover design.

A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals. By J. G. Francis.

A collection of funny sketches of cats and other animals which first appeared in 1879. Mr. Francis began to make these sketches to while away the time when he was shut up in a dingy Boston office.

Thistle Down. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

A juvenile publication by the author of "Lady Jane" and "Toinette's Philip." Thistledown is a little acrobat, who turns out to be the son of wealthy New Orleans people.

She Stoops to Conquer; or. The Mistakes of a Night. A Comedy. By Oliver Goldsmith.

Socrates. Plato's Apology of Socrates and Crito with a Part of His Phædo.

Translated from the Greek by Benjamin Jowett.

The Rubáiyát of Omyar Khayyám. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.

The above classics belong to the Century's Thumb Nail Series, which are perhaps among the most attractive pocket editions.

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Gallops 2. By David Gray.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gray's "Gallops 1" contained some very interesting stories "which firmly established the horse as a member of society." This new collection recounts the sayings and doings of persons who love and rear horses, and is equally readable.

Madame Butterfly. By John Luther Long.

A new, Japanese edition, of that charming and pathetic story which has found favour on the stage as well as in book form.

A Christmas Wreath. By Richard Watson Gilder.

Essentially a holiday gift, containing the Christmas poems which Mr. Gilder has written from year to year. The book is bound in pure white parchment and gold, and the pictures and designs are by Mr. Henry McCarter.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice.

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice.

To celebrate the large sale which has been the good fortune of "Mrs. Wiggs," the publishers have brought out Mrs. Rice's two stories in a holiday edition, richly bound, and illustrated by Mrs. Florence Scovel Shinn. The many thousands who have enjoyed reading either one or the other of these stories will undoubtedly want to own both books in their holiday attire.

Thirty Years of Musical Life in London. By Hermann Klein.

Mr. Klein has been one of London's critics for many years, and the material which he gathered during those years has enabled him to give a complete picture of operatic and musical life in England from 1870 to 1900. The volume contains over one hundred illustrations.

Pa Gladden. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz.

Here is a book which will doubtless appeal to a large class of readers, the readers who made David Harum, Mrs. Wiggs, and other homely characters so widely known. "Pa Gladden" is described as a "common man," and the story of his kindly life is full of religious sentiment and humour.

Crowell and Company:

The Works of Henry Fielding. Novels, Essays, Dramas, and Miscellanies. Edited with Introduction by Gustavus Howard Maynadier, Ph.D. Twelve volumes.

The Novels of Tobias Smollett. Edited with Introductions by Gustavus Maynadier, Ph.D. Twelve volumes.

Joy and Power. By Henry van Dyke.

Three addresses by Dr. van Dyke. The first, "Joy and Power," was delivered in Los Angeles, May 21st, the second, "The Battle of Life," on Baccalaureate Sunday at Princeton University, June 7th, and the last, "The Good Old Way," on Baccalaureate Sunday at Harvard University, June 14th. They are a threefold discourse with one meaning.

The Faerie Queene. By Edmund Spenser.

Professor Trent, of Columbia University, has written an introduction to this edition, and J. Walker McSpadden a biography. The reading text, in which the original spelling is used, is followed by "Variations from the Original Editions," a glossary, and an index to first lines.

The Canterbury tales. By Geoffrey Chaucer.

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University, has written the introduction to this volume. The text of the poems is followed by a Glossarial Index of about forty pages, giving in alphabetical order every obsolete word or phrase, its part of speech, and definition.

Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary. With Introduction and Notes by Katharine Lee Bates.

This book is made up of material contained in the four original issues of poems by Alice and Phoebe Cary, from 1850 to 1855. The editor prints footnotes which indicate the source of each poem and other needful data. The above three volumes belong to the Astor Edition of Poets, well known to teachers and students.

Dillingham:

Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Sir Henry Morgan played the piratical game so successfully that King Charles II. conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, and it is the figure of this man that Mr. Brady has chosen as the central figure in his historical tale.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Brazen Calf. By James L. Ford.

A satire on the type of Americans who have plenty of money but little refinement and culture. Mr. Ford is best known as the author of "The Literary Shop."

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Plays I Have Seen.

A useful book to lovers af the theatre. The blank pages are arranged thus: Title, Author, Theatre, Date, With Whom, Noted Persons Present, Attendance, General Comment. Plot, Songs, Jokes or Hits, Class—Tragedy, Comic Opera, etc., with space for the pasting of portraits and scenes and a synopsis of scenes, which may be cut from the programme.

The Path of Stars. By Margaret Crosby Munn.

A musical novel by the author of "The Violin Obligato." The publishers speak of it "as a story full of musical rhapsodies, romantic love, poetry, and passion, perhaps of an intellectual kind."

"We, the People." By Edward Everett Hale.

A series of papers on the topics of the day, many of which have appeared in the "American." The subjects are divided under the following headings: Nation and State, Co-Operation and Coal, Women's Clubs, The New Century, Anniversaries, Sunday and Sunday-Schools, The Five Great Duties of the Twentieth Century.

Eighty Years of Union. By James Schouler, LL.D.

This book contains extracts from the author's larger work, and has been prepared by request. The period covered is from 1783-1865, and is intended to "instruct in the general development of parties, public measures, and public opinion during the first great era of our Union."

The Sailor King. By Fitzgerald Molloy. Two volumes.

The history of William IV., His Court and His Subjects. In his preface the author says "the Sailor King reigned over subjects whose works remain our proud heritage, whose names are dear to us as those of kin, whose intimate histories, touched with the glamour of romance or with direful tragedy, exercise a spell impossible to fiction and felt only in watching the actions of mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate." The volumes are elaborately illustrated and include two photogravure plates.

In the Palaces of the Sultan. By Anna Bowman Dodd.

A timely book of Turkish political life and the various phases of life in the East. Mrs. Dodd, while the guest of General Horace Porter, was received by the Sultan at his Court, and was shown through his private domain.

The Oriental Rug. By W. D. Ellwanger.

Mr. Ellwanger, who has hitherto been known chiefly as a poet, describes this volume as "a monograph on eastern rugs and carpets, saddle-bags, mats, and pillows, with a consideration of kinds and classes, types, borders, figures, dyes, symbols, etc., together with some practical advice to collectors." Collectors of rugs should find this book of much interest.

Fireside Child Study. By Patterson Du Bois.

A small volume with some valuable suggestions on how to understand and manage children. The author's plan is to show how easy it is to be wrong, then to show what it is that makes so many persons absurd or unfair with their children.

Tea-Table Talk. By Jerome K. Jerome.

A collection of essays after the manner of "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and as Mr. Jerome is placed among the foremost of the English humourists this small book should prove a source of amusement to its readers.

Varied Types. By G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton's brilliant articles are pretty well known both in England and in America, and he is often the subject of varied criticisms. In this book of essays he has chapters on Charlotte Brontë, William Morris and His School, the Optimism of Byron, Pope and the Art of Satire, Stevenson, Tolstoy, Queen Victoria, Maeterlinck, and Bret Harte.

Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden.

The scenes of Miss Harradan's new novel are laid partly in England and partly in Norway and Sweden. It is a study of character development. Mention of this book was made in the Chronicle and Comment of the November Bookman.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley.

A biographical and critical monograph. It is the sixth volume in the series of Modern English Writers, the others being, L. Cope Cornford's Stevenson. Professor Saintsbury's Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Meynell's Ruskin, Andrew Lang's Tennyson, and Edward Clodd's Huxley.

A Checked Love Affair. By Paul Leicester Ford.

No one will question the statement that this will be one of the most popular gift

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books of the holiday season. It is a love story with cover and decorations by George Wharton Edwards, and photogravure illustrations by Harrison Fisher.

Philip Schuyler. By Bayard Tuckerman.

The memoirs of a major-general in the American Revolution. Mr. Tuckerman has gathered his material from the Gates papers belonging to the New York Historical Society, from the archives of the State Department in Washington, and from various collections of original historical material.

In Arcady. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

These essays, which appeared serially in the Bookman, are brought out in elaborate binding and decoration as a holiday gift book. The illustrations are by Will H. Low, and the decorations by Charles L. Hinton.

The Goldenrod Fairy Book. Selected and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A large volume of fairy stories which have been selected from the French, German, English, Polish, Hindu, Danish, Chinese, Russian, and Italian. The illustrations and decorations, by Charles Buckles Falls, are in colour, and the children who receive this book as a Christmas gift should consider themselves especially lucky.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling.

We refer our readers to the article on Mr. Kipling which appeared in the Bookman for November.

Memoirs of Monsieur de Blowitz.

For a discussion of this book, our readers are referred to The Bookman for November.

The Mark. By Aquila Kempster.

A strange story of India which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

The adventures of two boys who lived as Indians, how they lived in the woods and studied the animals about them. Mrs. Seton designed the cover, title-page, and general make-up, while Mr. Seton has made his own illustrations. This book will be in great demand as a Christmas gift for boys.

The Whip Hand. By Samuel Merwin.

A novel of a business fight in the pine lands of Michigan, by the author of "The Road to Frontenac" and the joint author of "Calumet 'K'."

Eaton and Mains:

The Sword of Garibaldi. By Felicia Buttz Clark.

A story of Rome in the sixties in which the author has taken Garibaldi for her hero.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Compromises of Life. By Henry Watterson.

This is the first time that Colonel Watterson's lectures and addresses have been collected into a volume. The Bookman had something to say of this book in the November Chronicle and Comment, and also reproduced a photograph of Colonel Watterson.

The Life of a Wooden Doll. By Lewis Saxby.

A juvenile book somewhat out of the ordinary. The doings of a wooden doll are told in rhyme and pictured from real life. "This series of photographs" explains the author, "attempts, merely, a set of poses such as busy little imitators of their elders are fond of making with their accumulated doll properties."

Real Rhymes of Real Children. By Betty Sage.

A group of verses which tell of the child's day in nursery, playroom, and garden, pictured by Jessie Wilcox Smith.

In Beauty's Realm. By C. Allan Gilbert.

With Lyric Poems, selected and arranged by Arthur H. Hahlo and George S. Hellman.

In this very handsome gift book may be found collected together Mr. Gilbert's charming portraits of American women, each portrait being accompanied by a poem. The poems have been chosen from Byron, Shakespeare, Shelley, Longfellow, Swinburne, Wordsworth, and other sources equally famous.

The Forerunner. By Neith Boyce.

A strong novel of American life, with a striking pen portrait of a national type—the American promoter and money-maker. Neith Boyce is the wife of Mr. Hutchins Hapgood. This work is reviewed in this number of The Bookman.

The Shepherd's Pipe. Pastoral Poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Selected and Arranged by FitzRoy Carrington.

Writing from Mamaroneck, N. Y., Mr. FitzRoy Carrington says: "This little book, begun to please myself, was finished in the hope that it might please you

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also. If, kind reader, you should find herein poems which like you not, pass them by and dwell on those which pleasure you more."

The First Loves of Perilla. By John Corbin.

A dainty "booklet" by the dramatic critic of the New York "Times," with a frontispiece by C. Allan Gilbert. Perilla is a matinee girl, and Mr. Corbin gives an amusing picture of her.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Tittlebat Titmouse. Abridged from Dr. Samuel Warren's Famous Novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Mr. Brady has edited this new and improved edition of an old book with the special authorisation and approval of the son of the author, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D.D. The illustrations, curious in their way, are by Mr. Will Crawford.

Grafton Press:

Money and Credit. By Wilbur Aldrich.

A book of interest to men of business. In his preface, the author says: "When everybody is trying to believe that over-speculation and conversion of liquid capital into fixed capital can be made to go on safely forever, by legislation or intervention of government, it is time to find out how far common sense and sagacity in business can be supplemented by conjuring with money or creating a new automatic currency machine."

Harper and Brothers:

Hawthorne and His Circle. By Julian Hawthorne.

A good-sized volume giving Julian Hawthorne's reminiscences of his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and of his father's friends. These remembrances are written from the personal point of view, and many details of Hawthorne's life appear here which have not been available to other biographers. The volume is fully illustrated.

The Damsel and the Sage. A Woman's Whimsies. By Elinor Glyn.

The Damsel seeks the Sage to learn wisdom and to discuss men and women, and between their dialogue the author intersperses such sentences as these: "There are always three courses in life: the good, the bad, and the—indifferent. The good gives you calm, and makes you sleep; the bad gives you emotions, and makes you weep; and the indifferent gives you no satisfaction, and makes you yawn—so choose wisely." Elinor Glyn is also the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," neither one of which have any particular significance.

The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson.

The publishers consider this the most important novel which Mr. Benson has as yet written. It is a society novel, with the scenes shifting from London to New York, with occasional glimpses of life at some of the fashionable country places.

A review appears elsewhere in this issue.

Hesper. By Hamlin Garland.

A new novel by the author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop and other stories of the West. In the present volume the heroine, Ann Rupert, leaves the conventional social life in the East for the far western mountains where she accompanies her invalid brother. Mr. Garland pictures the life of a mountain mining camp, and describes a miners' strike. This is the kind of a life with which Mr. Garland is familiar and with which he is in perfect sympathy.

Dr. Lavendar's People. By Margaret Deland.

The six stories in this volume tell of the quaint people who live in a quiet little town, presumably in New England. Mrs. Deland is the author of a number of books, "Old Chester Tales" being similar to the present collection.

The Ultimate Moment. By W. R. Lighton.

A story of Nebraska, in which the love element involves one man and two women. A. I. Keller has made the illustrations.

Cherry. By Booth Tarkington.

A slight, but amusing story by the author of "A Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." Sylvia Gray was noted for her cherry ribbons, and she finds it an easy matter to ensnare Mr. Snudgberry, the person who tells the story. "A sparkling romance of old New York" the publishers call it.

The Hunting of the Snark and Other Poems. By Lewis Carroll.

A companion volume to the Peter Newell edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." These volumes are designed as a standard library edition of Lewis Carroll's delightful poems.

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Maisie and Her Dog Snip in Fairyland. By Bennet Musson.

An illustrated book for the little readers.

Judith of the Plains. By Marie Manning.

Miss Manning's novel, "Lord Alingham Bankrupt," was a bright and entertaining novel of a bit of English life and a bit of the West. In the new story she has written a romance of the plains at the close of the cattle days in Wyoming which is even better than the first book. It will be reviewed in a later issue of The Bookman.

The Masterfolk. By Haldane MacFall.

A novel of the Bohemian circles of London and Paris. It is said that Mr. MacFall gives a picture of Bohemian life at close range, "written as no one has written of it since Du Maurier produced 'Trilby'." A review appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Fortunes of a Book-Lover. By Adrian H. Joline.

A series of papers about books, authors, book collectors, their friends and foes, and about these subjects Mr. Joline writes in a light and entertaining vein.

Li'l Verses for Li'l Fellers. By George Vere Hobart. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

These verses will certainly please the very "lil'l fellers." The book is illustrated by E. Mars and M. H. Squire, and it is dedicated to Donald Bayne Hobart who from his picture appears to be an attractive "lil'l feller."

Holt and Company:

The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. By Henry A. Beers.

A new and revised edition of a book published in 1895, which at any and all times should be of interest to Yale men.

Merry Hearts. By Annie Story Allen.

A small volume relating the adventures of two bachelor maids.

The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel. By Isa Carrington Cabell.

A collection of satires on The New Man, the New Child, Servants, Should Women Propose? Do Men Propose? Love and Forty, Nervous Prostration (note the sequence), and a number of other subjects.

The Regency of Marie de Médicis. By Arthur Power Lord, Ph.D.

A study of French history from 1610 to 1616, in which the author points out "the consummate skill for intrigue which Marie de Médicis possesses, and how she turned to account quarrels which seemed of no significance. I have tried to deal succintly with such characters as the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bouillon, the Maréchal d'Ancre, the Comte de Soissons, and the Minister de Villeroy.

The Laws of Imitation. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the second French edition by Elsie Clews Parsons, with an Introduction by Franklin H. Giddings.

M. Tarde is Professor of Modern Philosophy in the Collège de France, and a member of the Institut, and his influence among his own countrymen and abroad has steadily increased since he began, in 1880, to contribute to the "Revue Philosophique."

Ferns. By Campbell E. Waters.

A large book containing over two hundred illustrations from photographs and original drawings, with analytical keys based on the stalks and on the fructification.

Jenkins:

Le Mariage de Gérard. By André Theuriet. With Explanatory Notes in English by Ralph Emerson Bassett.

While Theuriet is comparatively little known in this country, his position as a literary man in France is one of dignity and distinction. The present story, which was written in 1875, is one of the best known and the most wholesome of his works.

Lane.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland.

A new and illustrated edition of Mr. Harland's popular story which first appeared in 1900. The illustrations are by G. C. Wilmshurst, and in its handsome red and gold cover the book will be found an appropriate holiday gift.

Gee-Boy. By Cyrus Lauron Hooper.

A book of child-life, written after the manner of Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days."

Six Fairy Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett.

These plays are written for children. In order that they may be of use in girls' schools, the author has provided most of the plays with a number of Court ladies, pages, fairies, and goblins, to allow of the introduction of as many characters as possible. Each play is prefaced by a few

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hints as to its proper treatment on the "stage."

The Book of Shrubs. By George Gordon, V. H. M.

A monograph on the care of shrubs, by the editor of "The Gardiner's Magazine."

The Beatrice Book. By Ralph Harold Bretherton.

A pleasant story of family life, by the author of "The Child Mind."

The Bird Book. By A. J. R. Roberts.

A small volume belonging to a series entitled the Country Handbooks, which deals with country life. This series is under the general editorship of Harry Roberts.

Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall. By R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. Edited with Introduction by C. E. Byles, with illustrations by J. Ley Pethybridge.

These prose sketches appeared originally as contributions to various periodicals, and were published first in book form in 1870. In 1893 another edition was issued under the title, "The Prose Works of Rev. R. S. Hawker." In the present edition it has been thought advisable to revert to Hawker's own title, and this is also to be done in the case of his poetical works, which are soon to be reissued as "Cornish Ballads and Other Poems."

The Book of Herbs. By Lady Rosalind Northcote.

A monograph in the series of Handbooks of Practical Gardening.

Borlase and Son. By T. Baron Russell.

A new novel, and a good one, by the author of "The Mandate" and "A Guardian of the Poor." This book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number.

The Literary Guillotine. Anonymous.

The papers in this book appeared in "The Reader," and did not make any especial stir at the time of their publication. Among the authors who figure in this Guillotine are Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Charles Major, Irving Bacheller, Richard Harding Davis, John Kendrick Bangs, Brander Matthews, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Sir Alfred Austin, Bliss Carmen, Edwin Markham, Henry James, and Mary Baker Eddy.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Crimson Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang.

Fairy tales are numerous this season, and these tales, collected from various sources and edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, should be of especial interest to the young reader. There are a number of illustrations, eight of them being in colour.

Stella Fregelius. By H. Rider Haggard.

A new book by Rider Hagagrd which he describes as "a tale of three destinies," and for which in his preface he apologises because it is a story which is in no sense a romance of the character that might be expected from him.

Christian Thal. By M. E. Francis.

A novel with a musical atmosphere, each chapter heading being in the form of a bar of music. M. E. Francis is the pen name of Mrs. Francis Blundell, who has written a number of novels, among them "The Duenna of a Genius" and "The Manor Farm."

The Golliwogg's Circus. Pictured by Florence K. Upton. Verses by Bertha Upton.

A children's picture book of a children's circus told in verse and coloured illustrations.

Macmillan Company:

The Golden Chain. By Gwendolin Overton.

A new volume in the series of Little Novels of Favourite Authors. The publishers have been particularly fortunate in their choice of these stories. The Bookman published a photograph of Miss Overton in the September number, and a review of "Anne Carmel" in the October number.

Apocryphal and Legendary Life of Christ. By J. de Q. Donehoo.

On the title-page this work is described as "being the whole body of the Apocryphal gospels and other extra canonical literature which pretends to tell of the life and words of Jesus Christ, including much matter which has not before appeared in English." The Rev. Mr. Donehoo is rector of Grace Church, Monroe, La.

On the We-A Trail. By Caroline Brown.

A story of the "Great Wilderness," that is, the country west of the Alleghanies, in the year 1783. Miss Brown tells of the capture and recapture of Fort

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Sackville, at Vincennes on the Wabash, and other historical events.

The Bible in Browning. By Minnie Gresham Machen.

Mrs. Machen discusses Browning's many-sided indebtedness to the Bible. The second part of the volume gives a study of "The Ring and the Book" with relation to Browning's use of the Bible.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. II. D.-G.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, which is being brought out under the supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. This volume contains numerous illustrations.

Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A novel, in which Mr. Quiller-Couch has taken the life of the sister of John and Charles Wesley and clothed the facts revealed by the Wesley correspondence in the garb of fiction. The book appears, quite appropriately, at the time of the Wesley bi-centennial celebration.

The Life of Gladstone. By John Morley. Three volumes.

This massive work of Mr. Morley's has been eagerly awaited. He has devoted himself to portraying Gladstone as man and as statesman rather than as churchman, and of him Mr. Morley says: "Nobody ever had fewer secrets, nobody ever lived and wrought in fuller sunlight." The book will be reviewed in a later issue of The Bookman.

The Heart of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford.

Mr. Crawford has spent a good part of the last year in Italy, writing this novel, and around the love story he has grouped the elements that go to make up the life of Rome at the present day. The book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

The Magic Forest. By Stewart Edward White.

A modern fairy tale which will rank among the best of the juvenile literature of the season. This book should not be confused with Mr. White's "The Forest" which The Bookman reviewed in the November number.

Old Quebec. By Gilbert Parker.

Sir Gilbert Parker has written this history of "the fortress of New France" in collaboration with Claude G. Bryan. The authors have woven into the story pictures of Quebec's social and industrial life, of the days of the Ancien Régime, the story of the great trading companies, the social and political progress of the last century, and the activities of the present day. The volume is illustrated.

The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation. Written by the Venerable Bede.

An imported volume belonging to the Temple Classics of which J. M. Dent and Company are the publishers in London. This history was completed and issued in 731, and the first printed edition appeared at Strassburg, 1473.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Contributions to Punch, etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

Besides the contributions to Punch, this volume of Thackeray contains a collection of his critical reviews on George Cruikshank, John Leech's pictures, and other of his well-known essays.

The People of the Abyss. By Jack London.

Mr. London spent the summer of 1902 in exploring the under-world of London, and he gives here an account of the conditions of poverty and degradation which he found there.

John Maxwell's Marriage. By Stephen Gwynn.

A novel of Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century, when it was "still possible to take a wife by force." There are some rather remarkable chapters in the book.

The Key of Paradise. By Sidney Pickering.

A romance which tells the story of a little Italian Princess. "To find the key of Paradise" some one says to her "one has only to love with the great love and be loved in return."

Aunt Jimmy's Will. By Mabel Osgood Wright.

A sunshiny story of a girl of thirteen by the author of "Tommy-Anne," "Dogtown," and other stories equally well liked. "Aunt Jimmy's Will" will please grown people as well as young people.

A Forest Hearth. By Charles Major.

Mr. Major's new book is quite unlike its predecessors, "When Knighthood was in Flower," and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." "A Forest Hearth" is a love story of Indiana in the thirties. It is reviewed in this number.

Their Child. By Robert Herrick.

A story belonging to the Macmillan's Little Novels Series, by favourite au-

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thors. Mr. Herrick is the author of "The Gospel of Freedom," "The Web of Life," and "The Real World."

Children of the Tenements. By Jacob A. Riis.

"The stories printed in this volume," writes Mr. Riis, "came to me in the course of my work as police reporter for nearly a quarter of a century, and were printed in my paper, the 'Evening Sun.'" Mr. Riis is so well known as a sociologist that his work needs no further comment here.

Boston. The Place and the People. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

An illustrated history of Boston with spirited chapters on Colonial Boston, Provincial Boston, and Revolutionary Boston. A photograph of Mr. Howe is reproduced in the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

The Spirit of the Service. By Edith Elmer Wood.

A novel of the new Navy with the opening scenes at the Navy Yard about ten years ago, and closing soon after the battle of Manila Bay. The Brooklyn Navy Yard with its officers, their wives, and their friends, make lively reading for the lover of fiction.

Evolution and Adaptation. By Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph.D.

A scientific book. In the preface the author says: "I am fully aware of the danger in attempting to cover so wide a field, and I cannot hope to escape criticism that is certain to be directed against a specialist who ventures nowadays beyond the immediate field of his own researches; yet, in my own defence, I may state that the whole point of view underlying the position here taken is the immediate outcome of my work on regeneration."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Musical Guide. Edited by Rupert Hughes, M.A. Two volumes.

The object of this work is to present in a convenient form all the essential facts that may be required to guide the student of music. It contains a pronouncing and defining dictionary of terms, instruments, etc., including a key to the pronunciation of sixteen languages, an explanation of the construction of musc for the uninitiated, and a pronouncing biographical dictionary. It also gives the stories of the opera with biographical and critical essays written by well known authorities.

Children of Men. By Bruno Lessing.

A collection of short stories dealing with the dwellers in the tenements and the workers in the sweat-shops of the East Side, known as New York's Ghetto.

The Home. Its Work and Its Influence. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

A book on the home which Mrs. Gilman dedicates "To every man who maintains a home—to every woman who keeps house—to every house-servant, owned, hired, or married—to every boy and girl who lives at home—to every baby who is born and reared at home—in the hope of better homes for all this book is dedicated." And following this dedication there apepars a long poem on the home, entitled "Two Callings."

Bret Harte. By Henry W. Boynton.

Walter Pater. By Ferris Greenslet.

Two small volumes belonging to the Contemporary Men of Letters Series.

The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots. By Martin Hume.

A political history of Mary Queen of Scots by the author of "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth." Mr. Hume, in his preface, says: "The only excuse that can be advanced for the production of a new book on Mary Stuart is that her supremely interesting personality has so frequently led her historians into the by-path of inquiry as to her virtue or vice, as to have obscured, to some extent, the reasons for her disastrous political failure; which, as it seems to me, did not spring from her goodness or badness as a woman, but from certain human weaknesses of character, quite compatible with general goodness and wisdom or with the reverse, but which fatally handicapped her as against antagonists who are less subject to such weakness."

Sally of Missouri. By R. E. Young.

Like most of the McClure novels, this is an American story of a certain phase of life in this country. Missouri in this case is the state which gives the local colour to the book.

The Merrylinks. By Alice Brown.

The Merrylinks, according to Miss Brown, are the animals who live Nowhere. They are the animals of the future. The story of these animals is told in verse, and illustrated by Louise Clarke for the edification of children.

Outlook Company:

Backgrounds of Literature. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A handsomely illustrated book. Mr.

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Mabie has placed behind each writer the background of landscape which most deeply affected his work. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Lake Country and Wordsworth," "The Land of Lorna Doone," "Emerson and Concord," "America in Whitman's Poetry."

Uther and Igraine. By Warwick Deeping.

A dramatic romance by a young English writer.

The Forest. By Stewart Edward White.

As The Bookman for November published a long review of Mr. White's new book, it is not necessary to make any further comments in this department.

Pott and Company:

On the Distaff Side. Portraits of Four Great Ladies. By Gabrielle Festing.

The four great ladies are Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury (1521-1608), Elizabeth Wriothesley, Countess of Northumberland (1647-90), Elizabeth Percy, Countess of Ogle and Duchess of Somerset (1666-1722), Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1710-86). The author has gathered these stories from various sources, and, where it was possible, from the letters of the principal actors or their contemporaries.

Nurse Norah. By Elliott Flower.

"Nurse Norah" is the latest creation of the author of "Policeman Flynn." She tells a number of up-to-date fairy tales in the Irish dialect of which Mr. Flower is particularly fond.

The Moon Considered as a Planet, A World, and a Satellite. By James Nasmyth and James Carpenter.

The fourth edition of a work which first appeared in 1874. It is a good sized, illustrated book, published at a price which will place it within the reach of the many who are interested in the study of astronomy.

Cities. By Arthur Symons.

To Mr. Symons cities are like people, with souls and temperaments of their own, and it is one of his pleasures to associate with the souls and temperaments congenial to him among cities. The cities treated in this volume are, Rome, Venice, Naples, Seville, Prague, Moscow, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople.

Putnam's Sons:

Man and the Divine Order. By Horatio W. Dresser.

The present book, essays in the philosophy of religion and in constructive idealism, aims to meet "various practical and philosophical demands without insisting upon any one method except the spontaneous development of thought."

Romance of the Bourbon Chateaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney.

A companion volume to Romance of the Feudal Chateaux and Romance of the Renaissance Chateaux. The book is fully illustrated, and the frontispiece, in water-colour, is by the author's husband, J. Wells Champney, the well-known artist.

Little French Masterpieces. Edited by Alexander Jessup.

Honoré de Balzac. An Introduction by Ferdinand Brunetière. The Translation by George Burnham Ives.

A small limp leather volume containing, besides the introduction, the following stories of Balzac's: "The Unknown Masterpiece," "A Seashore Drama," "An Episode Under the Terror," "La Grande Bretèche," "The Conscript," and "A Passion in the Desert."

Free Not Bound. By Katrina Trask.

A story of the evolution of love, by the author of a number of love stories.

Rhymes from a Round-Up Camp. By Wallace David Coburn.

A book of verse of cowboy life, dedicated to "my cowboy friends."

Rome and the Renaissance. By Julian Klaczko. Translated by John Dennie.

A large illustrated volume giving the story of the Italian Renaissance at its culminating epoch, 1503-13.

The Nature of Man. By Elie Metchnikoff. Translation and Introduction by P. Chalmers Mitchell.

Studies in Optimistic Philosophy by a professor at the Pasteur Institute, who, since the death of Pasteur, is said to be of all living biologists the one who has shown the greatest spontaneity in the invention of ideas.

Limanora. The Island of Progress. By Godfrey Sweven.

A sequel to Rialloro published a year ago, and like that work, is both a satire and an allegory. The author describes the scientific advance of the community left on the central island after the process of expulsion of clogging elements had been completed.

Parliamentary England. The Evolution of the Cabinet System. By Edward Jenks, M.A.

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A volume belonging to a series entitled "The Story of the Nations." It covers a period of a century and a half of modern history, and as it is not a large volume, the author contents himself with treating a single side of the national life.

An Agnostic's Apology. By Leslie Stephens.

A collection of essays which were originally issued about twenty-five years ago. The book has for a number of years been out of print.

The Life of Voltaire. By S. G. Tallentyre. Two volumes.

We refer our readers to a review of this work which appears elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

The Art of the Italian Renaissance. From the German of Heinrich Wölfflin. With a Prefatory note by Sir Walter Armstrong.

An illustrated handbook for travellers. The author deals with the period of the High Renaissance in Italy from the point of view of the craftsman himself rather than that of the interpreter.

Revell Company:

After Prison—What? By Maud Ballington Booth.

Mrs. Booth, as probably every one knows, is the wife of Ballington Booth, General-in-Chief of the Volunteers of America. She is very much interested in prison work, and in making this plea for "my boys," as she calls them, she tells what she has done and is doing for the men who after they serve their terms in prison have to face the problem of beginning life anew. A number of the letters written to her by prisoners and discharged men are printed. The Bookman published an article in the November number on "Prison Journalism."

The Cark of Coin. By Harry Lindsay.

Money is the ruling passion in this story of the commercial whirlpool. The author pictures the chase for wealth, the money-hunger as well as the heart-hunger.

The Door in the Book. By Charles Barnard.

A religious juvenile in an original vein. Mr. Barnard makes the children of to-day walk and talk with the children of Bible times.

A Flame of Fire. By Joseph Hocking.

A tale of the Spanish Inquisition, in which the hero, an English nobleman, goes to Spain to rescue two of his countrywomen from the hands of the Inquisitors.

On the Road to Arcady. By Mabel Nelson Thurston.

The romantic story of an out-door girl by a nature-lover. The book is illustrated by Samuel M. Palmer. Country life, according to this story, is a dreamy idyll.

Sons of Vengeance. By Joseph S. Malone.

A tale of the Cumberland Highlanders. The author has for a long time lived among these mountaineers and he makes use of his knowledge of their hardships and their feuds.

West Point Colours. By Anna B. Warner.

This "real West Point story" has been written at the request of some of the cadets who furnished the author with much of the material which she uses. It is a romance of the barracks, the camp, and the parade ground.

The Souter's Lamp. By Hector MacGregor.

Sketches of Scottish village life, and persons who like this sort of reading will not balk at the dialect.

Work. By Hugh Black.

A practical treatment of life's everyday duties, with chapters on "Idleness and Work," "The Moral Need of Work," and "The Duty of Work."

Miladi. By Clara E. Laughlin.

"Miladi" is Miss Laughlin's own creation, and to her—who represents a composite pen portrait of the women of our American homes—she addresses herself in good-natured admonishment, advice, and humour.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation.

A collection of verses, arranged alphabetically, which will be difficult for the children to say rapidly. The following is a sample:

"Davy Dolldrum dream'd
he drove a Dragon:
Did Davy Dolldrum dream
he drove a Dragon?
If Davy Dolldrum dream'd
he drove a Dragon,
Where's the Dragon Davy
Dolldrum dream'd he drove?

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Polonius. A Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances. By Edward Fitzgerald.

A small, limp leather volume belonging to the "Wisdom Series." In this series the publishers intend to bring out, in pocket editions, wise and witty words of the great writers of all countries, and where possible each volume will deal with the writings of a single author. The present volume closes with the following cheerful quatrain:

"For every ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy, or none.
Should there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit, and never mind it."

Scribner's Sons:

The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff. Newly Translated from the Russian. By Isabel F. Hapgood. Four volumes.

A new and superb international edition of the works of the Russian writer, made from new plates by De Vinne, and translated by Miss Hapgood, who contributes a preface to each volume. The introduction to the edition is by Mr. Henry James. This set will be complete in fifteen volumes. The frontispiece in Volume I. is a portrait of Turgénieff printed in photogravure on Japan paper.

Sanctuary. By Edith Wharton.

This story has been running in "Scribner's Magazine," and the persons who would rather read "The Greater Inclination and the Touchstone" than "The Valley of Decision," will be glad that in "Sanctuary" the author has returned to her earlier method. The book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Colonel Carter's Christmas. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Bookman welcomes the return of Colonel Carter of Cartersville, and speaks of it in the Chronicle and Comment of the present issue.

The Blood Lilies. By W. A. Fraser.

A new story by the author of "Mooswa" and "The Outcasts." The characters are drawn from the French Canadians, Indians, and half-breeds, which are a part of the North Country of Canada beyond Winnipeg.

Calderon's Prisoner. By Alice Duer Miller.

Two stories are included in this book, the initial one and "Cyril Vane's Wife." Both of them are modern love stories, one relating the adventures of a young lady who finds herself transported to a situation quite mediæval, and the other presents a picture of martial infelicity.

My Wonderful Visit. By Elizabeth Hill.

A book which the publishers say recalls "Little Women." Miss Hill is a new writer, and she writes of child life in a way that will make every one feel that she understands the child mind. The little heroine of the story leaves the city for a vacation in the country, and her experiences from her point of view, are indeed wonderful.

The Daughter of a Magnate. By Frank H. Spearman.

A romance of the railway, by the author of "Doctor Bryson." The hero and heroine are Americans attracted to each other by a natural attachment.

In African Forest and Jungle. By Paul du Chaillu.

A book of travel and adventure by the well-known African explorer who died recently.

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By General John B. Gordon.

These reminiscences by a Confederate General have been written from time to time throughout a number of years. They are intended to do for the South what General Grant's "Memoirs" has done for the North. From Bull Run to Appomattox General Gordon was in most of the big battles of General Lee's army.

Eighty Drawings, Including "The Weaker Sex." The Story of a Susceptible Bachelor. By Charles Dana Gibson.

The Gibson book for 1903 made up, as formerly, of selections from Mr. Gibson's most popular drawings.

Poems. By Josephine Daskam.

In this collection may be found "Motherhood" and a number of other beautiful poems which won deserved praise when they appeared in the magazines. This is the first book which Mrs. Bacon has published since her marriage.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Trifler. By Archibald Eyre.

A light novel which may be classified as a comedy. The story hinges on the hero's efforts to regain a packet of love letters written by his sister-in-law before her marriage to his older brother. A dash of love and another dash of politics add zest to the story.

Stokes Company:

Ordered to China. Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin.

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These letters were written from China during the Boxer uprising of 1900. Mr. Chamberlin was at that time under commission from the New York "Sun." He died the following year, and of him the "Sun" of August 16, 1901, said: "He was one of the best reporters that ever served this newspaper and its readers."

More Goops and How Not to be Them. By Gelett Burgess.

In Mr. Burgess's own words this is "a manual of manner for impolite infants depicting the characteristics of many naughty and thoughtless children with instructive illustrative illustrations." And persons familiar with Mr. Burgess's work may fill in the rest.

When I Was Czar. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Mr. Marchmont may be counted on to write a novel with thrills in it, and in the present case he has lived up to the reputation he has made in such books as "For Love or Crown" and "A Dash for a Throne." It is an impossible story where the hero impersonates his Majesty, the Czar of Russia.

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs.

A new edition of Mr. Jacobs's popular sea story. The book is illustrated in colour and in black and white by Mr. E. W. Kemble.

Over the Border. By Robert Barr.

The first novel which Mr. Barr has published in several years. It is what reviewers would call "a robust romance." A photograph of Mr. Barr appears in the Chronicle and Comment of the present number.

Taylor and Company:

The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley. Poems. Yeast.

Two new volumes in the library edition of Kingsley which the Taylor Company are bringing out, and which is edited by Mr. Maurice Kingsley.

Everyman. A Morality Play. Edited, with an Introduction by Montrose J. Moses.

Mr. Moses has written a lengthy introduction to this new edition of the Morality Play which was enacted in New York last season with marked success. The old English spelling is followed.

Wessels Company:

Stevensoniana. Edited by J. A. Hammerton.

The aim of the editor of this volume has been to search for his material in the forgotten pages of English and American periodicals, and in books by writers of eminence not entirely concerned with Stevenson. The greater part of this work consists of material which might never have been brought together in one volume, and could have been consulted with considerable difficulty, if at all.

Wien and Company:

Wanted—A Wife. By A. Bachelor.

The author addresses a long explanation "to the reader" as to why he has written this book, and what it is all about. So far as we are able to judge, it is a personal dissertation on man, woman, and marriage.

Boston.

Caldwell:

Reflections of the Morning After. Written and Illustrated by Herman Lee Meader.

These reflections are neither wise nor witty, and the author of them confesses that they were not written for publication. "They were scribbled down from time to time for the same reason that a man leans over the rail of a ship on his first sea-voyage."

Dana Estes:

Lord Dolphin. By Harriet A. Cheever.

A book for children which is supposed to be the autobiography of a fish who was born in the Mediterranean, but whose adventures carry him to the Zoo in New York City.

Gipsy Jane. By Harriet A. Cheever.

The story of a little girl whose mother was a gipsy and whose father was a titled Englishman. It belongs to the juvenile books.

The Story Book House. By Honor Walsh.

In this book for juvenile readers may be found fairy tales, animal stories, fables, Irish ghost stories, dialect stories, and romances. These tales are supposed to be told around the family fireplace of a Virginia household.

More Five Minute Stories. By Laura E. Richards.

The second volume in a series entitled Five Minute Stories. As the title very clearly indicates, these are short tales written for the entertainment of children.

The Girl Rough Riders. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

A story for girls which relates the adventures of a party of schoolgirls who

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ride a thousand miles in the saddle through the Grand Cañon of Colorado, along the Mormon trail, and through Arizona and Utah.

True Blue. By Edward S. Ellis.

A story for boys which is a companion volume to "Lucky Ned" and "Our Jim." There are two boys in the tale, one who is lucky and the other who is plucky.

The Year's Festivals. By Helen Philbrook Patten.

An illustrated gift book which gives the history and traditions of New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, St. Valentine's Day, Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The illustrations are from paintings of great masters.

Among the Great Masters of the Drama. By Walter Rowland.

Another volume suitable as a gift book. It belongs to the Great Masters Series, and contains reproductions of some famous pictures. Mr. Rowlands has had a lifelong familiarity with the stage, and lovers of the drama will find this an excellent reference book.

The Little Owls at Red Gates. By Ella Farman Pratt.

A companion volume to "Jimmy Crow." It is a children's story and it is told by means of rebus illustrations.

The Green Satin Gown. By Laura E. Richards.

A half dozen stories for girls which—to quote the publishers' announcement—"will prove a treat for the wide circle of readers who follow all of Mrs. Richard's books with devotion and enthusiasm."

Chatterbox. 1903. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

It is the point of view of the child that is needed to write the proper appreciation of this publication, which has been appearing about Christmas time for so many years. Other books of this nature seem to be continually changing, but "Chatterbox" typographically is much the same as it always was.

Dickerman Publishing Company:

Ike Glidden in Maine. By A. D. McFaul.

The story of country life in a Maine village. Ike Glidden is a small boy in the first chapter, and a successful lawyer in the last.

Forbes and Company:

Ballands of the Busy Days. By S. E. Kiser.

A collection of verse by the author of "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy." Mr. Kiser's work is familiar to readers of newspapers.

Ginn and Company:

Geographic Influences in American History. By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A.

A book to be used in schools which combines the materials of American history and geography.

The Corona Song Book. By William C. Hoff.

A collection of choruses designed for the use of high schools, grammar schools, and academies. It comprises part songs, oratorios, hymns, and patriotic songs.

Lessons in Physics. By Lothrop D. Higgins, Ph.B.

A book which provides a thorough course in physics for schools in which little or no laboratory work is done.

The Ship of State. By Those at the Helm.

An illustrated book belonging to the Youths' Companion Series. "The Presidency" is written by Mr. Roosevelt, "The Life of a Senator" by Henry Cabot Lodge, "The Life of a Congressman" by Thomas B. Reed, "The Supreme Court of the United States" by David J. Brewer, "How Jack Lives" by John D. Long, and so on through six or seven other chapters.

Houghton, Mifflin:

Hill Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr.

An illustrated volume which tells of a journey through Central Italy, with visits to the hill towns.

Conquering Success; or, Life in Earnest. By William Mathews.

Mr. Mathews will be remembered as the author of "Getting on in the World," a book which appeared about thirty years ago. The present volume is also addressed to young men who are about to face life and its responsibilities.

Ultimate Conceptions of Faith. By George A. Gordon.

Dr. Gordon is in charge of the Old South Church of Boston, and this book contains the lectures which were delivered in the autumn of 1902 at Yale University on the Lyman Beecher Foundation.

The Reminiscences of An Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb.

Professor Newcomb is a distinguished American astronomer, whose residence

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for more than forty years at Washington and his visits to Europe have brought him in contact with many of the most interesting public men of the day.

A Listener in Babel. By Vida D. Scudder.

A story which is told through a series of imaginary conversations held at the close of the last century in which the heroine is thrown in relation with the representatives of capital, labour, the college, the church, and other organisations. Miss Scudder is also the author of "Social Ideals in English Letters."

The Gentle Reader. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

"The Gentle Reader" was of Thackeray's day, and this volume is printed and bound in the style of fifty years ago. Many of these essays appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." and Dr. Crother's publishers call him a "true humourist" of the school of Charles Lamb and Dr. Holmes.

John Greenleaf Whittier, in American Men of Letters Series. By George Rice Carpenter.

Professor Carpenter's "life" of Whittier treats him as a man of letters, presenting his as typical of the mood, temper, and ideas of the New England country people of his time and vicinity.

Ponkapog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mr. Aldrich has chosen to name his book after the little Massachusetts village under the Blue Hills which is called Ponkapog. The volume contains miscellaneous notes, critical, autobiographical, anecdotal, and descriptive.

Daphne. An Autumn Pastoral. By Margaret Sherwood.

A charming Italian idyl by a graduate of Vassar who is now associate professor of English Literature at Wellesley College. Miss Sherwood is a contributor to the magazines and author of three novels. A further notice appears elsewhere in the current number.

Mr. Salt. By Will Payne.

Mr. Payne's new novel of Chicago business life is reviewed elsewhere in these columns.

The Curious Book of Birds. By Abbie Farwell Brown.

Fanciful tales of birds written for children. The illustrations are by E. Boyd Smith.

American History and Its Geographic Conditions. By Ellen Churchill Semple.

A large volume illustrated with maps, divided into nineteen chapters, beginning with the Atlantic States of Europe, the Discoverers and Colonisers of America, and ending with the United States as a Pacific Ocean Power.

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. By John Fiske. Two volumes.

These volumes, uniform with "The Beginnings of New England," are illustrated with portraits, maps, facsimilies, contemporary views, prints, and other historic materials. They have been prepared for the holiday season.

The Land of Little Rain. By Mary Austin.

The land, about which this book tells, lies between the high Sierras south from Yosemite, "east and south over a very great assemblage of broken ranges beyond Death Valley, and on illimitably into the Mojave Desert."

Lee and Shepard:

My Candles and Other Poems. By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly.

A book of poems by the daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, and it is said that she inherits her father's gift for verse making.

Helen Grant's School Days. By Amanda M. Douglas.

A story of boarding school days by a prolific writer of juvenile books.

Young Heroes of Wire and Rail. By Alvah Milton Kerr.

A collection of railroad stories by a man who was formerly a train-despatcher of long experience. Most of the stories have been printed in the "Youth's Companion," "McClure's," "Saturday Evening Post," and "Success."

Randy and Prue. By Amy Brooks.

O new "Randy" book for juvenile readers, the fourth in the series. In this book Randy assumes the cares of housekeeping, in order that her mother may regain her health.

The Surprising Adventures of the Man in the Moon. By Ray M. Steward.

The Man in the Moon organises a trip in which Santa Claus, Robinson Crusoe, Cinderella, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Red Riding Hood, and other well-known characters, take part. Their adventures by sea and by land should entertain the little ones.

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At the Fall of Montreal. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The third volume in the Colonial Series by the well-known writer for boys and girls. The book relates the adventures of Dave Morris and his cousin Henry during the two last compaigns against the French for the possession of Canada.

In the Days of Queen Victoria. By Eva March Tappan.

An historical book for young readers. It is the fourth in the Makers of England Series. Dr. Tappan tells the life of Queen Victoria in such a lively way as to interest her juvenile audience.

Little, Brown and Company:

Elizabeth's Charm Strings. By Cora B. Forbes.

A book intended for the juvenile reader, in which the author tells the story of some of the famous old legends in the hope "that familiarity with these legends will afford both pleasure and profit, since at least 'a bowing acquaintance' with legendary lore is necessary before a person can really enjoy the Art Galleries of Europe." The volume is illustrated from photographs.

Brenda's Bargain. By Helen Leah Reed.

A story for girls, the fourth and last of the "Brenda" books. The story deals with social settlement work under conditions with which the author is familiar.

Laura Bridgman. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall.

Laura Bridgman was the famous blind deaf-mute pupil of the late Dr. Howe, and we believe that she was the first case to be successfully instructed. It was Dr. Howe's intention to write an account of this case as long ago as 1846, but he died in 1876 without having accomplished the task. Now, however, his daughters have carried out his wishes and given a full account of his methods. Many deaf-mutes, notably Helen Keller, have since been benefited by Dr. Howe's system of education.

Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott.

A new edition of Miss Alcott's sequel to "Little Men." Miss Alcott was seven years in writing "Jo's Boys." It was first published in 1886.

An English Village. By Richard Jefferies.

A new edition of Wild Life in a Southern County by one of the most notable nature writers of England in the nineteenth century. The volume contains twenty-five pictures of nature and rural life made in Wiltshire by Clifton Johnson, and an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie.

A Daughter of the Rich. By M. E. Waller.

The story of two girls whose circumstances in life are different, one belonging to a wealthy New York family, while the other is a Vermont girl. The action of the story takes place in New York and in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Miss Waller is the author of a number of entertaining stories for young people.

The Awakening of the Duchess. By Frances Charles.

A new story by the author of "In the Country God Forgot" and "The Siege of Youth." The Duchess is not a real Duchess, but is so called by her little daughter, Roselle. The awakening takes place through the love of the mother for her child.

Pioneer Spaniards in North America. By William Henry Johnson.

Mr. Johnson takes up the story of Spanish exploration and conquest immediately after the discovery of America. "The World's Discoverers" and "The King's Henchman."

Jane and John. By Elizabeth Polhemus.

A book for children from nine to fourteen years of age. Jane and John spend a summer at the seashore where they become familiar with all kinds of sea life. They have a pet rooster and harness a frog, and become intimate with ants. In this way the author teaches, in a pleasant manner, many lessons about animal life.

Robin Hood. His Book. By Eva March Tappan.

The author has gathered from old poems and English folk-stories the legends concerning Robin Hood and his men of Sherwood Forest. The book is intended for young and old readers. The illustrations, in colour, are by Charlotte Harding.

Indians of the Painted Desert Region. By George Wharton James.

Mr. James has had many personal adventures and hardships in the Western deserts, and has visited a number of Indian tribes. In this volume he gives the reader the benefit of his experiences, and the illustrations which he uses are reproductions from photographs taken either by himself or by a special artist who accompanied him.

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Morning Star Publishing House:

Carbon. By Wildie Thayer.

"Wildie" Thayer is a lady who lives in Lowell, Mass., and in a little preface she says: "There may not be a line in this book which will exist long enough to crystallise in the human heart as a diamond, but as carbon is commonly mentioned as the meanest of elements I have presumed to name these verses 'Carbon.'"

Pilgrim Press:

A Flight for Life and An Inside View of Mongolia. By James Hudson Roberts.

A history of the situation in China during the past two years by a missionary of the American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions.

Going Into Business. By Frank H. Sweet.

This is intended as a novel.

The Christmas Cat. By Anna Burnham Brynat.

A story for children with a fluffy white kitten as the heroine.

The Living Christ. By George H. Ide, D.D.

A religious book by the pastor of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church in Milwaukee. In a sub-title, Dr. Ide calls his book "The Vital Force in Pulpit and Pew."

Hewers of Wood. By William G. Puddefoot and Isaac Ogden Rankin.

A tale of the Michigan Pine Forests, dedicated to the "wives of American Home Missionaries."

Turner and Company:

The Pensionnaires. By Albert R. Carman.

A novel of life in the various "pensions" of Europe in which a young American girl with a voice figures conspicuously. Of the "pension" Mr. Carman says: "It is a democracy with opinions about Botticelli; an aristocracy in exile and without leisure; an European Concert, free from jealousies and welcoming an American invasion which, in turn, anxiously repudiates the Monroe Doctrine as applied to tourists." A review is published in the present number.

Chicago.

Donohue and Company:

The Spirit Father. By Mrs. Mary Mann.

A religious book of which the author says: "No merit is claimed by the author for the writing of this book, for I believe that God has simply used me as His instrument. As the whole light as here revealed was given by one night's revelation, and forty nights' spiritual revelation."

Marquis and Company:

Who's Who in America. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. 1903-05.

The compilation of a book of this nature is a work demanding much discrimination, judgment, and tact. The first issue of "Who's Who," which appeared four years ago, showed that its editors possessed these qualities. The new edition—the third—is a vast improvement on the two former. To say this, tells the story.

McClurg and Company:

A Handbook of Modern Japan. By Ernesy W. Clement.

A short, illustrated history of Japan intended to portray that country as it is rather than as it was.

From Empire to Republic. By Arthur Howard Noll.

The story of the struggle for constitutional government in Mexico, illustrated with maps and portraits.

How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.

There are eight historical papers in this volume, most of which have been delivered as lectures. They have been rewritten, however, and brought up to date.

The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe. By Sherwin Cody.

These tales have been edited by Mr. Cody with introductory studies. The contents are divided thus: Tales of Imaginative Science, Tales Grotesque and Amusing, Tales Weird and Beautiful, Tales of Ratiocination, Tales Psychological and Gruesome, Prose Poems, and Studies in Landscapes.

A Short History of Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll.

A new edition thoroughly revised with new matter added. The period covered is from aboriginal Mexico in 1325, to the Mexico of to-day.

On the Storied Ohio. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.

The story of an historical pilgrimage of a thousand miles in a skiff from Redstone to Cairo which took place in 1894. The volume was published in 1897 under the title of "Afloat on the Ohio."

The Star Fairies. By Edith Ogden Harrison.

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A new fairy book by Mrs. Carter Harrison, the author of that charming juvenile of last Christmas, entitled "Prince Silver Wings." The illustrations, mostly in color, are by Lucy Fitch Perkins. "Prince Silver Wings," by the way, has been dramatised.

Open Court Publishing Company:

St. Anselm. Translated from the Latin by Sidney Norton Deane, B.A.

This translation contains the Proslogium, the Monologium, the Cur Deus Homo, and an Appendix, entitled In Behalf of the Fool by Gaunilon, a monk of Marmoutiers. The book is a paper-covered one and belongs to the Philosophical Classics.

The Canon of Reason and Virtue. (Lao-Tze-Tao Teh King.) Translated from the Chinese by Dr. Paul Carus.

This paper-covered booklet is an extract from the author's larger work, "Lao-Tze's Tao Teh King," and belongs to the Religion of Science Library.

Stone and Company:

The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton. By Wardon Allan Curtis.

In the author of this book of strange adventures the publishers claim that they have discovered a new humourist with a touch of Stevenson about him.

Welch Company:

Lessons in the Study of Habits. By Walter L. Sheldon.

The second series in "Ethics for the Young" which is intended for use in the Grammar School, the home, or the Sunday-school.

Philadelphia.

American Book and Bilble House:

Organised Labour. Its Problems, Purposes, and Ideals, and the Present and Future of American Wage Earners. By John Mitchell.

The discriminating reader, while taking up this book without any idea of accepting it in its entirety, must at least concede that it is worthy of serious consideration. Its source stamps it indelibly as partisan. Its author has for so many years held a brief for one side that it would be impossible to ask him to do strict justice to the other, no matter how honest his intentions. Remembering this, the book may be read and respected as coming from one who writes with knowledge and authority.

Coates and Company:

In Happy Hollow. By Max Adeler.

A second-rate novel by the author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly." "Max Adeler" is Charles Heber Clark.

Jacobs and Company:

The Immortality of Animals. By E. D. Buckner, M.D.

The object of this work is to promote kindness and to prevent cruelty to animals. "Man and the lower animals are not immortal from choice," says the author, "but because the Creator has decreed it, and what God has created He alone can annihilate. That there will be a general restoration of all animal life is the most liberal and reasonable conclusion of modern theology."

Lippincott:

Abraham and the Patriarchial Age. By Professor Duff, D.D., LL.D.

David the Hero King of Israel. By the Rev. J. W. Knox Little, M.A.

The above imported volumes belong to the Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks. "Abraham," is in a measure an introduction to the study of the History of the Hebrews, and in "David," Canon Knox-Little gives a vivid picture of one of the greatest heroes of Jewish history.

Sibyl, or Old School Friends. By May Baldwin.

A book for girls which is a sequel to "A Popular Girl." The scenes are laid among fashionable personages of England.

A Gay Charmer. By Laura T. Meade.

Another story for girls by the author of "Daddy's Girl" and "The Rebel of the School."

An Ocean Mystery. By Mrs. Richard P. White.

A love story in which adventure and mystery play their little parts. The scene is laid on the south coast of France.

The Romance of Modern Engineering. By Archibald Williams.

An illustrated volume which contains descriptions in non-technical language of the Nile Dam, the Panama Canal, the Tower Bridge, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Trans-Siberian Railway, the Niagara Falls Power Company, and the Bermuda Floating Dock.

Alexander in the Ark. By F. Russel Burrow.

A story for children with a number of amusing illustrations by Edith Hope.

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Vir Publishing Company:

Faces Toward the Light. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

A devotional book dedicated to "those who find in the devotional hour and silent time divine help and spiritual strength for days of need."

Indianapolis.

Bobbs Merrill Company:

The Torch. By Herbert Müller Hopkins.

A new novel by the author of "The Fighting Bishop." It is a romance of college life in a state university in the West. Mr. Hopkins, himself a college professor, has drawn a clever picture of a university president.

The Way to the West. By Emerson Hough.

This is not a novel, but the history of three early Americans, Boone, Crockett, Carson. It was not Mr. Hough's intention to write a history of the American people, but a history of the American man, and as Mr. Hough is primarily a writer of fiction he has succeeded in making his history very entertaining reading.

San Francisco.

Elder and Company:

The Limerick Up to Date Book. By Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner.

An illustrated book of nonsense rhyme with an original perpetual calendar and pages for memoranda.

Antigone. An Account of the Presentation of the Antigone of Sophocles at the Leland Stanford Junior University.

This volume is published in commemoration of the presentation, at Stanford University, in April, 1902, of the Antigone of Sophocles in the original Greek, with Mendelssohn's choral music. The book is illustrated, and also contains essays by Professor H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray.

Widows: Grave and Otherwise. Purloined by an Ex-Widow and Pictured by a Victim. Published by an Immune.

The selections in this volume are arranged for every day in the year. They are drawn from many sources, ancient and modern.

My Favourite Book-Shelf. By Charles Josselyn.

An anthology of prose selections from famous writers, especially English and French. In a preface, Mr. Josselyn disclaims any thought of making a condensation of the "world's best literature," but offers these extracts from his favourite authors in a convenient form in order that they may appeal to the busy persons of to-day.

Akron, Ohio.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Billy Whiskers' Kids. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

A book illustrated in colour for the little ones. It is a sequel to "Billy Whiskers."

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By William Eleroy Curtis.

Mr. Curtis spent the summer of 1901 travelling through the countries named in the above title. The volume contains the letters written during that summer to the "Chicago Record-Herald." Mr. Curtis states that there are a million Swedes, five hundred thousand Norwegians, and three hundred thousand Danes in the United States, and this being the case the book should have a large sale.

Æsop's Fables in Rhyme for Children. By Richardson D. White and Margaret D. Longley.

A book of rhymes for small children which is illustrated in colour, and decorated by Charles Livingston Bull.

Dickon-Bend-the-Bow. By Everett McNeil. Pictured by Rob Wagner.

A children's book of wonder tales.

In Childhood-Land. By Margaret Page.

A book of verse for the little readers, illustrated by Katharine H. Greenland.

Denver.

Reed Publishing Company:

Love-Bits. By Elsie Elizabeth Johndon and Mary Rebecca Leonard.

The compilers of this little volume have selected some of the short poems of the poets of to-day, namely, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Vance Cheney, Virginia Woodward Cloud, John Hay, Mary Olcott, Curtis Hidden Page, Thomas Walsh, Clarence Urmy, Carolyn Wells, Florence Wilkinson, and several others. Quite a large proportion of these poems have appeared in the pages of The Bookman.

Lincoln, Ill.

Reidler and Company:

Hoke Beidler's Poems.

A book of poems which may have a large sale in Lincoln, Ill. The book is embellished with a frontispiece of the author, a very old gentleman with a very long beard.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between October and November, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Carnegie Steel Co. Bridge. (Aldine Co.) $2.00 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25..
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Barlarsch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harpers.) $1.25.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Blowitz's Memories. (Doubleday-Page.) $3.00 net.
4. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Red Triangle. Morrison. (Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40 net.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guards. Merriman. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (Mclure.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Power of Truth. Jordan. (Brentano.) 75 cents.
5. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. In Babel. Ade. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Cleveland, Ohio.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lover Press.) $1.50.
5. In Babel. Ade. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Cleveland, Ohio.

1. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

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3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
5. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Long Night. Weyman. (Longman.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Ben Hur. Lew Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. To-Morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lovers Press.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
6. The Cynic's Calendar. Mizner. (Paul Elder.) $75 cents.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. A Deal in Wheat. Norris. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk-Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Old Sweetheart of Mine Christy Ed. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. Young Woman in Modern Life. Warner. (Dodd-Mead.) 85 cents net.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

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2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allyn. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) 50 cents.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Edge of Things. Beattie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lovers Press.) $1.50.
3. The Ultimate Moment. Lighton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Co. Bridge. (Aldine Book Co.) $2.00 net.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lovers Press.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Toronto, Can.

1. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Moray Co.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Musson Book Co.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.08.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) 90 cents.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
4. Manuscript in the Red Box. Amory. (Lane.) $1.08.
5. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.08.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.08.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40 net.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Biddle.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Limerick Book. Mumford. (Elder.) $1.00 net.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
5. The Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40 net.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	" "	8
"	"	3d	" "	7
"	"	4th	" "	6
"	"	5th	" "	5
"	"	6th	" "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.....	205
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	91
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.....	69
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	65
5. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.....	61
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.....	60

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